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Norman Rockwell

General Pershing—Sir Basil Thomson—Roland Pertwee—Will Payne
Hugh Wiley—Floyd W. Parsons—Richard Connell—Ben Ames Williams

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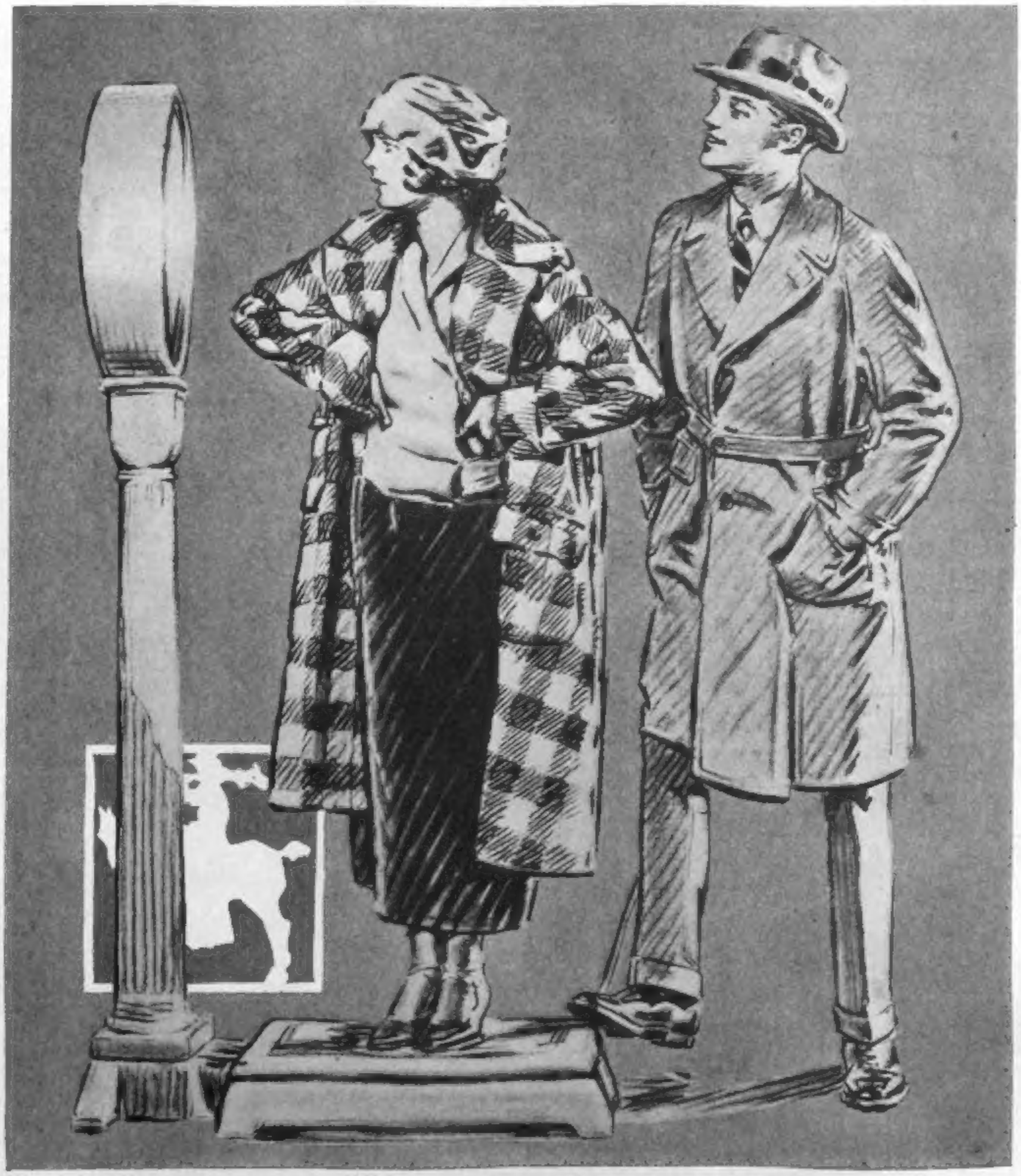

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A Discussion of National Defense

By JOHN J. PERSHING

Photographic Proof That the American Doughboy Could Grin and Bear It Under Any Conditions. Near Cunel, France, Under Corrugated Sheet Iron

EVER since colonial days, when an army representing a sovereign ruler became an instrument of oppression to enforce unjust laws upon unwilling subjects, there has lingered in the minds of many of our people an unreasoning prejudice against all things military, except when under the emergency of war or threatened war. This lingering opposition fails to discriminate between an army billeted on the people, yet serving what was really a foreign power, at least in all the essentials upon which powers may differ politically, and an army springing from the people, retaining their high ideals and obedient to their will.

Glancing over the history of the republic, we find that experience has not wholly eradicated this prejudice. In the Revolutionary War the colonies, obviously compelled to create armies to fight their battles, encountered difficulties that should have indicated the wisdom of some provision for future defense. Yet the suffering and cost were soon forgotten, even by actual participants; opposition remained, and the counsel given by Washington himself, after forty-five years of public service, that the way to prevent war was to be prepared to meet the enemy, went unheeded; and, for that matter, it has practically remained so up to our day.

Early Mistakes

THE War of 1812 found the young nation sailing along apparently without thought that armies might again be needed, at least so far as any rational measures to the contrary would indicate. The matter of national defense was left to the several states; but the means adopted for the support and training of the militia were half-hearted and various, any plan of uniformity being generally resisted by the states. Entry into the war was accompanied by trumpets and oratory, but the conduct of the forces can be recorded only with humiliation. Even the capital was left defenseless, only to be captured and burned by a handful of British. Our troops were untrained and everywhere badly handled, and, of course, fled before the enemy from nearly every field. The only creditable thing in the whole war was Jackson's victory at New Orleans, fought after the treaty of peace had been signed.

A Company of American Infantry Passing Through a French Village. The Soldier in the Cart is the Only Man Enjoying the Stroll

A Faulty System

THE blame for this disgraceful showing could have been laid to the faulty system, yet nobody seems to have thought much about it one way or the other. Not only were no new steps taken afterward to organize the citizen forces against a similar emergency, but the remaining small regular force was immediately reduced to almost nothing. When the Mexican War came on there was the same hurrah of excitement and confusion; and although the war was won, it must be confessed that we were engaged against an enemy whose military foresight was as aimless as our own, and whose armies and leaders were less efficient. A casual review of the conduct of the war shows that many deficiencies existed; but the people were content with their success, and no effort was made to change the policy.

In the struggle of the Civil War that soon followed the consequences of improvidence were more serious, as the integrity of the Union was at stake. As the earlier battles were fought by partially trained troops on both sides, it is not difficult to imagine the influence a well-trained force the size of one of our divisions, supporting the Government, would have had in the beginning. After the close of the war the Army, again reduced to a mere skeleton, went along bravely fulfilling its mission of opening up the great West, blazing trails, guarding rail construction, protecting settlers, chasing Indians and doing the many other odd jobs the Army has always done. Advocates of sensible precaution against another war were heard only as one crying in the wilderness. Here was lost a rare opportunity to establish a

policy, based on unusual war experience, that would have been invaluable to the nation during the last two wars.

Coming down to the Spanish War, we again suffered from the resulting extravagant efforts to overcome previous stupidity and neglect, and the unnecessary loss of life in insanitary camps is shocking to remember.

After the war there was some effort at improvement; but interest soon died away, and in the course of a few years our people, running true to form, took up the familiar refrain of no more war, chanting this and other soothing melodies the more loudly as war clouds approached, until the modest voice of sane warning could be but faintly distinguished amid the resounding din.

The Penalty

OUR plunge into the World War, in the face of all of our handicaps, was extremely courageous, but quite pathetic. One hesitates to contemplate the fate of Europe, and ourselves as well, if the grace of the Almighty, in His wise providence, had not seen fit to confuse our enemies and mercifully watch over our Allies for more than a year while we undertook to train 5,000,000 officers and men and to provide them with munitions, airplanes and transports. All we can say is that through the years we, the people and those who make our laws, have gone from bad to worse, learning little, doing less, still prejudiced, lulled into inaction by an unwarranted sense of security and by false ideas of economy, instead of using plain, practical common sense and making reasonable provision in time of peace for the maintenance of a moderate policy of national defense.

As individuals, with some imported exceptions, our people are basically loyal and sound. Theirs is a most glorious and inspiring record of personal courage and devotion, striving in times of peril to overcome our deplorable want of national vision. In spite of the shackles of local political expediency, our wealth, resources and virility have carried us forward to the first rank among the powers of the world. Expanding international relations have become intimate and complicated, so that every individual must suffer or profit through their shifting status. Meanwhile the country has muddled through our wars, the people making heroic sacrifices on the battlefields and at home, and paying with monotonous regularity in blood and treasure the enormous penalty of ignoring nationally the plain and obvious lessons of history.

Before going further let me point out a most striking example of how history repeats itself. Centuries ago there occurred a long period of complete tranquillity in Gaul. For more than 100 years peace reigned throughout this province of the Roman Empire. Guarding the frontier were Roman legions posted at Cologne, at Coblenz and at Mayence, with a reserve force at Treves. Eighteen hundred years later, in our generation, a peace conference was convened in Paris to bring order out of the chaos of the World War, and posted on the temporary frontier imposed by the Allies on Germany were British soldiers at Cologne, American soldiers at Coblenz and French soldiers at Mayence, with a general reserve in the region of Treves, which was my own advance headquarters. Seldom has there occurred a historical repetition more remarkable, and one is prompted to wonder how often men search the history of the past for lessons to guide their judgment for the future.

It is said that the foolish never learn except through their own experience; but it may be asserted with equal truthfulness that many do not learn even that way. No matter how persistently events may happen to repeat themselves, even in our own country, or how faithfully through the years the historian may record the rise to power, the causes of decay and the fall of successive empires, kingdoms and republics, some among us lightly speak of history as bunk and refuse to accept its teachings; while others, who are quite as innocent of accurate knowledge on that or probably on any other subject, simply follow along.

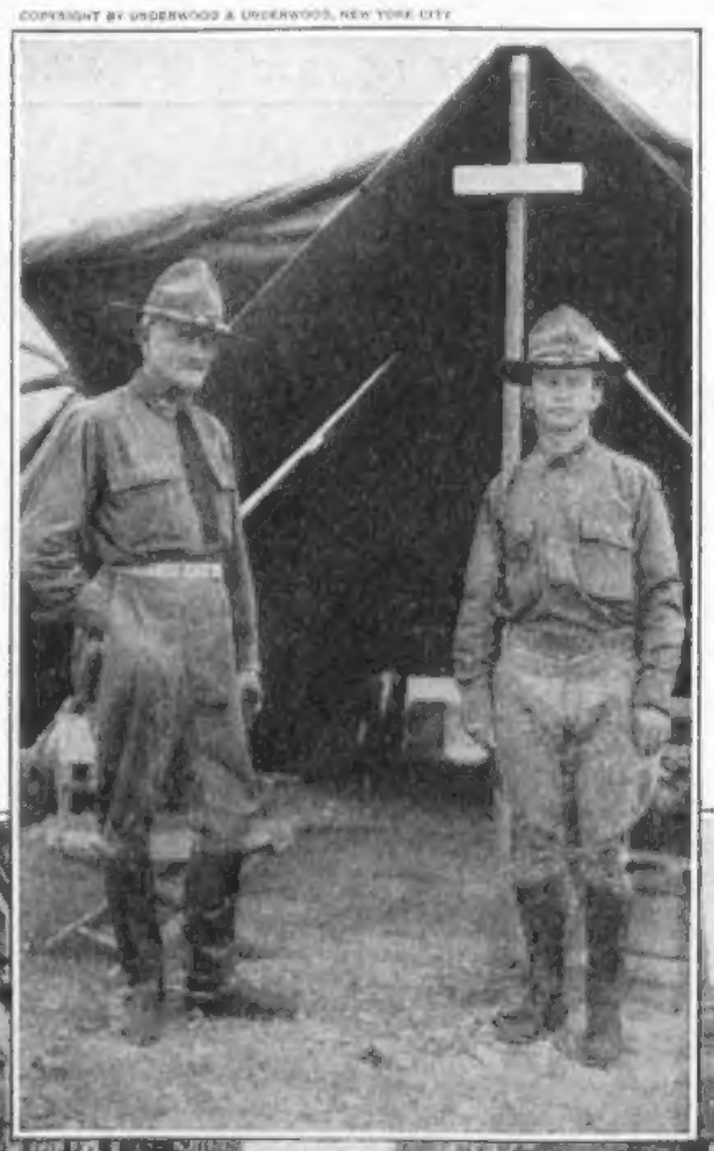
The Problems of Protection

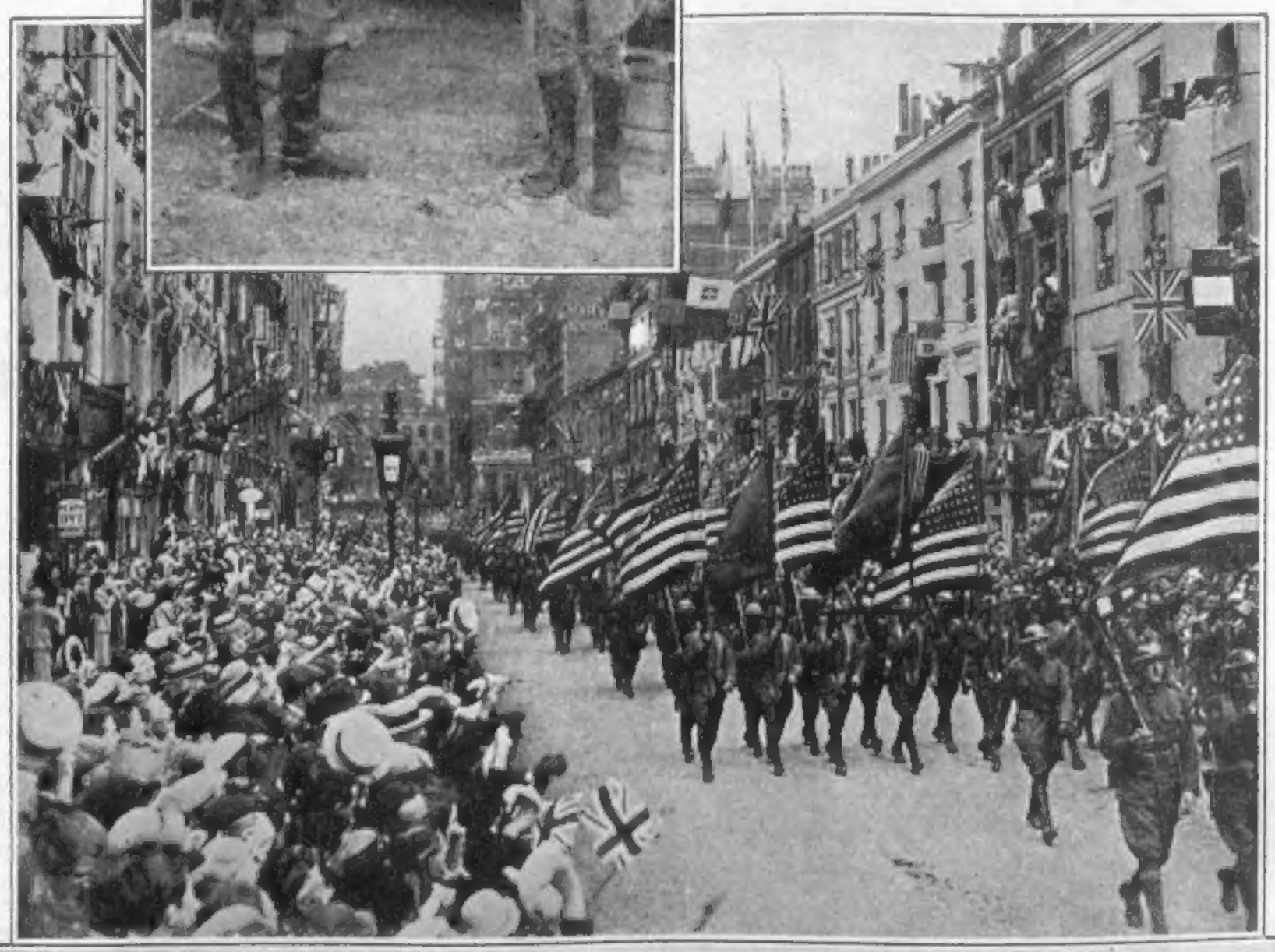
THE solution of the question of national defense requires a knowledge of our own history and the application of its lessons to the broad problem of protection, not only against enemies from abroad, but against those within our borders, under whatever guise they may operate. The situation at home appears serious when we realize the extent to which the simple-minded have recently embraced impractical, unpatriotic and even destructive theories. A group of pacifists, who, by carrying placards and applying epithets, think they can end wars, proclaim in favor of our complete disarmament as a beginning to world peace, entirely ignoring the experience of the World War and the palpable fact that we should be in a class by ourselves and probably become at once the object of aggression by wiser nations. It is one of the inconsistencies of this group to be among the first to demand protection at home and intervention abroad.

Another society advances internationalism as a solution of difficulties, little realizing that a pronounced nationalism has made us what we are. This group would have us abandon the safeguards of our Constitution and follow the disastrous route taken by unfortunate Russia, where the property of those who labor and accumulate is taken in the name of the government by those who neither earn nor save.

Then there is the ultra-red element, opposed to all government, who, with their disintegrating propaganda, somehow manage to acquire a voice in organizations composed of a well-meaning membership, only to incite or lead the ignorant or the foreign born among them to commit

(Continued on Page 111)





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The 13th Cavalry, "Somewhere in Mexico," Pursuing Villa and His Band. Above—American Regiment Escorting General Pershing in the London Victory Parade, July, 1919. At the Top—General Pershing With His Aide, Lieutenant Collins, at Colonia Dublan, Mexico

CROOKED KEY

What Passed Between the Two Whites Passed Very Swiftly. "Alone Here?" He Asked

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

IN HONOR of the three Northern guests cocktails were served before dinner. The guests took that as a matter of course. Since the Eighteenth Amendment became organic law of the land cocktails, it seemed, were not merely a matter of course everywhere but even a matter of duty.

There were only five chairs at the dinner table, for the mistress of the house had been called to Kentucky the day before by the serious illness of an aged parent. Her daughter sat in her place.

Though cocktails were a matter of course, the guests' curiosity was mildly aroused by tall, thin glasses, one at each plate. Their shape was noncommittal; they might mean mineral water or orangeade for the young lady and highballs for the four men. When a soft-footed, patriarchal darky in snowy jacket poured a bubbling fluid of pale gold color into the hostess' glass their curiosity rose.

A moment later one of them lifted his filled glass, sipped experimentally and burst out laughing as he exclaimed in jocular flattery to the host: "Well, Walter, I knew you'd done well down here; but I didn't suppose you'd done as well as this. I never expected to drink champagne in America again unless Rockefeller lost his mind and asked me to dinner."

Walter Newton, the host, answered with dry humor. "Free as air, Tom. Never cost me a cent; only a little token of regard from one of my tenants. Come down here to Florida and this is what you'll get with every month's rent."

The host was dark-eyed, his beardless face tanned to sallowness. The upper lip sat out above the lower one with a beaklike suggestion; a bold face, one would say. His statement brought cynical retorts: "Hear the Florida boomer!" "You'll be telling us champagne grows on bushes down here next!" "I'd like to interview that tenant!" But it was evident that they invited a further explanation. Dry humor twinkling behind a sober face, Newton told them the story:

"Used to be a chap down here named Murdock—a fat and greasy gentleman from New Jersey; kind of man that always orders two eggs, one for himself and one for his vest. He had a bundle of stuff on a shoe string—thirty acres just below here where I'm laying out a new addition, and so on. Crooked Key was in the bundle. It's right over there where the sun went down."

Two walls of this green-tiled dining room were little else than leaded glass. The north windows looked into a garden where scarlet hibiscus and poinsettia flamed in the brief Florida twilight. The west windows showed a foreground of lawn, then a sweep of smooth beach at whose farther edge the tide gently lapped with little foam wreaths. The Gulf of Mexico, tinted pearl and coral by the twilight sky, spread illimitably beyond the sand. A long string of pelicans, moving close to the water in Indian file, sped toward the mysterious sunset in strong, unvarying flight.

"Can't really see it from the shore," Newton went on. "What you see over there is Three Mile Key. Crooked Key lies beyond it, farthest out in the Gulf. It's all wild; nobody ever lived on it except fiddler crabs. Well, I took Murdock's bundle off his hands, Crooked Key and all. Hadn't any particular use for the key, but the tail went with the hide."

The narrative was punctuated by eating, and in its leisurely progress there was the cool self-assurance of a man not to be hurried.

"Couple of months ago a stranger dropped in to see me about it; chap named Whipple—Augustus J. Whipple." Newton drew out the name as though there was something funny about it. "He wanted to lease Crooked Key; offered twenty-five hundred a year for it."

The speaker paused to chuckle a little over that, and his twinkle seemed to be testing his guests' sense of humor.

"You see, the water round these keys is generally very shallow; nothing bigger than a saucepan can get up to shore unless you dredge a channel. But Crooked Key is bent like that." He crooked a forefinger. "Good natural channel runs along the knuckle—action of the tide between the two keys, I suppose. A good-sized boat can tie right up to the bank." That seemed to be the nub of the joke. "Besides, it's hidden from town by Three Mile Key—out there in the Gulf all by its lonesome. Of course, rum running is one of our leading industries now. Almost any sort of boat can make Havana in a day. Thousand miles of coast along here, with keys and bayous to play hide and seek in. Stuff comes in like Niagara. So I told Augustus I didn't care to lease him the key."

By way of explaining what made it seem so funny to him he added: "This Whipple, you see, is a lean Yankee with a curly red mustache like a sausage, and mild blue eyes that would charm a bird off its nest. Blame near charmed me off my nest. All the same, I stuck to the point of not leasing him the key. I didn't care to be the landlord. But far be it from me to keep a good man down; so I offered to sell him the key for thirty thousand dollars on yearly payments—twenty-five hundred a year. That's where the champagne came from. Augustus J. slipped me a case to show his appreciation."

Newton pulled his face into a grave mask and added with exaggerated innocence, "So I judge he's doing well in his business."

The youngest guest grinned in broad appreciation.

"And if a revenue cutter should happen to hop down on Crooked Key and find some contraband ginger ale there you wouldn't be the landlord; you'd have sold the key and washed your hands of it."

"Exactly!" Newton replied cheerfully. "If Gus should keep the key two years and then default on the contract it would come to the same thing as though I had leased it to him. Only, if anything blew up, I would have sold it and washed my hands of it." He chuckled again. "When a great republic passes a fool law that nobody with the price pays any attention to, and nobody with sense expects that anybody with the price is going to pay attention to, a lot of little points of etiquette come up.

I'll buy what I please to drink long's I can get it. So will everybody else with the price. Everybody else does. But when the band plays The Star-Spangled Banner we've all got to stand up and take off our hats to law. So I didn't want to be the landlord—a point of etiquette."

Like cocktails before dinner, wholesale rum running and bootlegging were matters of course to the guests, who—North, South, East or West—heard of it and saw evidences of it on every hand. The guests belonged in the same general category with their host—energetic, successful business men, with liberal views in matters of the more personal sort such as religion and private conduct. They made the usual comments: "Fool law." "Outrage on personal liberty." "Minority rule." "Bunch of blue-nosed bigots dictating a man's diet." "Congressmen with no more backbone than so many mice."

One of them remarked casually, "The way the stuff is pouring in across every border it must take a lot of money to finance it."

"Sure!" Newton assented easily. "One of our leading industries. I doubt if Gus Whipple had much money. He had the experience, you see; the idea and the nerve and the know-how. When a man has those things in any line he can always raise capital. Undoubtedly Gus has got it properly fixed up, the ways greased, to get his booze through the official lines. Probably some good citizens are furnishing the capital; tremendous profits."

Casually again the guest remarked, "They ought to amend it—let in light wine and beer."

But Newton grinned.

"Far's I can make out, Anglo-Saxons have never been much for sticking to light wine and beer." With a sudden thrust of belligerent will he declared: "They ought to stop passing fool, tyrannous laws! Prohibition! Regulating my diet—my dinner table—for me! I hope Augustus J. ships in an ocean of booze and rubs their noses in it till they yell for mercy. I despise it!"

For the first time since the champagne was sipped Newton's daughter spoke. All three guests had been very much aware of her, especially the youngest one. Her father was dark, but she carried it further, her glossy hair a pool of blackness and her eyes lighted, deeper pools. There was a clear-cut vividness about her, stamped out sharp and distinct like a coin fresh from the mint. There was vividness in her actions, in the slight, quick motions of her hand and turns of her shiny head, like a big lustrous bird just alighted and perhaps about to dart away again. There was no color in her cheeks, but a sheen of health. The youngest guest was ready to admit he had never seen a more striking girl.

"I despise it, too," she said rather low, not looking at her father, "because it's a law for the poor and not for the rich."

The guests received that statement respectfully, with an obscure feeling that she was compelled to make it as a sort of declaration of faith. They noticed she had not touched her champagne.

With the greatest good nature, smiling a little, her father replied, "Of course it is. It never pretended to be anything else. The law was passed to keep workingmen from squandering their time and money. What got us into prohibition was the sob picture of father drinking up his week's wages while mother and three small children went hungry. It was meant to be a law for the poor, not for the rich. Nobody would have dreamed of passing a prohibition law in order to keep bank presidents from getting soused."

The guests laughed; yet even the least observant of them felt uneasy for a moment, because under this light tone they sensed a war between father and daughter.

II

MIRANDY, globular and woebegone, unfolded the tragedy, her great bosom heaving, tears running down her fat black cheeks: "Abey ain't done nothin' at all, Miss Alice. He was jes' helpin' his pa. Abey ain't never had no truck with those no-account niggers. He's allus held hisself high. He got de bes' marks in school, Miss Alice, and now he's got a fine job in de garidge where he can learn to be a garidge man hisself. I try so hard to brung dat boy up right, Miss Alice. His pa's triflin' and dat make it all de harder for me to brung him up right. I got mah pride in dat boy. He was jes' helpin' his pa a little. His pa's triflin', but dey ain't no real hahm in him. But I got my pride in dat boy." Mirandy's big body swayed forward in an excess of grief. "If dey go put Abey in jail it jes' plumb kill me. Dat put a mahk on him, Miss Alice, he ain't never git over."

To see her was painful, like watching the labor of a big dumb animal. Alice Newton knew her very well as a good black soul, kind, patient, laborious, unbelievably ignorant and credulous. It would have been merely cruel to tell her that a jail sentence for her Abey was no such irretrievable calamity as she imagined, and as useless as to tell her there were no hants in a graveyard at night. What made it all the more poignant was that Mirandy came to her as a dog goes to its master, or almost as simple piety turns to a higher power, in childlike faith that the rich, beautiful young white woman could avert this stroke of fate.

Alice Newton had no such faith in her own powers, yet she would by no means have failed to do what she could, and she sent Mirandy away with as much hope as her conscience permitted. This interview occurred on the kitchen porch of her father's white stucco house, the handsomest in his own exclusive Newtonia Bay addition to Elmersville. Her car, a model runabout, stood in the garage. Driving uptown in it, along Gulf Boulevard, with the smart cottages and flowery gardens of Newtonia Bay addition on her right and the broad beach and blue Gulf on her left, she considered how best to attack this problem. There were the county attorney, the mayor, the chief of police—she had been to all of them in other cases. . . .

A less exclusive region of winter cottages lay between Newtonia Bay and the ragged skirts of the business district. Now there was a fine new city park on her left, built on filled-in land between the boulevard and the sea. She turned away from it into broad, brick-paved Sunshine Avenue, which was Elmersville's chief business thoroughfare. Although this was midwinter the loitering crowds on the wide sidewalks wore summer clothes; shop doors stood open, or the shops had no fronts. Four blocks up, the avenue ran along one side of a parked square in which stood the cubic brick courthouse with tall-columned portico and yellow dome—symbol of law. The county attorney's office was up there; but she had decided to go to the chief of police, and so, at the farther side of the square, turned into Pinellas Street toward the city hall.

Big-shouldered, rawboned Chief of Police Gannon received her with gruff courtesy, a sort of irascible smolder lurking in his watery blue eyes. One might have suspected that he wished to spank her. But his version of the affair differed considerably from Mirandy's. According to him the police had raided a shack in darkytown the night before and found a quite hilarious little party in progress, with Mirandy's husband and son dispensing gin at two bits a drink. The evidence of bootlegging was incontrovertible. The police had every reason to believe it was by no means a first offense on the part of Abey's triflin' pa.

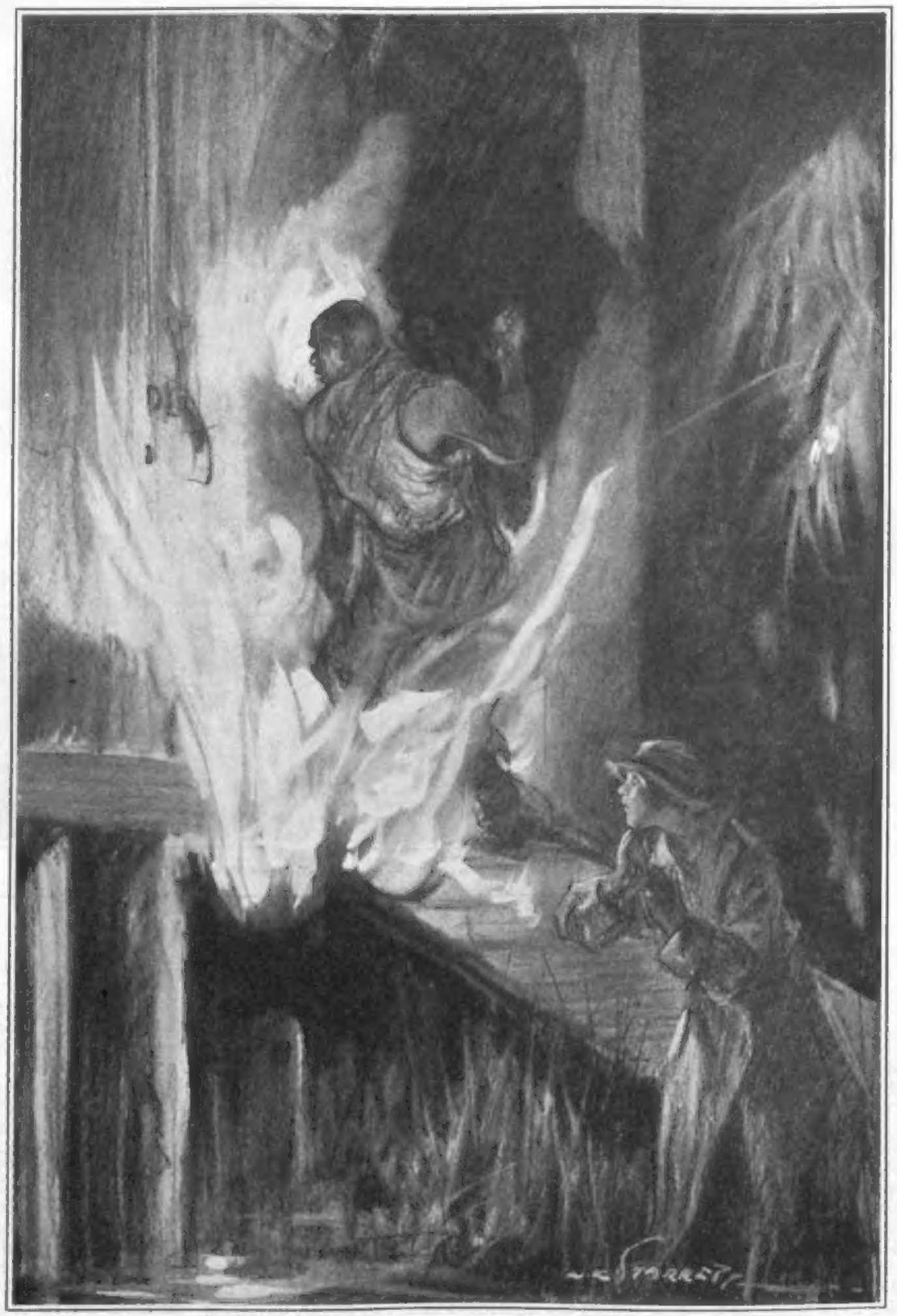
Chief Gannon stated the case to her courteously enough. In deference to her eccentric prejudice he even used the word "darkies" in place of the more familiar term "niggers." But he stated it with a sort of smothered irritation—for why should she be sticking her white finger in this dusky pie? The irritation was more pronounced as he declared:

"You ought to know, Miss Newton, that we can't let this bootlegging among darkies get out of hand. They're only children. If we didn't put a foot down when a clear case came up it would get out of hand in no time, and the devil and all might be to pay here some day. If we arrest a man in a clear case and let him go it makes us look like fools; worse'n as though we made no arrest."

He was, irascibly, almost pleading with her to be a little reasonable, and her lovely unreason irritated him into blurting out:

"You make it all the harder, messing around in it. Better leave it alone."

Then it occurred to him that such brusque advice, addressed by a plain, rough old man to a beautiful, smartly dressed young lady, who had graduated from a swell Northern college and enjoyed all sorts of social advantages



Jeff Was Hammering at the Door With a Big Fist and Stamping at the Dancing Flames

might be considered an impertinence; his leathery cheeks flushed slightly with embarrassment.

"I can't turn him loose," he concluded gruffly.

Alice knew that Chief Gannon was a kindly man at heart; but a Southern man. Not dynamite could blast out of him that view of negroes as irresponsibles whom white men, at all costs and by all means, must keep firmly in hand. She felt in her bones that the court would take that same view. To arrest a darky for bootlegging, when there was clear evidence, and then let him go would never, never do. She felt also that her own interference would do Abey no good.

After finishing at a Northern college for women she had spent nearly a year in a settlement house in the lower West Side of New York, and then asked herself, "Why here? Why not down among my own people?" Her father, in fact, was a Northerner, and much of her life had been spent in the North. In her sense of the words, blacks were quite as much her own people as whites. So she had returned to Elmersville with a number of passionate prepossessions, the most inconvenient of them being that white men and black men were to be treated exactly alike, each one on his own merits as a man. Her father's popularity and position in the community, along with her own youth, beauty and style, had enabled her to express this prejudice in words and deeds without suffering any keener penalty than that of being regarded as an eccentric, willful, badly educated young woman, and a somewhat dangerous nuisance. She knew that, and resented it.

A one-story extension of the city hall, running back to the brick-paved alley, contained the lockup. Leaving the chief of police, Alice walked around that way and saw two dark faces behind the iron bars of a narrow window, looking forlornly out. Of course, this bland outside looked good to them—weather like June in the North; a high, blue, cloudless sky pouring down sunshine upon the warm earth, making one's bones ache to get out in it. Undoubtedly it looked good to them. The younger of the two was only eighteen, and all the hope and joy of Mirandy's toilsome, ignorant life.

After her talk with Chief Gannon, Alice had no doubt Abey would be sent to jail; much less, she thought, because he had participated in bootlegging than as a means of keeping the colored population in order. Meanwhile her father served champagne to his guests and talked casually of great bootlegging operations by white men who were not sent to jail or inconvenienced in any way.

There are moments when indignation reaches the bursting point, and a sense of outrage swells so intolerably that one must, it seems, do something about it or explode. Going up the alley from the lockup, and then along an intersecting one to her car, she suffered such a moment. She was subject to them, and to flaming prejudices that she regarded as the essence of pure reasonableness. She didn't wish to plead; pleading humiliated her. She wished to demand justice; some show of even-handed justice among men.

As she climbed into her car she was affirming to herself, "I'll not stand it! I'll not endure it!"

She had left her car on Pinellas Street, beside the long gray flank of the Gulf National Bank Building, in which her father had his business offices.

III

WALTER NEWTON, marrying a Southern girl, had lighted in Elmersville twenty years before, when it was a ramshackle country town existing in lazy dispersedness on the Gulf shore. Certainly no one had done more than himself to transform it into this present flourishing resort, whither fifty thousand or more Northerners came every winter with their check books.

The offices of the Newtonia Bay Company, which was laying out another addition, were in the second story of the bank building, corner of Sunshine Avenue and Pinellas Street. The seven-story structure did due credit to that focal corner, and from almost any one of its north or west windows one could look across at the yellow dome of the courthouse, symbol of law.

When Alice climbed into her car below, Newton sat in his private room soberly listening to his friend David Palmer. There was no man in Elmersville for whom Walter Newton's heart had a warmer corner, or who was more unlike him in various ways. At forty-two, Dave was a bachelor and a beau; a very neatly made handsome little man who had to look up a bit in talking, say, with Alice Newton. Today his small, trim person was clothed in a tawny flannel suit, with limp shirt and collar to match, the perfectly knotted tie blending in the same color scheme. That of itself tickled Newton, who was indifferent to clothes. They were both venturesome men, but Newton calculated before he ventured, while Dave Palmer ventured first and calculated afterwards. That same heedless, urchinlike venturesomeness endeared Palmer to the cooler, abler man. They both speculated in real estate—Newton with long, carefully thought-out plans; Dave Palmer with a light-footed, impressionistic hit or miss.

Dave was explaining now, in troubled candor, a faintly puzzled frown on his handsome face, a kind of childlike didn't-think-it-was-loaded air: "You see, Wally, I got stuck with that Round Bayou stuff; guess I was a bonehead to get into it." He brightened and added hopefully, "If they had built the shipyard down there it would have been a cinch; I'd have cleaned up on it." But he relapsed with a little laugh. "Only they didn't build it. That got my money tied up, you see. Of course, I was looking around for a chance to make a quick profit and get myself straightened out. Well, Doc Kauffman came along, and then I had a talk with him and Whipple."

His faintly puzzled frown deepened over that for an instant.

"Probably Doc Kauffman's an old rascal; but he's a pretty good old scout, too, in some ways; pretty wise old bird. You know what this booze proposition is. Lord, plenty of profit there! Everybody knows that. And Whipple, you see, had been all through it from A to Z—knows all the ropes, got the officials fixed, and so on. It looked like that quick cash I was needing. I was to put up twenty-five thousand and Doc was to put up twenty-five thousand and Whipple ten. Whipple was to bring the stuff over and attend to all the details, and sell it, and then we'd cut the profit three ways."

Dave bent forward a little in his chair, turning his head a bit to one side, speaking more earnestly, for he wished Newton to perceive how perfectly reasonable all his calculations had been.

"It must be safe enough, Wally, for they're doing it all the time. You see, I meant to stick to it only long enough to get out of the hole—pay off what I owe the banks on that blasted Round Bayou business and get some cash in hand. Then I'd drop out. It looked a cinch." His bright earnestness clouded then. "But we'd only got fairly

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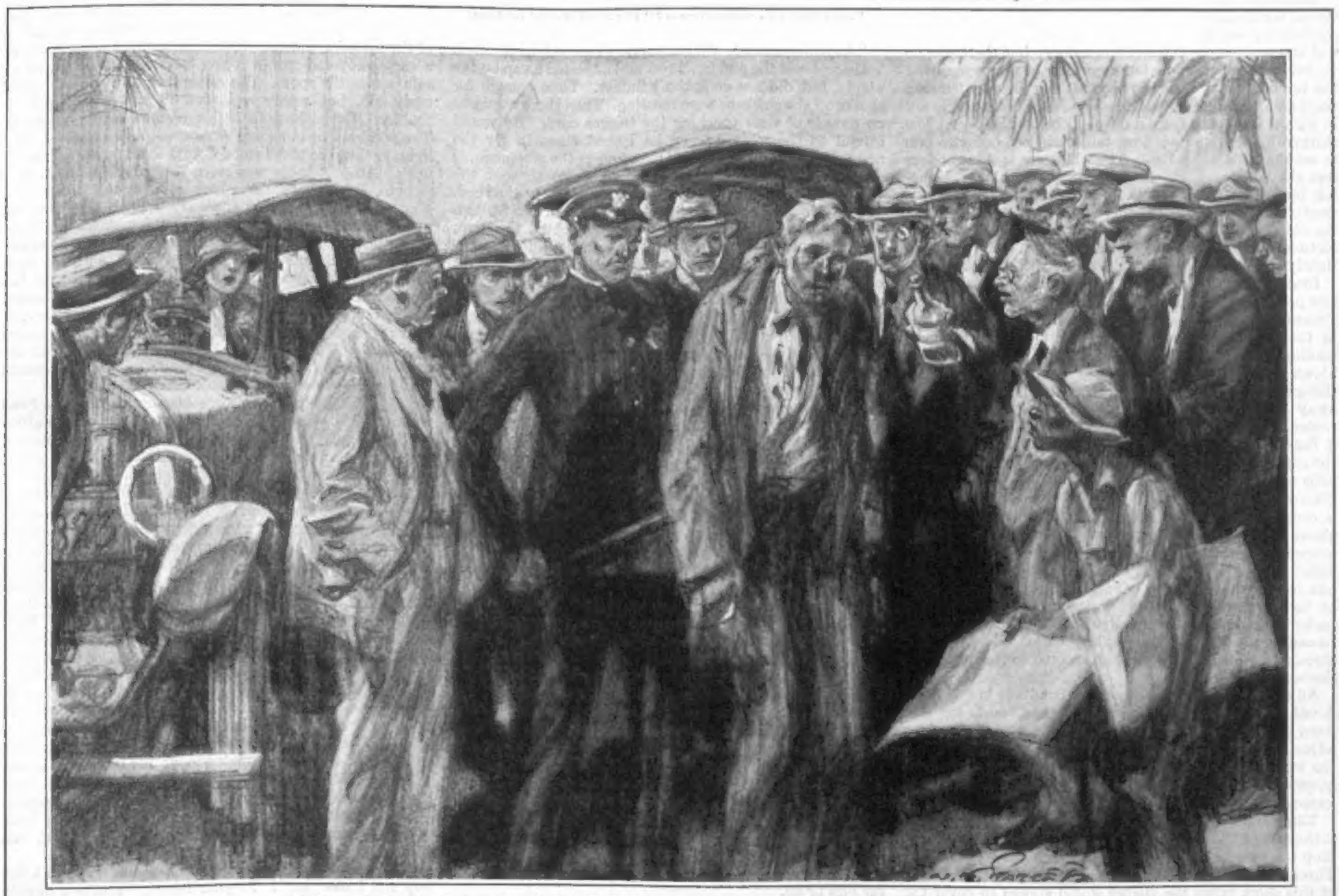

A Moment Later Somebody Triumphantly Produced an Almost Empty Whisky Bottle From the Battered Car

THE PIANO

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Now Will You Come Across?" the Man Asked at Last

BRAD worked with a slow particularity. He was a man with a mechanical turn and such arrangements as this one always interested him. A fox had been stealing his chickens and he was engaged in setting a spring gun to kill the fox.

The first depredation had occurred several days before. The chickens had, during the day, the run of a small wired yard; at night they were accustomed to withdraw within the chicken house. Brad never troubled to lock them in. It was some time since he had been visited by varmints. But one morning he found a sag in the wire; found a few white feathers and the pad mark of a fox in the soft earth of the pen. One of his hens was gone.

That night and thereafter he came out before going to bed and secured the chicken-house door; but there was no sill below the door, and a few days later he discovered that the fox had again entered the yard, dug his way beneath the door and carried off another hen. Brad buried a board in such a way as to form a deep sill below the door. The chicken house had a window, but it did not occur to him to see that this was secure. The window was three or four feet above the ground. It was arranged on hinges, swinging inward at the bottom. Within a few days the marauder returned, pushed in this window, dropped on top of the nest boxes and killed a third hen. By a chance that was fortunate for the fox, the window did not in its fall close tightly; the creature was able to nose it up and escape.

Brad was by nature a mild man, and he guessed the fox was probably hard put to it to feed a litter of kits. Nevertheless he felt it necessary to avenge his hens. There was in the attic an old single-barreled, ten-gauge, muzzle-loading shotgun, unused for years. The muzzle had been blown off when a bit of snow clogged it. Brad unearthed this gun from its long retirement and with a hack saw cut away the jagged metal. He found that the lock was rusted, and he worked at it with screw driver and oil until it functioned smoothly, and he cleaned the nipple where the cap would set; then took the gun, with hammer, saw, nails and a bit of board, into the chicken house and secured it across two roosts opposite the window in such a way that it commanded that avenue of entrance at a distance of about ten feet. He did not yet load the gun. In the miscellaneous junk about his woodshed he found two small metal pulleys, once a part of the mechanism of a big ice box he had made for his wife, now dead. These pulleys he fastened, one behind the butt of the gun, the other under the window. A cod line attached to the trigger passed back through one pulley, across the shed and through the other, and was then secured to the bottom of the window sash.

All this consumed some time, but Brad was in no hurry. A tall, gaunt, slow man, he was never inclined to haste in word or thought or deed. When his simple apparatus was adjusted he tested it by first cocking the gun, then pulling the window inward as it would be thrust by a push from outside. The string tightened, the trigger clicked, the hammer fell.

Thus satisfied, Brad proceeded to load the gun, removing it from its rest for the purpose. He used black powder, and atop the powder put a variegated charge; a few Number Three shot, some BB's and half a dozen OO buck. Even at this short range the charge would spread to cover the whole lower half of the window; the buckshot would penetrate the old boards of the wall.

"Anything outside will get peppered some," he decided.

He replaced the gun in its rest and adjusted a cap on the nipple, but did not cock the hammer. Time enough for that after the chickens were roosting. Then there would be no danger of their touching the trigger cord. He would attend to the matter when he locked them in for the night. It was now about half past four in the afternoon.

Brad gathered up his tools and went out through the chicken yard, disturbing the hens, and around to the shed. He put his hammer and saw methodically in their places and began to feed the stock. Two pigs behind the barn, the chickens, four half-grown geese in a box in the door-yard and the horse in his stall. The cows were not yet come in from the pasture when he began; but before he was through they appeared in the lane, and he threw down hay for them, and secured their necks between the upright staves in the tie-up. Now and then, as he worked, he spoke to beasts or fowls in a low, friendly tone.

Brad lived quite alone on his farm on the hillside. He was on a back road and saw few people except in the fall, when woodcock gunners sometimes left their cars in his barnyard while they descended to the alder runs below. Yet the prospect from his farm was worth seeing. The valley was heavily wooded; a silver pond lay a mile away to the left; and directly across, the slopes of the ridge ascended, covered with birch and black growth. The foliage presented through the seasons a bewildering range of lovely colors. When the sun was low above the hills behind the house, these eastward slopes assumed a purple hue so rich that to look upon it was a delight almost physical.

Brad's kitchen was as neat as it had been when his wife—dead last spring—was alive. The red-painted cream separator, bolted to the floor, stood beside the sink; the bright pails were stacked there ready for his hand. He drew water from the pump in the shed and went out into the tie-up and methodically milked his cows, washing their teats with the water, pressing his brow against their flanks while the milk hissed into the foaming pails. His kine were not heavy milk producers. Of fairly good stock, their only feed was pasturage, hay, or the beets and squash and turnips Brad raised in the garden behind the barn. Yet they yielded milk enough so that he had a surplusage of cream for butter, which he sold at the store. He drove to the store every evening, if only to get his paper from the post office there. The routine of his life was little changed by his wife's death; there was only a little more work for him to do.

Some of the younger folk in Fraternity derided Brad for staying on at the farm, for it was known that he had come into money a few months before. His uncle, a man with a reputation for wealth well hoarded, had died in town; Brad and two brothers shared the estate. In the gossip of the countryside the amount varied widely. Some loose talkers set Brad's share as high as fifty thousand dollars. It had been, as a matter of fact, a little over thirty-five hundred. Even this might have tempted some men into an adventurous journey to Boston; but Brad's life was settled. He stayed at home and worked as he had always done. The money was in the bank, in town.

His only outward evidence of prosperity was the purchase of a piano. This instrument was of yellow varnished oak. It stood upright against the west wall of the parlor of the little farmhouse, with an old sampler hung above it, a carpet-covered spring rocker beside it and a haircloth sofa across the room. The other furniture was conspicuously old, but rather mellowed by age than rendered shabby. Even the sofa had a certain beauty about it. The windows of the room were small and admitted little light, so that the piano stood always in a sort of reverential dusk. Atop it there was set a framed photograph of a woman, Brad's wife. She had been, at the time of the photograph, middle-aged and very weary. Her hair, unnaturally pompadoured for the occasion, made her seem uncomfortable and ill at ease; she had somewhat the aspect of one who balances a bowl upon her head. Only her head and shoulders appeared, but you were quite sure that her hands must be gnarled and scarred with many labors. Beside this photograph stood a little white china vase containing a bouquet of artificial flowers of the variety called everlasting. The top of the piano was free from dust; the paneled front of it was snugly shut; the lid that covered the keys was closed and locked.

Before beginning to prepare his supper this day Brad went into the parlor and in the failing light of late afternoon surveyed the piano for a moment without moving. His bearing was that of a reverent man in a holy place. Then he crossed the room to where the instrument stood, and with a soft cloth he had brought from the kitchen began to wipe its gleaming surfaces. This was a ceremonial task performed twice a day. He stroked its sides and front; he passed his cloth across its top. In the process he lifted for a moment the framed photograph, and there was an awkward tenderness in his movements, somehow pitiful. When he set the picture down again there was, or seemed to be, drama in the simple gesture. With a key from his pocket he unlocked the cover and wiped the ivory keys, evoking now and then a throb of sound from the wires within. At such moments he seemed to listen for something he could not quite hear. When at last he left the room, closing the door behind him, the closing of the door was like the falling of the curtain at the play.

Brad's was one of those tragedies which are so common, so poignant and so little understood; the tragedy of a man who was inarticulate. Most of us suffer under this cross. We find it easy to upbraid or blame, but very hard to praise. We are afraid of seeming sentimental. Yet how a little affection, frankly expressed from friend to friend, can temper the winds of life!

What harm can it do to say to your son "You're a fine boy and I like you"? To your friend, "You're a mighty decent sort of fellow and I'm very fond of you"? To your wife, "I love you dearly"?

Yet ancient reticences hold our tongues; we do not speak; till some day we perceive, abruptly, that there is no longer an ear to hear what we may have wished to say.

Marriages have before now been wrecked upon this rock; many which escaped shipwreck have nevertheless been lifelong tragedy. Such was Brad Miller's. New Englanders are a silent breed, hard of shell and not easily warmed. Their feelings are apt to be buried deep. Brad was born, no doubt, a normal boy; hungry for affection, eager for caresses; friendly as a dog. But—he was born on a New England farm, and his father and mother disciplined themselves for the good of their son; and from the time he was a baby no one ever kissed him except with the kiss of ceremonious greeting or farewell. When he loved May Stoneman it was in a dumb and silent fashion; and she, being of the same breed, expected nothing more. No doubt they had at first their moments of warm passion, of frank and affectionate communion when each opened his heart to the other. But as the years of their marriage passed these moments came more seldom. Each surrendered to the ancient inhibitions; the time came when a kiss passed between them would have tortured either Brad or his wife with acute embarrassment.

There is no testimony that Brad was ever unkind to his wife; but life upon a barren farm may be sufficiently unkind. There was work to be done; work for both of them. Each did the tasks assigned; each, upon occasion, prompted the other to some forgotten duty.

"Brad, you ain't mended the leak by the chimney!"

"May, I told you to keep that hen shut up; she wants to set."

"Brad, I need more wood in the box."

"Where's the milk buckets, May?"

They had no children, they were much alone; and there were days when they exchanged no word except in connection with the stark duties of life. They rose about six in the morning in winter, earlier in summer. May got the meals, Brad did the outside work. When dusk gave them respite from toil they shared the evening paper which Brad fetched from the store, and then went stolidly to bed. The fact that they shared the same bed had no significance whatever; they were in many ways as remote, one from the other, as though they had lived a thousand miles apart.

May, as a girl, had liked to play on her mother's piano; and sometimes she tried to get Brad to buy one. But habits of frugality were bred in him; he always put her poor pleadings aside with the brutal folly of expediency as his justification. He told her the money was needed for taxes; that they ought to buy a new cow; that the hay crop was so short he would need to be buying hay in the coming winter. May submitted humbly enough to these rebuffs. She had at times a vague feeling that if she could play a piano now and then she would not mind having one or two fewer cows to tend. But she was inarticulate as he, and could not put these feelings into effective words. Besides, Brad always meant to get her a piano sometime. The thing was simply postponed; postponed from year to year, to weary years—till May died.

There was no outward reason to suppose that Brad's love for her was more than long habit. Their daily contacts had been rude enough, and empty of all tendernesses. Through the hideous ceremonies of the interment he preserved an impassive demeanor. But when, a little later on, his uncle's death made the purchase possible, he bought the piano and had it brought out to his lonely farm. This was his memorial to her. He himself knew nothing of its mechanism; but his rough fingers liked to touch the keys and evoke soft vibrations from the wires within. The merchant who had sold him the instrument had played for him.

Brad's only comment was, "It sounds pretty. I'll take it, then."

To those who wondered at his purchase he had but one explanation to give.

"May always wanted one," he would say. "She was always wanting a piano."

Back in the kitchen, this day, he prepared his supper; scrambled eggs, boiled potatoes, doughnuts and milk. Having eaten, he went to the chicken house and, since it was now dark and the fowls were settled for the night, he cocked the old gun; then shut and secured the door. His day's work was now done; there remained to him the only social pleasure which his life held. He hitched his horse to the buggy and drove slowly over the hill and down into Fraternity village, to Will Bissell's store.

A number of men were there before him, and he found them grouped around the cold stove or leaning against the long counter. Young Evered, from over beyond the Swamp, was telling Jim Saladine of a string of trout he had that day taken from the brook below the meadow. Will Belter and Zeke Pitkin, reprehensible men, huddled side by side on the bench by the stove and talked in low tones. Lee Motley and Will Bissell, men of substance, were also drawn apart; and when Brad came in they asked his opinion of the proposal to increase taxes and rebuild the Liberty road. He recognized this as a tribute to his new importance in the town—he was a moneyed man now—and the subtle flattery pleased him. While they spoke together, a man came in through the front door, whom none of them knew, and bought half a dozen cheap cigars from Andy Wattles and sat down beside Will Belter. His coming put a damper on the general conversation. The men in the store watched him with silent attention, waiting for him to speak.

This man had the bearing of the city; yet his clothes were worn and his countenance was not prepossessing. Jim Saladine, given to reflection, wondered more acutely than the others; observed the fact that though the man seemed physically vigorous, he wore a certain pallor, as though he had been for long indoors.

Brad made some purchases of small amount. He wanted a sack of feed, but Will's supply had run short and his truck had failed to return from town, so Brad had to cross the bridge to the other store.

"I'll come back and git the mail," he told Bissell as he departed.

When he was gone they spoke of him. The fact of his inheritance was common knowledge; the amount was fit subject for conjectures.

"I heard in town yest'day that the corner block his uncle owned brought over thirty thousand by itself," Zeke Pitkin announced.

Gay Hunt, just come in, asked "Who?"

"Brad Miller."

"I'll bet he come into a hundred thousand if it was a cent," Gay asserted. He was always a fanciful man. Joe Race added to that.

"The lawyer told me, himself, it was more than that," he swore, being by nature a liar for the sake of the sensation his lies might create.

But the stranger beside Belter did not know Joe Race or Gay Hunt. His head was bowed forward; smoke from his cigar clouded his eyes. Even Jim Saladine could not read his expression.

"And Brad had some himself," Will Belter declared. "If you'd hunt up the first dollar he ever made you'd find it right up against the last one."

"Never spent a cent in his life till he got him that piano," Gay agreed.

Jim Saladine ventured a word: "You know, you never noticed any of this about Brad until this summer."

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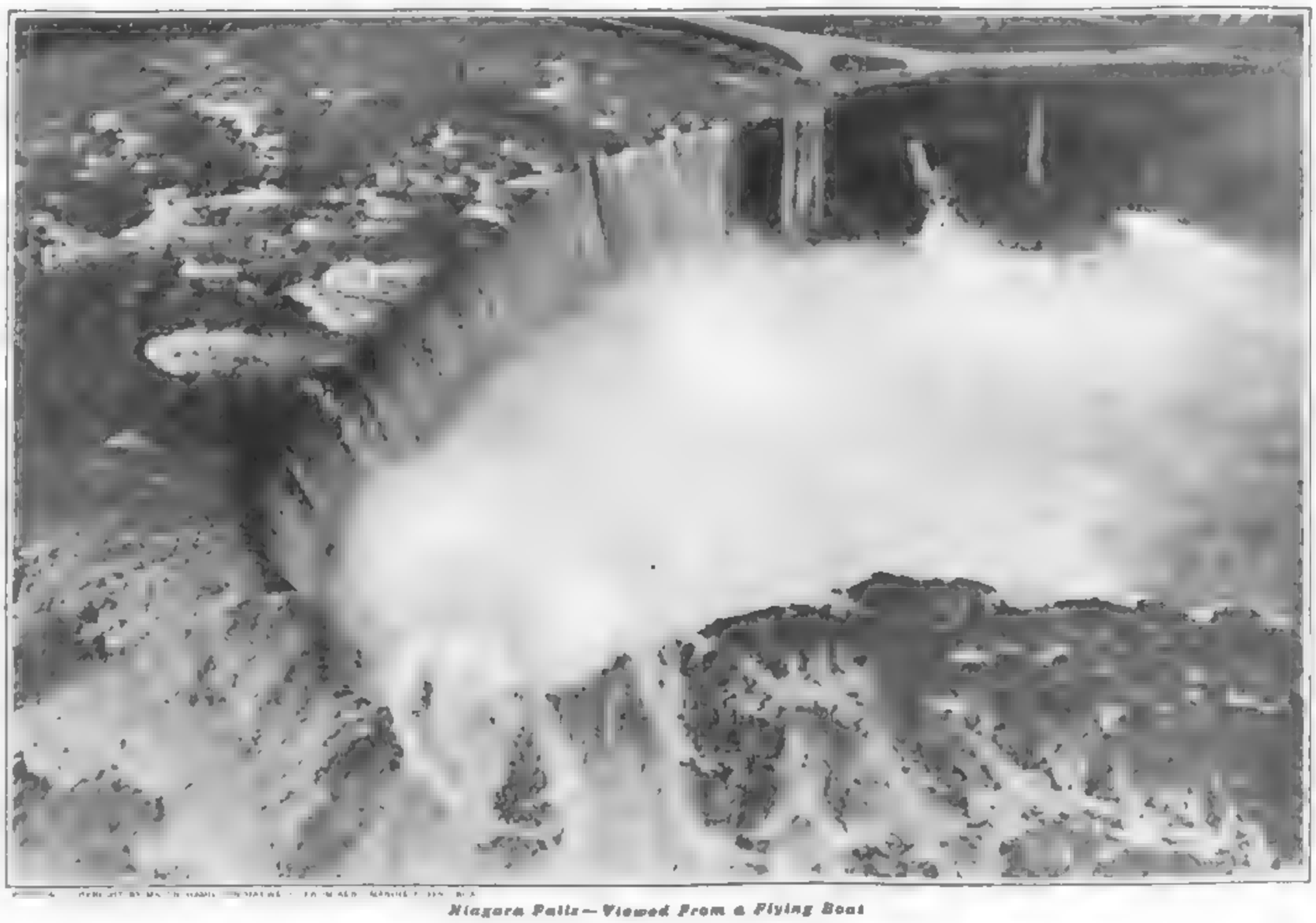
"I'll Come Back and Git the Mail," He Told Bissell as He Departed

Science and Our Everyday Life

By FLOYD W. PARSONS



Niagara Falls—Viewed From a Flying Boat

WHAT of tomorrow? How shall we live, work and travel? Will science overcome disease and lengthen the span of human life? Will the acquisition of great technical knowledge have an adverse effect on our minds and characters? Will the ever-increasing substitution of machines for men cause a material reduction in the necessary hours of labor, and will the coming mechanical miracles so soften the conditions of life as to weaken our bodies and quench the fires of ambition?

We are warned that the human race is being devoured by its machines, and that too much learning is sure to prove fatal. But the fact remains that whatever the outcome is to be, we cannot stop or turn back. The age of scientific wonders has dawned. Here in the United States alone we are now patenting inventions at the rate of 40,000 a year. Each day we discover new paths to travel and it is impossible to imagine the end. If the few faltering steps we have already taken in the realm of science have showered us with benefits, how much more shall we profit from the miracles of tomorrow?

The relation between the known and the unknown in science may be likened to the surface of a sphere; the greater the sphere of knowledge becomes, the greater the surface of contact with the unknown. Few people realize the speed with which we are moving in the technical field. The first white woman born in the state of Nebraska died only the other day, and yet in a land so recently settled we have built up the greatest mechanical nation on earth.

Advances

IT WAS only a comparatively short time ago when each American family was engaged in spinning, weaving, soap boiling, candle making, water hauling and wood cutting. People who are past fifty years of age were born before the invention of the electric light, the dynamo, the telephone and the phonograph. They had reached maturity before the coming of the automobile, the motion picture, the X ray, the wireless, the airplane and the discovery of radium.

Thousands of people remember being taught to think of an atom as a hard, round, indivisible body beyond which we would never need to look. Now we know that an atom is a regular solar system, and we are commencing to think of matter in terms of a more remote entity, the quantum. These advances of science into the invisible world are most amazing, for though we can draw the skeleton of an atom and define its properties no one has ever been able to see one; in fact, not only are atoms invisible to the human eye but even molecules, which are made up of atoms, are beyond the range of our most powerful microscopes.

People once thought that the discoveries of the nineteenth century would never be equaled; now we are aware that during the last century our knowledge of natural forces was so elementary that we had a very limited foundation of facts on which to build inventions. We had learned enough to banish witchcraft, but skepticism remained. After Elias Howe designed the sewing machine his fellow countrymen refused to see any virtues in the invention, and Howe had to send his machine to Europe, in the meantime going to work as a common mechanic in a small New England shop. This man who freed women from the slavery of the needle failed to win full recognition for his genius until his original patent had only a year more to run, and though vindication came at last, the victory was a comparatively empty one, for Howe soon after succumbed to the effects of his long fight and early privations.

Alexander Graham Bell and many of the other great inventors of the nineteenth century met this same type of ignorant skepticism. Back in the early '80's Bell asked some ladies in Baltimore for permission to exhibit a mysterious little box at a charity bazaar they were planning. He said that for ten cents any patron would be allowed to talk to a friend in some distant part of the city.

A Marvelous Field

THE committee finally decided to admit the toy, but it made this decision quite reluctantly, for there were dire prophecies that the bazaar would never prosper if this faker with his silly little box were permitted to hoodwink the people out of their money. It was a long and discouraging fight Bell had to make to get people to grasp the significance of his great idea.

Though skepticism can never be wholly eliminated from human minds, the many recent discoveries in science have greatly reduced the number of chronic doubters among us. We understand now that practically all we have mastered in science is what we have been able to measure or weigh. The rest belongs to that vast and vague arrangement of matter and energy that comprises what we call the unknown.

We also know that we are just entering the marvelous field of vibrations, to which belong the telephone, the phonograph, the electric motor and the motion picture. Past generations gave thought only to great forces that could be actually seen and clearly understood; present and future generations will deal almost entirely with forces that are infinitely small, but possessed of powers beyond comprehension. If we were to explode a thousand tons of dynamite in New York the sound would not be heard in Boston, but

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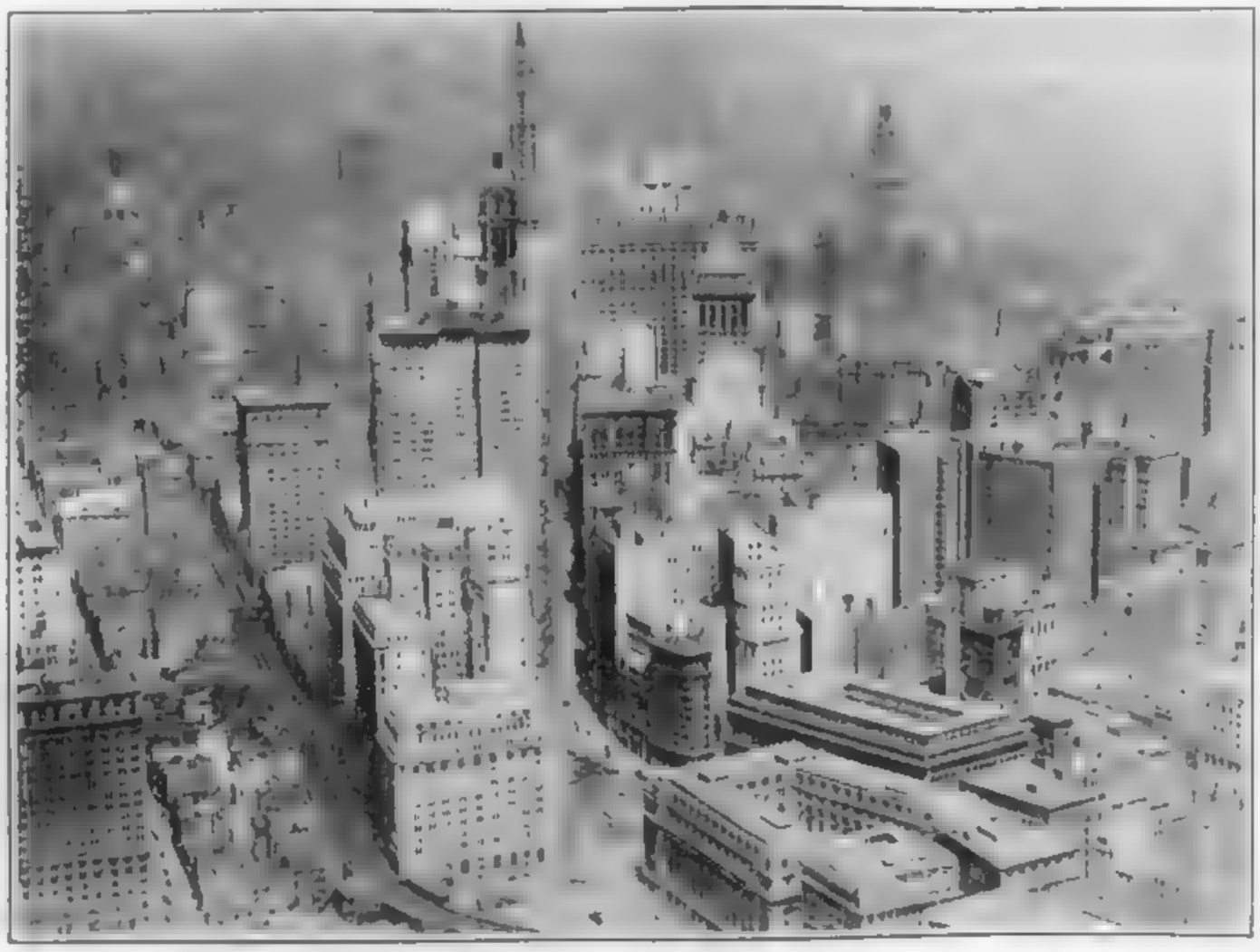

The City of a Million Windows—Lower New York Seen From an Airplane

The Spread of the Fascist Movement in Europe and Mexico

By
SIR BASIL THOMSON
Former Assistant Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, London

A Protestation Meeting in Berlin Following the French Occupation of the Ruhr. The Statue of Bismarck and the Column of Victory Loom Over the Great Mass Meeting in Koenigsplatz

WHEN the Bolshevik commissary accredited to Italy appeared to be having things all his own way, and a general strike on the railroads and practically all industries was on the point of being proclaimed, I remember reporting to my government that unless something unforeseen should occur a revolution in Italy would take place within the next two months. It will be remembered that the socialists of Milan were to take the lead; that on a certain day the general strike would be proclaimed by the Communist leaders on several platforms in the city, and that there would immediately be a march upon Rome itself. On the night before this meeting every Communist leader was visited by two Fascisti in their black-shirt uniform, but without masks, holding in their left hands a bottle and in their right a pistol. They wasted no words and said quite simply to each Communist leader, "You may take your choice." The orator looked doubtfully at the bottle and was told that it contained a quart of castor oil. The choice of each one of them inclined towards the bottle, and he was made to drain it to the last drop. There was no speaking the next day.

Fascist Methods

UP TO that point the Fascisti had been regarded as eccentrics who were a thorn in the side of the socialists, but were not dangerous to the state. There had, it is true, been some uncomfortable revelations, as, for example, the discovery that a branch of the body in Venice had been guilty of serious offenses against the law, and that when it came to dealing with the organization it was found that more than ninety of the city police were members of it. But as a rule their activities appeared to be an ebullition of schoolboy good spirits. For example, in one city a girl complained that in her factory she had been jeered at for wearing Fascist colors. The Fascisti told her that they would be present at the next dinner hour and that she would be required to point out those who had jeered at her. When the girls trooped out of the factory they found a little body of black-shirts provided with pots of black oil paint and large brushes, and as the Fascist girl pointed out enemy after enemy each was taken by the arms and converted into a colored person with a few strokes of the brush. Their natural indignation carried them a block or two towards the police station to complain, but when they found the crowds in fits of undisguised merriment at their plight they ran home to wash, and there was no more jeering at the Fascist colors. No one, at that time, guessed how formidable the Fascist movement was destined to become.

Demonstration in Munich for Former Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria. Above — Troops in an Armored Car in Munich

The Reds Alarmed

THE news of what is happening in Italy spread consternation among the little oligarchy of Bolshevists in Moscow. Lenine himself sent an S O S message to faithful Communists throughout the world: "Communists must create an anti-Fascisti front and fortify their party against the rapid progress of the movement."

They were beginning to see the handwriting on the wall; they had dealt so lavishly in the doctrine of violence that they had come to regard the middle class as sheep that might be driven to the slaughter, as they had been in Russia. Perhaps their instinct was sounder than that of our political seers, who seem to think that the Bolshevik tyranny is to endure forever.

Observers even in Italy thought that, like other movements, it would fizzle out; that it was a destructive and not a constructive movement, and that the aims of the extreme socialists were only delayed. It is in fact the most interesting movement of our time, and it is strange that it should have originated in Italy. For the first time in history the middle class is in revolt against its oppressors. Ground down between the upper millstone of government taxation and the nether millstone of labor, it has combined to take the law into its own hands and to assert itself in favor of patriotic stability. Originating with a handful of Catholic agrarians, it has spread up and down until it now embraces all the brains, the energy, the money, and the love of law and order that are to be found in every class; and as the photographs of bodies of Fascisti show, they are physically and intellectually the cream of the Italian people.

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FISTS

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

He Was Not Even Sure That He Hadn't Died and That This Wasn't the Waiting Room Before the Gate of Hell

A MYSTERIOUS passenger alighted from the midnight express at Timberlake. He alighted on the place on which he customarily sat, for he had been thrown off by the brakemen. The midnight express does not ordinarily stop at the tiny lumber-camp town of Timberlake; it did not stop on this night; it merely hesitated long enough for two stout-armed brakemen to deposit on the cinders by the trackside something that appeared to be a man; they had found it snoring on the blind baggage. The thing was not quite awake when they left it there by the track. It lay for a time like a scarecrow whose supporting prop has been kicked away. At last the thing opened puffy eyes and blinked confusedly. Down the track a mile or more the red tail light of the train was winking, vanishing. The scarecrow by the track began to realize, albeit somewhat foggily, that one more unpleasant thing had happened in his life. He shivered, rubbed himself, and sat staring helplessly after the train.

He didn't know where he was: he was not even sure that he hadn't died and that this wasn't the waiting room before the gate of hell; no, that couldn't be; too cold. He didn't know where he was, and it didn't matter. He didn't know how he had come there, or, indeed, where he had come from; and that didn't matter either. The matter with him was that nothing mattered any more. He had just two friends left—liquor and sleep. He had no liquor, so he tried to sleep. But the night was nippy and he was not dressed for it. He had no hat, and his suit, once a jaunty checked affair, admitted chill currents through divers rents and tears. His shoes, patent leathers that once would have merited the label "dressy" in any boot store, were now decrepit in sole and cracked across the toes, thus affording unmistakable evidence that he had no socks. He was a stumpily built man with heavy fat shoulders, and a round soft face, beprickled with the stubble of two unshaven weeks.

He tried, but could not drop back into slumber. The mountain wind sifted through his clothes. So he sat shivering on a tie by the track, and tried to pick a few crumbs of comfort from the tablecloth of memory. He reached back into the fog-bound recesses of his mind and brought out a vision of something that had happened two years before.

It came back to him quite plainly—vast Madison Square Garden, jammed to the rafters with men, thousands of faces swimming in a blue sea of tobacco smoke, the sharp lavender-white light of the arc lights slanting down on the canvas of the prize ring; in the center of the ring a man, a fighter, erect, his shoulders square, his bare torso alive with muscles that rippled under his skin like snakes under silk; the referee, in spotless flannels, taking the man by the gloved hand and holding it aloft as a symbol of victory; the approving roar of the crowd, throaty, deep, and swelled by whistling and stamping; then the announcer, bald Joe Humprey's trumpet voice

"Ladeeeeeeez and gen-til-munnnnn: It gives me great pleasure to preeee-sent this di-mun-studded belt to the greatest middleweight champeeeeeeon the ring has ever known—Dan Shannon, the Non-Parallel—the gran' ole man of the ring!" (Violent cheering.) "Counting tonight's bout, Dan Shannon has fought and won—get that, ladeeeez and gentilmun—won—five hundred fights. He has never been licked." (Cheers.) "Tonight is his thirty-eighth birthday—and" (dramatic pause by Mr. Humprey)—"his last fight. He retires from the ring, undefeated. So let's give one big cheer for Dan Shannon, the Non-Parallel, a gentilmun in the ring and out of it, an' the gamest, cleanest, greatest fighter in the history ——"

"Just Keeping It for a Friend, Eh?" Said Jerry

And they did give a cheer; standing on their seats they made the gold Diana on the top of the Garden tower tremble as they cheered the retiring champion, while Humprey buckled the diamond-studded belt about Dan Shannon's lean sinewy waist

The man sitting on the tie touched his own waistline with a tentative finger, and groaned. It was bulgy, it was flabby; he couldn't have buckled on the diamond studded belt, even if he still had it. It had been the last thing he had pawned.

He groaned again, and cursed himself for having quit the ring. He might have had a few years of fighting left in him, he reflected. Others had thought so; the sport world had been puzzled when Dan Shannon retired at thirty-eight. He seemed to be the same Non-Parallel of old; a bit slower, maybe, but as crafty and hard hitting as ever. They who sat by the ring and watched did not know what the man who stood in the ring and fought knew. In that last fight of his, his five-hundredth, they had seen him outwit and outgeneral Mickey Bayoni, tough youngster of twenty; they had seen him make Mickey miss; time and time again they had seen him elude Mickey's rushes or pick Mickey's hardest punches out of the air with agile mitts. But they did not see how much the youngster's savage body blows were hurting the veteran. They did not know that in that stormy eleventh round Dan Shannon's spirit alone was doing the fighting, that his body was a dull aching shell that wanted to collapse. Mickey Bayoni himself did not know this; but Dan Shannon knew. He had known for a couple of years that he could not stand the pace much longer. He had been fighting since he was seventeen; his body was beginning to pay the penalty. Training had become a torture to him. In his fights he began to notice that about the tenth round his legs would not do what he wanted them to. For more than a year he held the raw, rough young challengers at bay, not so much with his gloves as with his ring-wise brain. He had held Bayoni off that way. But he couldn't have done it one more round: Dan knew that. The next time they met, Mickey would get him. That must not happen. For the pride of Dan Shannon's life, the golden ideal that had never been allowed to tarnish, was his stainless ring record: it even warmed him a little, as he huddled by the track, to think that he could say that no man had ever whipped him.

He ruefully rubbed the palm of one hand over his knuckles; they were pulpy soft. That was what two years had done to him. When he retired from the ring he had resolved to take life easy for a time; afterward he had some vague notions about opening a health farm. He had kept in razor-edge condition for twenty years and his system was entirely unaccustomed to excess of any kind. So, when he started to eat forbidden food, and drink liquor, and keep weird hours, angry Nature stepped in and

knocked him groggy. The food made him fat and the liquor made him foggy. The money he had saved from his ring career had vanished as if by black magic; he couldn't possibly have told where it had slipped away to; all he knew was that it had gone; the diamond-studded belt had gone, last of all, and there he was, by the trackside, at the end of a two-thousand-dollar spree—forty, soft, misty in his mind, broke and broken

Another scene came to his mind. Just a year ago the manager of Mickey Bayoni had come to him

"Champ," said the manager, "I can get you ten thousand, win, lose or draw, to meet my boy for fifteen rounds. What say?"

"I'm not in shape to lick even a chorus man."

The manager gave him a knowing wink.

"You could do a bit of training off in the country for three weeks or so," the manager suggested.

"Nothing doing," Dan had said.

"Ten thousand is a lot of dough," the manager argued.

Dan said nothing; he stood up and held the door open.

The Dan Shannon on the tie wondered if that Dan Shannon hadn't been a fool. Ten thousand—and a beating! But it was too late now.

He became increasingly aware that even a man who can boast that he has never been licked can be miserably cold. He stood up and went stumbling along the ties. The shack of a station was closed tight; no chance of shelter there. But down the track was a freight car, open and empty. Wheezingly, painfully, Dan Shannon hoisted himself into it, crawled into a corner, wrapped himself in a burlap sack, pillowed his head on a handy brick. Mercifully, sleep came to him, and in his dreams he was the Non-Parallel of old. He was back in the ring, fighting. He was driving his man before him, staggering him with his dread left hook, measuring him for a knockout with his deadly overhand right; the old ring smell was in his nostrils once more—smoke and resin and fresh leather gloves and arnica and fighting men. He had his man against the ropes. Mapf, mapf, mapf—his gloves tattooed the man's ribs; he'd have him out any second now; he raised his right; he saw the man prepare to counter; he would parry that counter and left-hook him just under the ear; then by some fluke his dream foe's glove seemed to shoot right through Dan's guard and Dan felt the impact of the blow. He blinked open his eyes.

"Come on, old-timer. Out of it. Hit the dirt"

The voice he heard was harsh and menacing, and it was no dream voice. Dan saw that a steel-hued dawn had come and that a big hard-faced man in mackinaw, cap and high boots was standing over him, prodding him in the ribs with one toe.

"What's the row, Jake?" another man's voice growled from outside the car.

"Nothin' but a boozy bum sleepin' it off in here," growled back Jake.

"Well, put the boots to him, and let's start loadin'," said the voice outside impatiently.

"Come on, you," ordered Jake, stirring Dan with his toe. "Take the air. And be quick about it."

Dan felt stiff, sick, weak, old. Sleepily he muttered, "Aw, let a guy be, can't you?"

This appeared to enrage Jake. He grasped Dan's collar, dragged him to the door and shoved him out. Dan fell forward on hands and knees; the cinders stuck to his cut hands. The man outside laughed hoarsely. Fierce rage surged in Dan Shannon. Blindly and unsteadily he got to his feet, his fists closed; he rushed uncertainly toward the car; then he leaned against the car's side to keep from slumping down; he had not eaten for three days. Two other mackinawed figures were surveying him.

"Cripes, look what th' cat dragged in," said one.

"If he ain't the frowsiest, lousiest bo I ever see, I'll swallow my ax, handle an' all," said the other. They both laughed. Dan turned to them appealingly.

"Could you stake a guy to a cup of coffee and a sinker or sumpin'?" he asked.

His voice was off key, almost a whine In those last few weeks nearly all his pride had melted away; this was not the first time he had begged. They laughed at him

"Yeah?" said one. "Wouldn't you like a planked steak and some champagne?"

"Or a couple of squabs on toast?"

"Or a nice juicy filly miggnon?"

They were so captivated by their own wit that they could hardly restrain their mirth.

"Just a cup of coffee, gents —" The Non-Parallel's voice was quavering

"Come on, you, out there," the voice of Jake bawled from the interior of the car. "Get to work loadin'. Jerry McAlister will be here in a minute and if we ain't workin' "

The imminence of Jerry McAlister appeared to stir them; they backed a truck of fresh-cut timber to the car door and made ready to work.

Dan Shannon was still propped against the freight car. He forced himself straight and stepped out.

"Let me help," he said eagerly. "I had muscle, once. For a dime, I'll ——"

The idea appeared to amuse them inordinately

"Say, old bum, this is a man's job," said one; in face he was little more than a boy, but his shoulders were wide as a piano and his hands big as banjos

"I can do a man's work," pleaded Dan

"Yeah? Mebbe you could have when Grant was takin' Richmond. Gangway there!"

The young lumberman gave Dan a shove with one of his big hands. Dan reeled from the push and from his own weakness, and might have fallen but for the fact that he catapulted against one of the other men. The man, with an oath, thrust Dan from him. Dan careened against the third man. *(Continued on Page 169*

A Right Fist Caught Him High Up on the Head, Near the Temple, and He Dropped to the Floor

THE RAIN MAKER

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

IN AUGUST the Wildcat decided that the main trouble with dark-complected folks in Tia Juana was their ignorance of human language. "De white folks is too busy 'sorbin' pussonal likker to pass de time of day wid a lonely downtrod niggeh," he complained to Lily the mascot goat, "an' dese cloudy-face boys goes on like crazy folks wid dey gabblin' talk. Us might as well be deef an' dumb. Craves to meet up wid social folks an' mingle some language."

Hunger for the fellowship of his kind impelled him to return to Los Angeles, but in a district in that city where he expected to encounter congenial members of his race he was disappointed in his failure to discover the social folks whom he sought.

"How come everybody so busy trailin' round? Seems like dey ain't nobody doin' no loafin' in Loss Anxious. Don't nobody neveh rest?"

His questions were aimed at the brunet proprietor of the Little Dixie Billiard Parlor.

"Most of de boys is too busy wrasslin' wid jobs of work to do much daytime loafin'. Folks down heah is like enny place else. When dey works dey thrives, an' when dey sets lazy de police gits 'em afteh just so long. Dis is a hustlin' town, an' de main slogum is Come an' Go—come to town an' go to work!"

"Sho' is!" The Wildcat felt that the information was suggestive personal advice. "I aims to git me a job right away," he affirmed, and then, having committed himself, he elaborated his statement with plans and specifications for his immediate future. "Chances is me an' Lily mingles back wid de Pullman folks right off. Kain't be no job mo' grandeh!" His statement was freighted with the fervor of a sudden ambition. "Whah at is dese Pullman folks located down heah?" he asked.

The proprietor of the Little Dixie directed him to the local offices which he sought, and five minutes later, with Lily safely parked in a back room of the Little Dixie, the Wildcat set out with the deliberate purpose of achieving a porter's job in the Pullman service.

Within the hour he had been subjected to a preliminary examination at the hands of three or four members of the organization from which he sought employment; and then, thus far successful on the strength of his previous experience in the service, he was received by a quiet gentleman who asked him a half dozen questions. The interview terminated abruptly. The Wildcat's questioner glanced at a report blank on the wide desk before him and scribbled a memorandum on a printed form. He handed the note to the Wildcat.

"Santa Fe, No. 3, due out at 11:30 tomorrow. Get your outfit and report at our terminal office tomorrow morning."

The Wildcat batted his eyes.

"Cap'n, suh, you means I is hired on?"

"I said so. On your way, and be a good boy."

"Yas-suh! Sho' will! Is dey enny betteh boys dan me, dey is gwine to be all fumbled up wid de angel wings whuts flappin' f'm dey shoulder blades."

In the corridor of the building the Wildcat indulged himself in a brief shudder of congratulation. "Hot dam! Lady Luck sho' is booned me heavy. Grand job travelin' round an' round in de big towns, takin' care of white folks, 'cumulatin' me heavy tips every run, sniffin' de breeze an' drinkin' free ice wateh!"

He remembered his previous tribulations in the Pullman service.

"Ain't no job fo' no field hand. Boy got to know things to be a good porteh—got to know lots. 'Spect dey ain't no betteh job in de world. Eats heavy, sleeps mos' all de time. Prancin' round in a grand unifawm an' grand white coats. Got to git me a unifawm an' git it quick."

At an establishment which catered to the trade the Wildcat negotiated the purchase of his outfit; and then, finding new reason for exuberance in the tangible evidence of his luck, he marched proudly to the Little Dixie, wherein his mascot goat was parked. He pranced into the entrance of the billiard parlor and exposed himself to the congratulations which were immediately forthcoming from the proprietor of the establishment.

"I'll say you sho' is a fast worker! You got a good run, too; ain't no betteh train in de world. You sho' is settin' lucky 'count so many niggehs quittin' de service fo' de big wages in de oil fields. In de old days a boy wouldn't git no grand run like you is got widout workin' five yeahs in de bad lands and ten mo' on some old tourist dawg house. Heah you is, ridin' high, runnin' a new battleship on de Limited! I'll say you is got de luck!"

"Ise got my mascot goat. Dat Lily brung mo' luck dan I kin use. Got to go tell dat mascot 'bout de high money whut Lady Luck showered down."

A mask of seriousness suddenly darkened the smiling countenance of the Little Dixie's proprietor.

"Whah at you gwine to stable dat goat whilst you makes yo' run?"

The Wildcat halted on his way to the back room where Lily was tethered.

"Us parks dat goat right wid me! Every time me an' Lily gits lost f'm each otheh Old Man Trouble steps in between wid a hard-luck battle dat like as not leaves me licked. Naw-suh! Whah at I goes, an' whilst Ise rollin' high, Lily goes, too, an' breaks fifty-fifty wid me on de winnin's. Dat goat makes de run on de Limited widout no trouble. Ain't I done brung Lily f'm N'Yawk to San Francisco when I had dat run wid dem Blue Fezant lodge boys? Naw-suh! Lemme see dat goat whilst I 'splains dat if middlin' good luck is a minny us is hooked a whale."

The Speaker's Words, Delivered in an Even Tone, Were Gibberish to the Captive Wildcat

The mascot exhibited no commensurate enthusiasm at the Wildcat's announcement of Lady Luck's favor, nor was Lily's Missouri pessimism diminished by the subsequent details of the program imposed by the Wildcat's new activity.

When the Wildcat climbed aboard his car at 10:30 the next morning, an hour before No. 3 was due out, Lily suffered the inconvenience which is the common lot of contraband deadheads.

Once aboard the Pullman, the mascot's memory was excited by surroundings which had marked a previous transcontinental journey in an environment that had cramped her style. Forthwith her worst suspicions proved correct, for without ceremony, and intent upon the single object of getting his car dolled up before his first passengers should arrive, the Wildcat boosted the four-legged participant in Lady Luck's bounty into the narrow confines of the linen closet.

Here, after indulging in a gratifying butting attack on the low shelf above her, she began an enraged bleating.

To this vociferous remonstrance her master quickly responded. The Wildcat carried a pint tin cup in his hand and the cup was filled with ice water. He opened the door of the linen closet and set the cup on the floor beside the goat.

"Shut up dat bellerin' an' drown yo' nose in dis free ice wateh befo' I knocks you seven ways f'm yo' aroma! At ease, goat! An' does you rampage round wid yo' appetite, a-eatin' de sheets an' pillercases like you done befo'—enjoy yo'self hearty, because dat's gwine to be yo' last meal heah below! Set pritty, like a noble goat, an' I 'cumulates some grand potato peelin's fo' yo' suppeh f'm de dinin'-car boys. See kin you konker yo' cravin' fo' sin befo' de devil gits you. Set pritty an' afteh 'while I comes back—got to 'range fo' my white folks now."

"Bla-a-a!"

Lily voiced an unenthusiastic promise to do the best she could, whereupon the Wildcat closed the door upon his mascot and resumed his professional duties.

Before his car was half filled with its patrons he realized that here, indeed, was a job that promised cash return far beyond his most extravagant hopes.

"Sho' ain't no ten-cent folks so far!" he exulted.

He pocketed a five-dollar gift from a gentleman whose modest request was that the Wildcat do whatever he could to insure the donor's comfort.

Two middle-aged ladies showered down a dollar apiece in return for the loan of two pillows and two paper sacks for their hats.

An elderly gentleman and his son paid a dollar and ten cents for advance information relative to the first call for lunch. The dollar came from the son.

When the train started the Wildcat was bulging with high resolve. His wide smile was a sickle that seemed to reap sheaves of cash.

"Best job in de world. Us says so! Mo' dan ten dollahs, an' us ain't hardly turned a wheel! Twenty dollahs a day fo' ten days—dat's two hund'ed dollahs. Three times dat much every month—dat's six hund'ed dollahs. Pay-day folks, keep yo' wages! Us thrives widout no pay roll long as dese white folks does dey duty!"

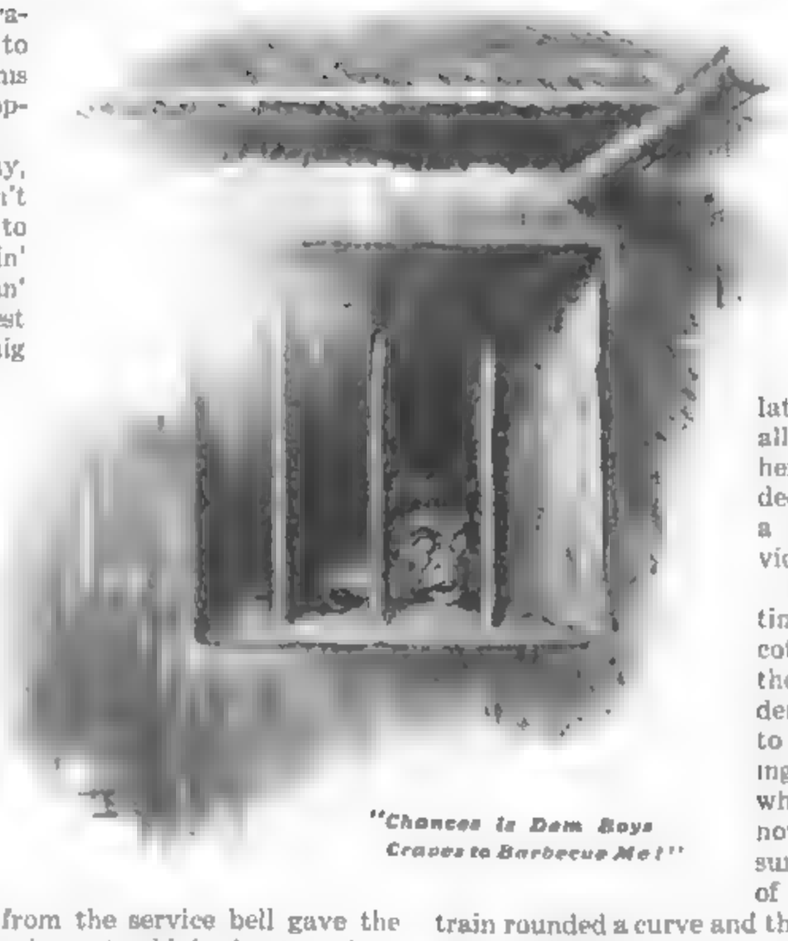
In the early afternoon the enthusiast sought the porter of the car ahead, and to this brunet individual he confided

a brief sketch of the celebration in which he proposed to indulge when the end of his run should afford him opportunity.

"Twenty dollahs a day, boy! Sho' mounts up! Don't know whut I is gwine to do wid my money—'ceptin' mebbe I eats me heavy an' boons my insides wid de best gin whut de fleet bootlaig folks kin provide. Lay oveh mebbe two days, den out again I goes!"

"You lays oveh one day," the old-timer corrected. "One day is all you gits—an' dey ain't much bootleg gin whah you is gwine."

"Hush up! I knows dat Chicago town; nobody kin tell me dey runs short of likker! Last time I wuz there dey wuz mo' drug sto's dan groceries an' mo' ramblin' bootleggers dan drug sto's."



"Chances is Dem Boys Craves to Barbecue Me!"

A clamorous summons from the service bell gave the Wildcat's companion other things to think about, and so, alone, the gin craver returned to his own car, where until late that night his contemplation of the delights which awaited him was interrupted only by the routine duties of his position

At eleven o'clock, tired from the labors of the day, but happy in the realization of the lake of luck in which he was swimming, he bestowed a final ration of potato peelings and a brimming cup of ice water upon his imprisoned mascot; and then when the day that had bulged with success began to dwindle into midnight he made up his bed on the long leather seat in the smoking room and went to sleep. He slept soundly, disturbed only by the phantom scenes of anticipated revelry.

Toward morning, following a period of comparative quiet which had interrupted the normal travel noises of the train, the clanking and the rattle of trucks and rail joints resumed their monotonous rhythm and the sleeping protégé of Lady Luck sogged down three or four stages in the billowing slumber clouds about him

Along around eight o'clock the sleeper blinked himself awake, fought himself clear of impertinent memories and gained a vantage point of consciouness from which he could survey the fair fields of reality. He congratulated himself on behalf of one and all, complimented Lady Luck on her good behavior and drank deep of the free ice water which a benevolent corporation provides for those who enjoy it most.

He replenished the empty pint tin of ice water which the mascot goat had consumed during the night, and after a few confidential words of encouragement to Lily he returned to the smoking room and made up the bed whereon he had slept. He paused now and then in his work to survey the interesting panorama of the adjacent country. The train rounded a curve and the landscape inspector noted to his surprise that no dining car was included in its length

He began to be troubled about the question of breakfast; and then, confident that Lady Luck would provide the first essential to the day's fullness, he proceeded with his work until his attention was suddenly attracted to the ragged perimeter of a plateau from which the world seemed to fall away into space as if some section of the solid earth had been left out of the jig-saw puzzle of creation when the quitting whistle blew on the evening of the sixth day. His eyes widened with wonder at the scene until his vision was confused by the blur of pine trees on an intervening hill.

"Lawd! De devil sho' clawed a noble gash in de land out beyond dem trees!"

He got his second view of the Creator's unfinished business when, miles away, below a drift of painted clouds, his vision swept the distant rim of the Grand Cañon. His inspection was interrupted by the cinnamon-faced emperor of the next car, who craved to borrow one cigarette

"One is all I kin use," the seeker protested when the Wildcat endeavored to donate half a package. "Ten minnits mo' an' I gits lots of time to lay in a supply"

"Whut you mean—lots of time? Don't you go prowlin' afteh no tobacco an' git left like I done once!"

The visiting porter looked at the Wildcat.

"Does you know whah at you is?"

Wildcat hesitated. "Kain't say does I exact."

"Boy, I tells you. You lays oveh heah long 'nuff to git all de tobacco in de world, did you have de price. Five minnits an' you lands at de end of yo' run! Whah at you thinks you is gwine?"

"I figgered us wuz headed fo' Chicago."

"You figgered wrong! Dis is a Cañon car. All yo' white folks gits out in five minnits mo'. Dey is headed fo' dis El Tovar Hotel up f'm de station. Git rustlin'! You is almost in."

The Wildcat got rustling.

"How come dis Hell-Too-Far place? Ain't far 'nuf to give me time to brush down my white folks. Seems like de big man back in Loss Anxious told me somethin' 'bout Grand Cañon, but I figgered he wuz alludin' at me an' dem big guns in de A. E. F. wah."

Before he had reaped half the available gratuities which his customers were ready to bestow upon him the train stopped and a hurried inspection showed the Wildcat that the stop marked their destination. Within five minutes all the passengers had departed up the stairway leading from the station to the hotel

Now, with the journey halted, the Wildcat's first objective was his mascot goat. Forthwith he hauled Lily out of her cramped quarters and led the unprotesting animal down the steps of the car

"Come 'long heah to dis lamp-post, Lily! I ties you so you don't do no ramblin' whilst I thrives up some breakfast fo' me an' you."

The Wildcat had no difficulty in trailing his companion porters to their breakfast rendezvous, and after he had finished nutrifying his pussonal stummick he returned with a ration for Lily.

"Eat dese heah cold hot cakes whut Lady Luck boons you wid whilst I cleans up dis twelve-wheel battleship. You betteh behave yo'self, goat. De boys tells me us travels de run back tomorr' night, an' 'less you walks pritty de chances is I loses you back in dat Loss Anxious town next trip."

Lily rubbed her head against the Wildcat's knee in quick protest against the threatened sentence.

Continued on Page 117

Reason Overcame the Panic Which His Discovery of the Interior Decoration Had Excited. "Huh! Dat Ain't No Voodoo!"

THE ONWARD YEARS

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

He Wondered What Book Lay in Her Lap

THE photograph album was of morocco leather and across one corner was inscribed the word "Album" that it might be distinguished from the family Bible with which it shared company. The pages were imprisoned by a clasp of water gilt which snapped as crisply after seventy years' service as on the day it was supplied. Originally the leather was of deep maroon and the lettering of gold, but with the gentle deposits of time the color had faded and the gold was spent.

Gracefully illuminated was the flyleaf, which set forth, in a vignette of moss roses and forget-me-nots, the flowing statement "This album is the property of ——" But no one had filled in the space for the owner's name. Courage and pretty craftsmanship are needed to pen Albert Edward Freemantle in the heart of a bouquet without detracting from its charm.

Mr. Freemantle took the album tenderly and released the clasp. He paused as his eyes settled on the floral flyleaf, smiling and nodding as to an old friend before passing it by and coming to the first page. His father and mother. What a long time ago those photographs were taken. How serene, how prim his mother looked, with her smooth parted hair, the rolled plaits over her ears, and her little light corseted body with the crinoline that billowed from her waist in a score of pipe-edged flounces. He wondered what book it was that lay in her lap, cradled in the mittened hands. All his life he had wondered about that book. He would die wondering. How stern and implacable was his father—a very man, with his side whiskers, his stock, the short cutaway coat, the splendid vest and the clinging trousers strapped beneath the boots—

the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command.

It was a pity he should have worn that trivial and almost brimless bowler hat. It was a comic hat. Mr. Freemantle could remember having laughed at it when he was still a child. The laugh had angered his father and a penalty associated with the back of a hairbrush had been exacted. There was discipline in those days.

As memory of the little incident revived, Mr. Freemantle chuckled, and at the chuckle his wife woke up with a start and said "What is it?"

"I was looking through the old book," he answered. "It brings things back—old things."

She put on her glasses and came and sat beside him. He turned another page and she pointed with a thin, almost transparent finger.

"You," she said.

Such a scrubby youth he was, all hands and feet and untidy hair. About his neck was a crimson woolen comforter with the ends passed under his arms and knotted behind his back.

It would have been impossible to say whether he wore knickerbockers or trousers, for they were too long for the one and too short for the other. With a large flint he was engaged in hacking out bricks from the wall of a pigsty. His hands were red and chapped, for it was winter, and there were little pillows of snow here and there, and thin white mattresses on the roofs of the buildings.

"Four we want," said Edward. "Four. I'll knock 'em out and you chip off the mortar."

His companion, a boy of fifteen, nodded rather vaguely. To revive his interest Edward, who was a year older, dropped a brick on his toe.

"Teach you," he remarked, "to listen when I'm talking."

Ernie, for so he was named, endured this disciplinary measure with fortitude, and even apologized for lack of attention.

"Don't know what's come to me," he added.

"Nor do I," said Edward sternly, "but you look a fool. You've been on at me for months to show you how to make a brick trap, and now I'm doing it you don't even look."

Ernie nodded.

"I feel a fool," he admitted, "and expect I look one, Ed."

"You do," was the candid retort. "Here, get on with that chipping."

Without enthusiasm Ernie picked up the brick and a garden trowel and fell to work.

Jessica is Still Young, Even Though the Bonnet Takes From Her Youth

"Snowy weather is best for brick traps," stated Edward with authority. "We're almost certain to get a blackie or a thrush if we set it right. I didn't tell you before, but old Dodge's magpie died yesterday and he gave me that wicker cage."

Before turning to mark its effect he allowed a full moment for the tremendous significance of this announcement to soak in. To his amazement he found that Ernie was staring at a patch of snow, into which he was mechanically dipping a forefinger. His expression was dreamy and remote.

There was only one thing to be done, and Edward did it. He seized Ernie by the nape of the neck and forced his face into the snow, holding it there for the required period, as set forth in the book of punishments.

"Now," he demanded, releasing the culprit, "are you better?"

"No," confessed Ernie, "and I'm not likely to be—ever."

For a moment Edward scrutinized the face of his friend, and illumination came.

"You?" he gasped.

Ernie nodded ashamedly.

"In love?"

Again the nod.

Edward threw up his head.

"Faugh!" he said. "Faugh! I did think better of you, Ernie."

"It wasn't my fault," came the sad rejoinder. "She looked at me."

"Looked at you! As if "

"Oh, but it does," said Ernie; "it does. You can't stand up against it. It's you don't think I wanted it to happen to me?"

"Girls," Edward announced, "are rubbish are mud."

Ernie agreed.

"But it's difficult to tell 'em so," he said.

"Difficult! Rot!"

"I'm not like you, you see."

Edward thought for a moment.

"Look here," he asked, "do you want to go about with your head on one side looking like a silly calf or do you not?"

"Of course I don't."

"Do you want to behave like a milksop loony tied up to a fool girl; or do you want to be able to go on taking an interest in decent things like you used to?"

"Of course I do."

"Then you want to get out of it?"

"Yes."

"Right; I'll get you out. I'll go and see her."

Ernie's expression brightened. "Oh, would you?"

"I'll see her now."

Ernie's expression clouded.

"But suppose, even after that, she looks at me again?"

Edward scoffed.

"I'll soon settle her," he said, "and her looks."

"Ed, you are something like a chum."

Edward tightened the comforter about his neck and gave his trouserbockers a hitch.

"Don't worry," he said. "Get on chipping those bricks. I'll manage all right."

There was no need to ask who she was. Her name was Jessica Ruby Melford and she lived in the house with the yew hedge, through which she would peer as people passed by. She was peering when Edward hove in sight—on the lookout, perhaps, for her victim, Ernie. In Edward's right hand was a well-compacted snowball. He approached, humming an air as befitted a mettlesome fellow. He stopped abruptly opposite the gap in the hedge, said "Don't stare, you," and slung the snowball with faithful aim and true.

But Jessica was familiar with the eccentricities of youth and was ready with reprisals. She leaped into the air, seized a branch of a laburnum tree and gave it a vigorous shake. A positive avalanche of snow fell upon the luckless head of Edward. Here was an affront that might not be overlooked. With a war cry peculiar to a certain band of which he was the leader, Edward went through the yew hedge head first. Followed a flight and pursuit among the rhododendrons, of remarkable energy and discrimination. The feature of the affair was a pair of mid-Victorian

It Was a Pity He Should Have Worn That Trivial Bowler Hat

knickers, with embroidered frills, which hung below the knees of a pair of brown legs that were never in the same place for two consecutive instants

It will not be known whether Jessica was caught or only allowed herself to be caught. The chase ended with Edward's hands gripping her wrists and Jessica's heels kicking his shins. This solution proving painful and unsatisfactory, Edward shifted his grip to her ankles and brought her down with a bump in a patch of very squelchy moss

"Sit there," he ordered, "and listen to me."

"May I sit somewhere else?" she pleaded. "'Cause it's all soaking through."

Edward deemed the request a reasonable one and transferred her, under guard, to a stone bench.

"Look here," he began.

But she did not wait for him to finish Girls don't sometimes.

"What have I done that you should be unkind to me?" she asked.

"You've turned my chum into a silly ass."

"Who is your chum?"

Edward told her

"Pooh," said Jessica, "he was a silly always"

Edward should have been annoyed about that, but he was not.

However, he stuck to his point.

"You looked at him," he said, "and made him one."

"By looking?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's silly if you like," said Jessica. "That's most silly. As if anyone could—by looking."

Edward turned to her with a severe frown. He observed that she had an oval face; hair that wasn't bad; a nose that was all right; blue eyes, very blue eyes; a mouth, well, yes, it was rather a nice mouth; and a look

He cleared his throat.

"Understand," he said hus-kily, "you've got to let young Ernie alone."

"If you say I must," said the look the disturbing look.

Edward rose.

"Well, don't forget it," he admonished her. "I'm going back now to show him how to make a brick trap."

"I wish you'd show me," said Jessica.

"Girls don't understand traps," he snorted, "and, anyway, you haven't any bricks."

Jessica sniffed

"It happens there are some," she retorted; "some new ones But don't bother."

He hesitated and glanced at her. The look had shifted its direction, but it was still there.

"I will if you like," he mumbled.

Ernie sat on the wall for a long time after he had chipped the mortar off the last brick. Evening had set in before his chum appeared. There was a leaf in Edward's buttonhole and he walked slowly

"I say, they're all ready," shouted Ernie. "I did 'em ages ago."

"Oh!" said Edward dreamily. "I'm sick of all that kiddish stuff."

On that day the thaw had set in.

His Father and Mother. What a Long Time Ago Those Photographs Were Taken

And then that bridal group with bride and bridegroom respectively seated and standing, and the little square of Turkey carpet to protect white satin shoes from a humid lawn. How gallantly, how protectively, how possessively his hand rests on her brocaded shoulder, discreetly interposed between the veil of *point de Venise* and the puffed leg-of-mutton sleeve. And how sweetly her eyes shine with the soft white light of surrender and the bright white light of roguishness. It is the old perplexing look again Like a twelve-inch gun her bouquet with its paper frill is trained upon the camera Mark how the groom bears upon his left arm a tall silk hat as though it were a casque in days of chivalry. Observe the classic lines of her flowing train; Ruskin would have joyed in them And the half distance with its fresco of bridesmaids and relations! Not a fresco—a domino, rather, of black frock coats and white muslins—the weaker and the stronger sexes in equal parts.

And there, standing a little aloof, Ernie. Ernie with a sweeping mustache, a white satin tie and folded arms. Ernie as best man, and looking it. Do you seek for sadness in the expression of Ernie? You will not find it Instead, you will observe how his eyes repose upon the second bridesmaid from the left—the one with the dimple in her chin. He was caught in the act of glancing by the stern "Quite still, please!" from the photographic artist. There was no escape. What may have been a mere passing fancy is captured as an exhibit for the ages. Perhaps that was why he married her—although it may have been for more personal reasons. You shall find presently the portrait of their eldest, with his father's mustache and his mother's dimple, on another page.

Like sentinels on either side of this group stand a tiny girl and boy. Bopeep, one would say of her, with that shovel bonnet and the ribboned crook. He, the boy, has evidently hastened to the bridal from duties at the court. The cut-steel buttons on the velvet jacket, the black satin knee breeches and the buckled shoes must surely have origin in affairs of royalty.

Mrs. Freemantle rippled with laughter

"He was sick," she said. "Do you remember in the passage? It was the marzipan."

He remembered and laughed too.

"What a day it was, Jess. And afterwards!"

Continued on Page 123

"Girls Don't Understand Traps," He Snorted; "and, Anyway, You Haven't Any Bricks"

Where Have the Miners Gone?

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

THERE is no industrial problem so fundamental as that having to do with the supply of labor, especially of manual labor. In other words, who will dig the coal and iron ore? Who will work on the farms, in the steel mills and railroad shops? For despite occasional periods of depression and unemployment, and in face of a population of close to 110,000,000, the question of getting the hard physical work of the country performed is at once acute and chronic, paradoxical as that may seem.

In a sense, this is the problem of immigration, with the issue drawn between those who would let down the bars at any cost to the scum of Europe, provided only cheap and amenable labor arrives in plenty, and those who believe the country will be ruined by the further admission of these dregs of foreign lands.

But in a larger sense this subject transcends even that of immigration. Labor is scarce for other reasons than restricted immigration. It is a part and parcel of the whole forward movement of American education and culture. It is of the essence of our boasted democracy. The American is determined that his sons and daughters shall reach a higher station than he has occupied, and shall not perform manual labor if that can be avoided

If the father has earned his living in sweat and dirt at the bottom of a ditch or mine, the son must be in business, in a small way at least, and the grandson in law or medicine. That is the real labor problem; and though it has always been present in this land of freedom, its results are perhaps more apparent and far reaching now than in the earlier days of the American experiment.

It is rash to venture any prediction as to the outcome of this increasing avoidance of manual work, and the writer does not propose to tackle the subject except as the experience of one industry bears upon it. The idea simply is to take the reader into several of the copper camps in the rugged mountain strongholds of the far Southwest, where men are asking and vainly attempting to answer the question which heads this article—Where have the miners gone?

The writer is honestly desirous of not overplaying or exaggerating the lack of workers for purposes of effect. Of course, all the copper miners have not disappeared, any more than all the cooks or parlor maids. In the main, industry continues to operate whatever the obstacles. Men can be had, as a rule, to do almost any kind of work. The question of where the miners have gone is obviously relative, not absolute.

A Bank in Miami, Arizona, Twelve Years Ago. The Baby Building Contained Also a Doctor's Office and a Cleaning Establishment. Above—The Same Bank in 1918. It Was Doubled in Size the Following Year

The Riddle of the Southwest

BUT in visits which extended off and on from the latter part of last October to the middle of December to the leading copper camps of Arizona, and to one of those in Mexico, the writer found the question which either cropped up in or which underlay all casual conversation had to do with the personnel of the working force, its maintenance, continuance, and above all its racial and national tendencies.

I found employers who deplored the decrease in American and allied stocks, and a few who openly welcomed the change. But nowhere did I fail to sense an unconscious realization that somehow in the contest of many forces and influences the outcome of which will determine whether the white miner remains, there is an epitome of a broader conflict that affects the whole nation. If the white miner goes entirely it will be because the employer has succumbed to the easier, not the better way.

In the office of the general manager of one concern I saw a graphic chart which showed at a glance the exact numbers and proportions of each race and nationality in the company employ at each and every stage of its history. Somehow one looks at that chart a little nervously, as if it might, like a clinical thermometer, disclose the course of a serious disease.

For a long time important factors in the copper industry had been seeking deliberately and against great natural obstacles to build up in their working forces a sense of the permanence of the industry and of the individual camps, as well as of the continuity of employment. The effort had been, in several instances at least, to make these camps good places to live in, to develop loyalty and long-service records on the part of as many employes as possible, and to make home owners and good thrifty citizens of them. Naturally the shutdown, which averaged a year, from the spring of 1921 to that of 1922, was a serious blow.

A few big mining companies let everyone go, old as well as new employes. They cleaned out and destroyed their organizations, and committed the offense of showing in a single action bad business judgment, provided they had the resources to keep going at all. It was bad business judgment, because now they are finding difficulty in starting up again, as compared with companies which strained their resources to keep as many men as possible.

In other notable instances the companies borrowed heavily to keep not only the backbone or skeleton of their organizations, the key men as they are called, but as many others as possible. Where a fairly substantial number of men were kept, those who stayed were generally and naturally the married men of long record and with homes of their own.

Of course, such a weeding out is not devoid of compensations from the company side. Many thousands of young unmarried men left the mining districts. Rarely, perhaps, has any place seen such an elimination of agitators, radicals, trouble makers, critics and the merely disgruntled as the copper districts of Arizona witnessed when the mines shut down. It was a general cleaning out of the weak sisters, the restless and inefficients, from the company standpoint, including those who had gone on strike during the critical wartime days

The Lodestone

SEVERAL companies that were wise and resourceful kept large numbers of men for development work. During the war, when nothing mattered except the production of copper, the necessary work of developing new ore bodies had been neglected, and the shutdown was an opportunity to catch up on this work, so necessary to a conservatively managed mining company.

But when every allowance is made, and all the good weighed against the bad, the departure from the mining districts was a serious blow, not only at the morale the confidence, as it were—of the industry but also because of the difficulty in getting workers back as wanted, now that business is picking up. Several thousand men were forced to leave even those camps where the companies strained their resources to keep the largest possible number, and probably many of these have been scared out of the industry for all time.

A certain number of foreigners went back to their European homes, attracted by the greater purchasing power there of the American money they had saved, to pay visits impossible during the war. But most of the copper miners who were let out and left the districts headed straight for a much more powerful lodestone in that part of the country, Southern California.

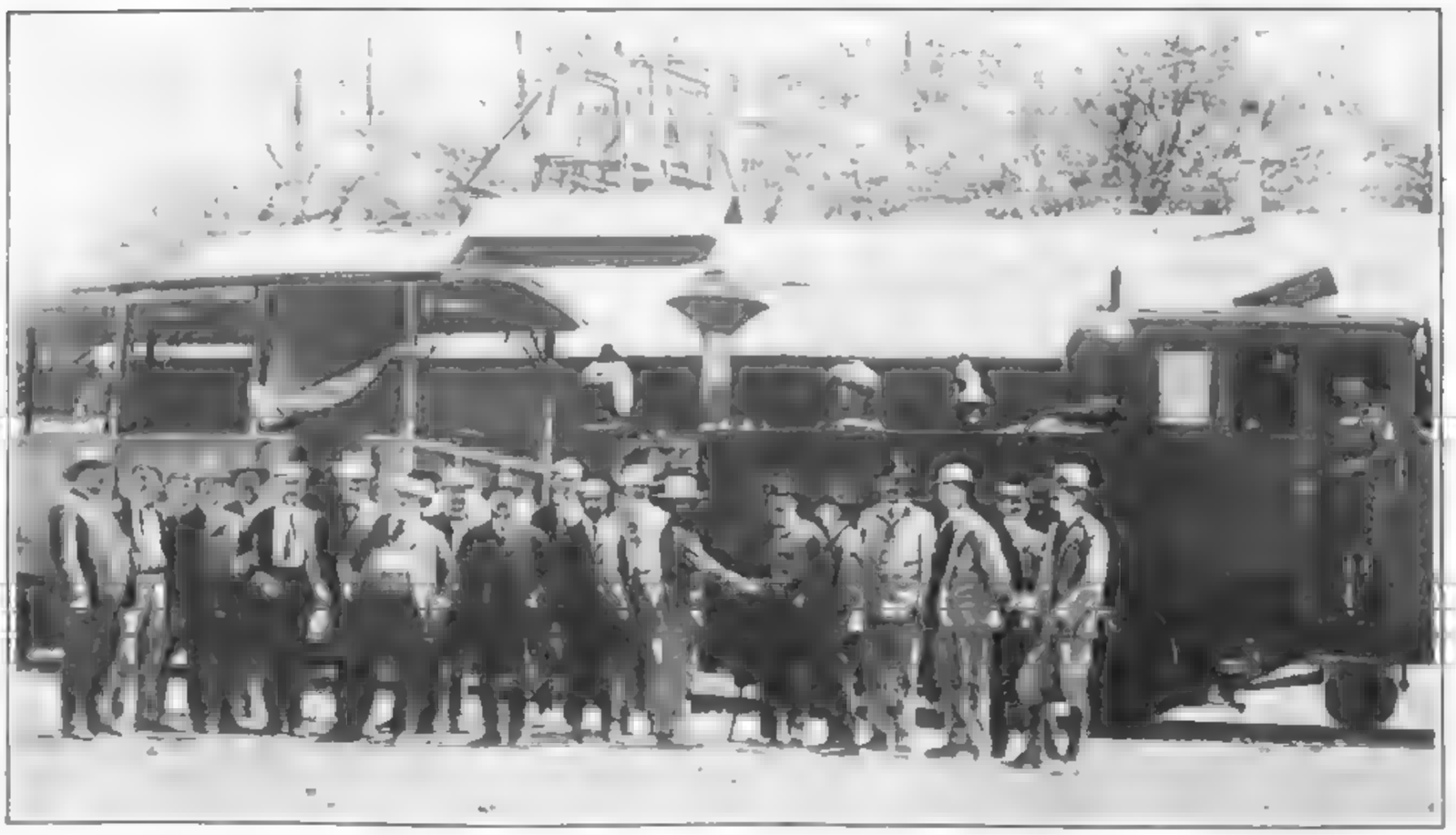
At the very time the copper industry was hiring no new men, letting out old ones and cutting wages, Southern California, only a day away from the Arizona mines, was enjoying a steady boom, especially in the building trades. Many miners discovered for the first time that they could earn their living aboveground, at steady day shifts, at higher wages than they could earn in the mines, under more pleasant conditions and with the added attractions and amusements that go with a large as compared with an abnormally sparse population, and with seaside resorts.

There were miners who drifted into the motor industry in the Middle West, or into the coal mines, where wages were much higher; but chiefly they headed for California, the closest point they knew about, and were absorbed into the garages, the building trades and the little farms. They learned they could live in other places than mining camps, and the problem is how to get them back.

It seems to be generally agreed that this movement was one of major proportions, and not the mere roving about of the old-time miner, partly seasonal and partly inherent in the conditions of the work. Up to the time of the great 1921 shutdown the development of large corporations in the industry had been gradually breaking up the old style of mining, which, as one authority has said, "was done by single men with a roving disposition, who made up for

lack of recreational facilities by moving often and getting a variety of them."

The typical miner in earlier days went to Montana in the summer and to Arizona in winter. He was roving and migratory in the highest degree. Quite often men who had a little piece of land, especially Mormons, would work in the mines part of the year and go back to their land when it needed their attention. Even as large organizations developed and stabilized the industry, and it became possible through fostering developments and good schools for the miner to have a family and stay in one place, he still enjoyed taking his family to the coast for a month or two now and then.



"My $300,000,000 Picture," as Colonel William C. Greene, Cattle Man and Copper Mine Developer, Called It. Colonel Greene is the First on the Left; Fourth From the Left is James Stillman, the Elder. E. H. Harriman is Shaking Hands With the Cowboy. Taken March, 1904

It has been said that the old roving type of miner, the ten-day miner, was a better workman than the fellow who stays in one place. He had a variety of experience and could handle himself under almost any circumstance that might arise. Modern large-scale operations in mining, on the other hand, have brought, as in nearly all other industries, a relatively high degree of specialization. Besides, it is said, the intimate contact between employer and employe in the smaller mine of earlier days has been lost; there is not the same quick method of settling grievances, and the miner no longer feels that the best mine in the world is the one he works for. But this is not peculiar to mining. It is typical of all industry. It may be regrettable, but it can't be helped, like the cute little kitten that grew into a big tomcat. Nor can it be argued that ten-day miners or ten-day workers of any sort are wholesome and desirable to have, even if such roving about did characterize the good old days. The very force of progress compels the enlightened employer to try to make permanent citizens of his workmen. There may be advantages to him in depending upon roving, migratory adventurers; but national well-being demands that industry should employ thrifty, home-owning citizens.

With his own conscience telling him that the right thing to do is to create working and living conditions that will attract a more permanent type of American citizen, the employer is faced not only with the necessity of repairing the damage done by the big shutdown but likewise with the increasing unwillingness of the American to work underground, and his even greater disinclination to have his son in such an occupation. Once again the writer pleads his wish to avoid exaggeration and will quote the employment manager of one big company, who stated that strangers may easily misconstrue the miner's attitude.

"For nearly fifteen years all the miners I have come in contact with have said, 'To hell with mining.' An investigator who came in here interviewed 100 men, and every one said he wanted to go to California to live. But somehow we have kept on doing business and we have hundreds of old-timers at that. As for the miners not wanting their sons to work underground, have you ever known any man who wanted his son to follow the same occupation?"

"It is like any other work," said an official of another mine. "Some like it and some don't. When we shut down there were numbers who sought work elsewhere, and in leaving expressed their disapproval of mining in emphatic and profane fashion. Others said nothing and came back at the first opportunity."

But the fact remains that the young American does not go into mining, in the expressive language of an old-time employer, "unless he is up against it."

"The other morning I heard that one of our local companies was taking on men," said the secretary of the Y in one camp, "and out in the front room were a lot of men looking for work. I called them to the desk and told them to go up to the employment office at the mine. They swore loudly and declared mining was work for Mexicans, not for white men. That same afternoon I saw one of them begging on the street."

There is a certain amount of complacence among the employers, but also considerable bitterness at the workman's attitude. One official told of an

(Continued on Page 126)

The First Bank in the Copper Camp of Ajo, Arizona, Five Years Ago. It Was Taken There on a Freight Car. In the Oval — The Same Bank Today, Occupying a Portion of the Company Store Building

LEAVE IT TO PSMITH

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

CHAPTER IX (Continued) VI

FOR some moments after the butler had withdrawn in his stately, pigeon-toed way through the green-baize door, Psmith lay back in his chair with the feeling that something attempted, something done, had earned a night's repose. He was not so sanguine as to suppose that he had actually checkmated an adversary of Mr. Cootes' strenuousness by the simple act of removing a revolver from his possession; but there was no denying the fact that the feel of the thing in his pocket engendered a certain cozy satisfaction. The little he had seen of Mr. Cootes had been enough to convince him that the other was a man who was far better off without an automatic pistol. There was an impulsiveness about his character which did not go well with the possession of firearms.

Psmith's meditations had taken him thus far when they were interrupted by an imperative voice:

"Hey!"

Only one person of Psmith's acquaintance was in the habit of opening his remarks in this manner. It was consequently no surprise to him to find Mr. Edward Cootes standing at his elbow.

"Hey!"

"All right, Comrade Cootes," said Psmith with a touch of austerity; "I heard you the first time. And may I remind you that this habit of yours of popping out from unexpected places and saying 'Hey!' is one which should be overcome? Valets are supposed to wait till rung for. At least, I think so. I must confess that until this moment I have never had a valet."

"And you wouldn't have one now if I could help it," responded Mr. Cootes.

Psmith raised his eyebrows.

"Why," he inquired, surprised, "this peevishness? Don't you like being a valet?"

"No, I don't."

"You astonish me. I should have thought you would have gone singing about the house. Have you considered that the tenancy of such a position throws you into the constant society of Comrade Beach, than whom it would be difficult to imagine a more delightful companion?"

"Old stiff!" said Mr. Cootes sourly. "If there's one thing that makes me tired, it's a guy that talks about his darned stomach all the time."

"I beg your pardon?"

"The Beach gook," explained Mr. Cootes, "has got something wrong with the lining of his stomach, and if I hadn't made my get-away he'd be talking about it yet."

"If you fail to find entertainment and uplift in first-hand information about Comrade Beach's stomach, you must indeed be hard to please. I am to take it, then, that you came snorting out here, interrupting my daydreams merely in order to seek my sympathy?"

"I Must See Her, Mr Baxter, Please. You've No Notion How Important It Is"

Mr. Cootes gazed upon him with a smoldering eye.

"I came to tell you I suppose you think you're darned smart."

"And very nice of you, too," said Psmith warmly. "A pretty compliment, for which I am grateful."

"You got that gun away from me mighty smoothly, didn't you?"

"Since you mention it, not unsmoothly."

"And now I suppose you think you're going to slip in ahead of me and get away with that necklace. Well, say, listen! Lemme tell you it'll take someone better than a half-baked string bean like you to put one over on me."

"I seem," said Psmith, pained, "to detect a certain animus creeping into your tone. Surely we can be trade rivals without this spirit of hostility. My attitude toward you is one of kindly tolerance."

"Even if you get it, where do you think you're going to hide it? And believe me, it'll take some hiding! Say, lemme tell you something! I'm your valet, ain't I? Well, then, I can come into your room and be tidying up whenever I darn please, can't I? I'll tell the world I can do just that little thing. And you take it from me, Bill ——"

"You persist in the delusion that my name is William."

"You take it from me, Bill, that if ever that necklace disappears, and it isn't me that's done the disappearing, you'll find me tidying up in a way that'll make you dizzy. I'll go through that room of yours with a fine-tooth comb. So chew on that, will you?"

And Edward Cootes, moving somberly across the hall, made a sinister exit. The mood of cool reflection was still to come, when he would realize that, in his desire to administer what he would have described as a hot one, he had acted a little rashly in putting his enemy on his guard. All he was thinking now was that his brief sketch of the position of affairs would have the effect of diminishing Psmith's complacency a trifle. He had, he flattered himself, slipped over something that could be classed as a jolt.

Nor was he unjustified in this view. The aspect of the matter on which he had touched was one that had not previously presented itself to Psmith; and, musing on it as he resettled himself in his chair, he could see that it afforded food for thought. As regarded the disposal of the necklace, should it ever come into his possession, he had formed no definite plan. He had assumed that he would conceal it somewhere until the first excitement of the chase slackened, and it was only now that he realized the difficulty of finding a suitable hiding place outside his bedroom. Yes, it was certainly a matter on which, as Mr. Cootes had suggested, he would do well to chew. For ten minutes, accordingly, he did so. And—it being practically impossible to keep a good man down—at the end of that period he was rewarded with an idea. He rose from his chair and pressed the bell. "Ah, Beach," he said affably, as the green-baize door swung open, "I must apologize once more for troubling you. I keep ringing, don't I?"

"No trouble at all, sir," responded the butler paternally. "But if you were ringing to summon your personal attendant, I fear he is not immediately available. He left me somewhat abruptly a few moments ago. I was not aware that you would be requiring his services until the dressing gong sounded or I would have detained him."

"Never mind. It was you I wished to see. Beach," said Psmith, "I am concerned about you. I learn from my man that the lining of your stomach is not all it should be."

"That is true, sir," replied Beach, an excited gleam coming into his dull eyes. He shivered slightly, as might a war horse at the sound of the bugle. "I do have trouble with the lining of my stomach."

"Every stomach has a silver lining."

"Sir?"

"I said, tell me all about it."

"Well, really, sir"—said Beach wistfully.

"To please me," urged Psmith.

"Well, sir, it is extremely kind of you to take an interest. It generally starts with a dull shooting pain on the right side of the abdomen from twenty minutes to half an hour after the conclusion of a meal. The symptoms ——"

There was nothing but courteous sympathy in Psmith's gaze as he listened to what sounded like an eyewitness' account of the San Francisco earthquake; but inwardly he was wishing that his companion could see his way to making it a bit briefer and snappier. However, all things come to an end. Even the weariest river winds somewhere to the sea. With a moving period, the butler finally concluded his narrative

"Parks' Pepsinine," said Psmith promptly.

"Sir?"

"That's what you want. Parks' Pepsinine. It would set you right in no time."

"I will make a note of the name, sir. The specific has not come to my notice until now. And, if I may say so," added Beach with a glassy but adoring look at his benefactor, "I should like to express my gratitude for your kindness."

"Not at all, Beach, not at all. . . . Oh, Beach," he said as the other started to maneuver towards the door, "I've just remembered. There was something else I wanted to talk to you about."

"Yes, sir?"

"I thought it might be as well to speak to you about it before approaching Lady Constance. The fact is, Beach, I am feeling cramped."

"Indeed, sir? I forgot to mention that one of the symptoms from which I suffer is a sharp cramp."

"Too bad. But let us, if you do not mind, shelve for the moment the subject of your interior organism and its ailments. When I say I am feeling cramped, I mean spiritually. Have you ever written poetry, Beach?"

"No, sir."

"Ah! Then it may be a little difficult for you to understand my feelings. My trouble is this: Out in Canada, Beach, I grew accustomed to doing my work in the most solitary surroundings. You remember that passage in my Songs of Squalor which begins, 'Across the pale parabola of joy'?"

"I fear, sir ——"

"You missed it? Tough luck. Try to get hold of it sometime. It's a bird. Well, that passage was written in a lonely hut on the banks of the Saskatchewan, miles away from human habitation. I am like that, Beach. I need the stimulus of the great open spaces. When I am surrounded by my fellows, inspiration slackens and dies. You know how it is when there are people about. Just as you are starting in to write a nifty, someone comes and sits down on the desk and begins talking about himself. Every time you get going nicely, in barges some alien influence and the muse goes blooey. You see what I mean?"

"Yes, sir," said Beach, gaping slightly.

"Well, that is why for a man like me existence in Blandings Castle has its drawbacks. I have got to get a place where I can be alone, Beach—alone with my dreams and visions. Some little aerie perched on the cliffs of Time. In other words, do you know of an empty cottage somewhere on the estate where I could betake myself when in the mood and swing a nib without any possibility of being interrupted?"

"A little cottage, sir?"

"A little cottage. With honeysuckle over the door and Old Mister Moon climbing up above the trees. A cottage, Beach, where I can meditate, where I can turn the key in the door and bid the world go by. Now that the castle is going to be full of all these people who are coming for the county ball, it is imperative that I wangle such a haven. Otherwise, a considerable slab of priceless poetry will be lost to humanity forever."

"You desire," said Beach, feeling his way cautiously, "a small cottage where you can write poetry, sir?"

"You follow me like a leopard. Do you know of such a one?"

"There is a gamekeeper's cottage in the west wood that I believe is unoccupied, sir, but it is an extremely humble place."

"Be it never so humble, it will do for me. Do you think Lady Constance would be offended if I were to ask for the loan of it for a few days?"

"I fancy that her ladyship would receive the request with equanimity, sir. She is used to she is not unaccustomed—well, I can only say, sir, that there was a literary gentleman visiting the castle last summer who expressed a desire to take sun baths in the garden each morning before breakfast. In the nood, sir. And, beyond instructing me to warn the maids, her ladyship placed no obstacle in the way of the fulfillment of his wishes. So ——"

"So a modest request like mine isn't likely to cause a heart attack? Admirable! You don't know what it means to me to feel that I shall soon have a little refuge of my own, to which I can retreat and be in solitude."

"I can imagine that it must be extremely gratifying, sir."

"Then I will put the motion before the board directly Lady Constance returns."

"Very good, sir."

"I should like to splash it on the record once more, Beach, that I am much obliged to you for your sympathy and advice in this matter. I knew you would not fail me."

"Not at all, sir. I am only too glad to have been able to be of assistance."

"Oh, and Beach ——"

"Sir?"

"Just one other thing. Will you be seeing Cootes, my valet, again shortly?"

"Quite shortly, sir, I should imagine."

"Then would you mind just prodding him smartly in the lower ribs?"

"Sir?" cried Beach, startled out of his butlerian calm.

He swallowed a little convulsively. For eighteen months and more, ever since Lady Constance Keeble had first begun to cast her fly and hook over the murky water of the artistic world and jerk its denizens onto the pile carpets of Blandings Castle, Beach had had his fill of eccentricity. But until this moment he had hoped that Psmith was going to prove an agreeable change from the stream of literary lunatics which had been coming and going all that weary time. And lo! Psmith's name led all the rest. Even the man who had come for a week in April and had wanted to eat jam with his fish paled in comparison.

"Prod him in the ribs, sir?" he quavered.

"Prod him in the ribs," said Psmith firmly. "And at the same time whisper into his ear the word 'Aha!'"

Beach licked his dry lips.

"Aha, sir?"

"Aha! And say it came from me."

"Very good, sir. The matter shall be attended to," said Beach. And with a muffled sound that was half a sigh, half a death rattle, he tottered through the green-baize door.

"The Stars," He Proceeded, Indicating Them With a Kindly Yet Not Patronizing Wave of the Hand—"Bright, Twinkling, and—if I May Say So—Rather Neatly Arranged"

CHAPTER X

BREAKFAST was over and the guests of Blandings had scattered to their morning occupations. Some were writing letters, some were in the billiard room, some had gone to the stables, some to the links; Lady Constance was interviewing the housekeeper, Lord Emsworth harrying head gardener McAllister among the flower beds; and in the Yew Alley, the dappled sunlight falling upon her graceful head, Miss Peavey walked pensively up and down.

She was alone. It is a sad but indisputable fact that in this imperfect world genius is too often condemned to walk alone—if the earthier members of the community see it coming

(Continued on Page 61)

Stock-Market Manipulation

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"I HAVE tried to make plain to you that there isn't anything mysterious or underhanded or crooked about manipulation designed to sell a stock in bulk provided such operations are not accompanied by deliberate misrepresentations," said Lawrence Livingston. "As I told you before, sound manipulation must be based on sound trading principles. People lay great stress on old-time practices, such as wash sales. But I can assure you that the mere mechanics of deception is of little value. The difference between stock-market manipulation and the over-the-counter sale of stocks and bonds is in the character of the clientele rather than in the character of the appeal. J. P. Morgan & Co. sell an issue of bonds to the public—that is, to investors. A manipulator disposes of a block of stock to the public—that is, to speculators. An investor looks for safety, for permanence of the interest return on the capital he invests. The speculator looks for a quick profit.

"The manipulator necessarily finds his primary market among speculators who are willing to run a greater than normal business risk so long as they have a reasonable chance to get a big return on their capital. I myself never have believed in blind gambling. I may plunge or I may buy one hundred shares. But in either case I must have a reason for what I do.

"I'll tell you how I got into the game of manipulation—that is, in the marketing of stocks for others. It gives me pleasure to recall it because it shows so beautifully the professional Wall Street attitude toward stock-market operations. It happened after I had come back—that is, after my Bethlehem Steel trade started me on the road to financial recovery.

"As you know, I traded pretty steadily and had very good luck. I have never sought newspaper publicity, but neither have I gone out of my way to hide myself. If anybody asks me whether I am bullish or bearish I see no reason why I shouldn't answer truthfully.

"At the same time, you know that professional Wall Street exaggerates both the successes and the failures of whichever operator happens to be active; and, of course, the newspapers hear about him and print rumors. I have been broke so many times, according to the gossips, or have made so many millions, according to the same authorities, that my only reaction to such reports is to wonder how and where they are born. And how they grow! I have had broker friend after broker friend bring the same story to me, a little changed each time, improved, more circumstantial.

"All this preface is to tell you how I first came to undertake the manipulation of a stock for someone else. The stories the newspapers printed of how I had paid back in full the millions I owed did the trick. My plungings and my winnings were so magnified by the newspapers that I was talked about in Wall Street. The day was past when an operator swinging a line of two hundred thousand shares of stock could dominate the market. But, as you know, the public always desires to find successors to the old leaders. It was Mr. Keene's reputation as a skillful stock operator, a winner of millions on his own hook, that made promoters and banking houses apply to him for selling large blocks of securities. In short, his services as manipulator were in demand because of the stories the Street had heard about his previous successes as a trader."

Salesmanship

The Public's Paper Profits

"BUT Keene was gone—passed on to that heaven where he once said he wouldn't stay a moment unless he found Sysonby there waiting for him. Two or three other men who made stock-market history for a few months had relapsed into the obscurity of prolonged inactivity. I refer particularly to certain of those plunging Westerners who came to Wall Street in 1901 and after making many millions out of their Steel holdings remained in Wall Street. They were in reality superpromoters rather than operators of the Keene type. But they were extremely able, extremely rich and extremely successful in the securities of the companies which they and their friends controlled. They were not really great manipulators, like Keene or Governor Flower. Still, the Street found in them plenty to gossip about and they certainly had a following among the professionals and the sportier commission houses. After they ceased to trade actively the Street found itself without manipulators; at least, it couldn't read about them in the newspapers.

"You remember the big bull market that began when the Stock Exchange resumed business in 1915. As the market broadened and the Allies' purchases in this country mounted into billions we ran into a boom. As far as manipulation went, it wasn't necessary for anybody to lift a finger to create an unlimited market for a war bride. Scores of men made millions by capitalizing contracts or even promises of contracts. They became successful promoters, either with the aid of friendly bankers or by bringing out their companies on the Curb market. The public bought anything that was adequately touted.

"When the bloom wore off the boom, some of these promoters found themselves in need of help from experienced stock manipulators—that is, from men who really were experts in stock salesmanship. When the public is hung up with all kinds of securities, some of them purchased at higher prices, it is not going to be an easy task to dispose of untried stocks. During a boom the public knows that everything is going up because everything has been going up in the face of warnings from the reactionaries. After a boom the public is equally positive that nothing is going up; indeed, that everything is going down without the need of first going up. It isn't that buyers become more discriminating, but that the blind buying is over. It is the state of mind that has always changed. Prices don't ever have to go down to make people pessimistic. It is enough that the market gets dull and stays dull for a time.

"In every boom companies are formed primarily if not exclusively to take advantage of the public's appetite for all kinds of stocks. Man being what he is, it happens that there are belated promotions. The principle may be as sound as it ever was, but the time may not be right for its application. The reason why promotors make the mistake is that being human they are unable to see the end of the boom. Moreover, it is good business to take chances when the possible profit is big enough. The top is never in sight when the vision is vitiated by hope. The average man sees a stock that nobody wanted at twelve dollars or fourteen dollars a share suddenly advance to thirty—which surely is the top—until it rises to fifty. That is absolutely the end of the rise. Then it goes to sixty; to seventy; to seventy-five. It then becomes a certainty that this stock, which a few weeks ago was selling for less than fifteen, can't go any higher. But it goes to eighty; and to eighty-five. Whereupon the average man, who never thinks of values but of prices, and is not governed in his actions by conditions but by fears, takes the easiest way—he stops thinking that there must be a limit to the advances. That is why those suckers who are wise enough not to buy at the top make up for it by not taking profits. The big money in booms is always made first by the public—on paper. And it remains on paper.

"The public's inability to perceive the turning point of a market is shared by some of the shrewdest promoters as well as by experienced traders. They all overestimate the public's buying power at the end as they underestimated it at the beginning of a boom. That is the reason why companies are brought out after the time for successful promotion is past."

Days of Boy Bankers

"ONE day Jim Barnes, who not only was one of my principal brokers but an intimate friend as well, called on me. He said he wanted me to do him a great favor. He never before had talked that way, and so I asked him to tell me what the favor was, hoping it was something I could do, for I certainly wished to oblige him. He then told me that his firm was interested in a certain stock; in fact, they had been the principal promoters of the company and had placed the greater part of the stock. Circumstances had arisen that made it imperative for them to market a rather large block. Jim wanted me to undertake to do the marketing for him. The stock was Consolidated Stove.

"I did not wish to have anything to do with it for various reasons. But Barnes, to whom I was under some obligations, insisted on the personal-favor phase of the matter, which alone could overcome my objections. He was a good fellow, a friend, and his firm, I gathered, was pretty heavily involved, so in the end I consented to do what I could.

"You probably remember what happened during the war boom. It has always seemed to me that its most picturesque point of difference from other booms was the part that was played by a type new in stock-market affairs. It certainly seemed to be the day of the boy banker.

"The boom was stupendous and its origins and causes were plainly to be grasped by all. But at the same time the greatest banks and trust companies in the country certainly did all they could to help make millionaires overnight of all sorts and conditions of promoters and munition makers. It got so that all a man had to do was to say that he had a friend who was a friend of a member of one of the Allied commissions and he would be offered all the capital needed to carry out the contracts he had not yet secured.

I used to hear incredible stories of clerks becoming presidents of companies doing a business of millions of dollars on money borrowed from trusting trust companies, and of contracts that left a trail of profits as they passed from man to man. Gold was pouring into this country from Europe and the banks had to find ways of impounding it.

"The way business was done might have been regarded with misgivings by the old, but there didn't seem to be so many of them about. The fashion for gray-haired presidents of banks was all very well in tranquil times, but youth was the chief qualification in these strenuous times. The banks certainly did make enormous profits

"Jim Barnes and his associates, enjoying the friendship and confidence of the youthful president of the Marshall National Bank, decided to consolidate three well-known stove companies and sell the stock of the new company to the public that for months had been buying any old thing in the way of engraved stock certificates.

"One trouble was that the stove business was so prosperous that all three companies were actually earning dividends on their common stock for the first time in their history. Their principal stockholders did not wish to part with the control. There was a good market for their stocks on the Curb; and they had sold as much as they cared to part with and they were content with things as they were. Their individual capitalization was too small to justify big market movements, and that is where Jim Barnes' firm came in. It pointed out that the consolidated company must be big enough to list on the Stock Exchange, where the new shares could be made more valuable than the old ones. It is an old device in Wall Street—to change the color of the certificates in order to make them more valuable. Say a stock ceases to be easily vendible at par. Well, sometimes by quadrupling the stock you may make the new shares sell at 30 or 35. This is equivalent to 120 or 140 for the old stock—a figure it never could have reached."

Financing the Consolidation

"IT SEEMS that Barnes and his associates succeeded in inducing some of their friends who held speculatively some blocks of Gray Stove Company—a large concern to come into the consolidation on the basis of four shares of Consolidated for each share of Gray. Then the Midland and the Western followed their big sister and came in on the basis of share for share. Theirs had been quoted on the Curb at around 25 to 30, and the Gray, which was better known and paid dividends, hung around 125.

"In order to raise the money to buy out those holders who insisted upon selling for cash, and also to provide additional working capital for improvements and promotion expenses, it became necessary to raise a few millions. So Barnes saw the president of his bank, and his youthful friend lent his syndicate three million five hundred thousand dollars. The collateral was one hundred thousand shares of the newly organized corporation. The syndicate assured the president, or so I was told, that the price would not go below 50. It would be a very profitable deal as there was big value there.

"The promoters' first mistake was in the matter of timeliness. The saturation point for new stock issues had been reached by the market, and they should have seen it. But even then they might have made a fair profit, after all, if they had not tried to make the unreasonable killings that other promoters had made at the very height of the boom.

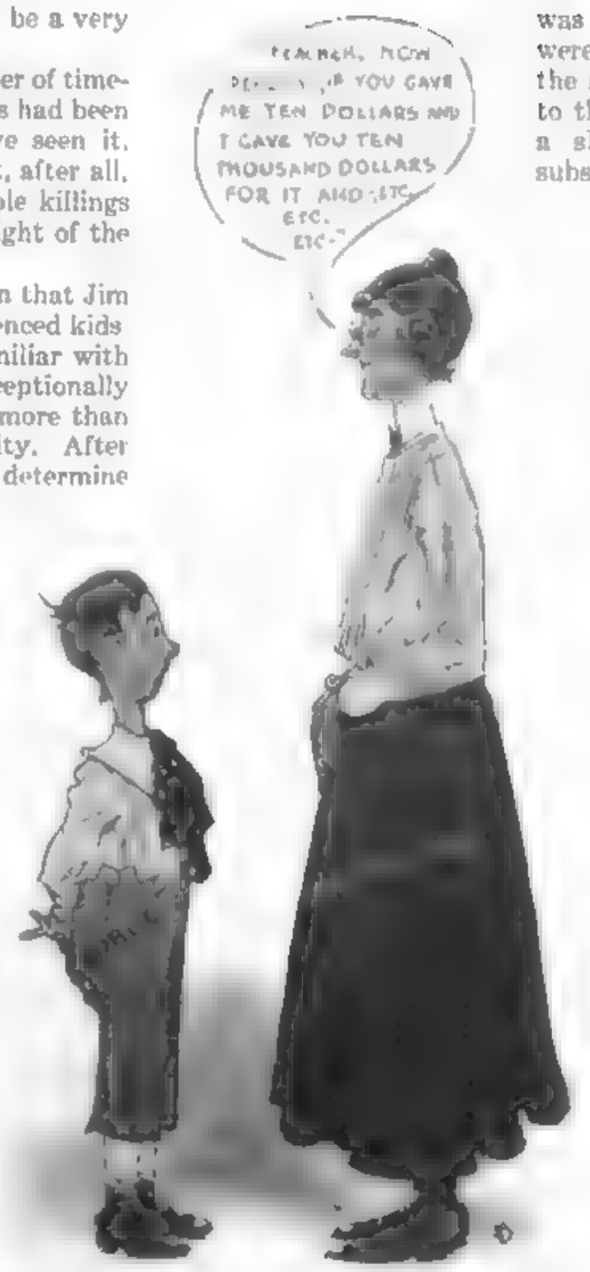
"Now you must not run away with the notion that Jim Barnes and his associates were fools or inexperienced kids They were shrewd men. All of them were familiar with Wall Street methods and some of them were exceptionally successful stock traders. But they did rather more than merely overestimate the public's buying capacity. After all, that capacity was something that they could determine only by actual tests. Where they erred more expensively was in expecting the bull market to last longer than it did. I suppose the reason was that these same men had met with such great and particularly with such quick success that they didn't doubt they'd be all through with the deal before the bull market turned. They were all well known and had a certain following among the professional traders and the wire houses

"Their own confidence was so strong that it proved contagious. The bank was willing to lend them the capital they needed and the response from friendly commission houses was all that could be desired. It was difficult to see how they could possibly fail; so they went ahead cheerfully.

"The deal was extremely well advertised. The newspapers certainly were generous with their space. The older concerns were identified with the stove industry of America and their product was known the world over. It was a patriotic amalgamation and there was a heap of literature in the daily papers about the world conquests. The markets of Asia, Africa and South America were as good as cinched.

"The directors of the company were all men whose names were familiar to all readers of the financial pages. The publicity work was so well handled and the promises of unnamed insiders as to what the price was going to do were so definite and convincing that a great demand for the new stock was created. The result was that when the books were closed it was found that the stock which was offered to the public at fifty dollars a share had been oversubscribed by 25 per cent

"Think of it! The best the promoters should have expected was to succeed in selling the new stock at that price after weeks of work and after putting up the price to 75 or higher in order to average 50. At that, it meant an advance of about 100 per cent in the old prices of the stocks of the constituent companies. That was the crisis and they did not meet it as it should have been met."



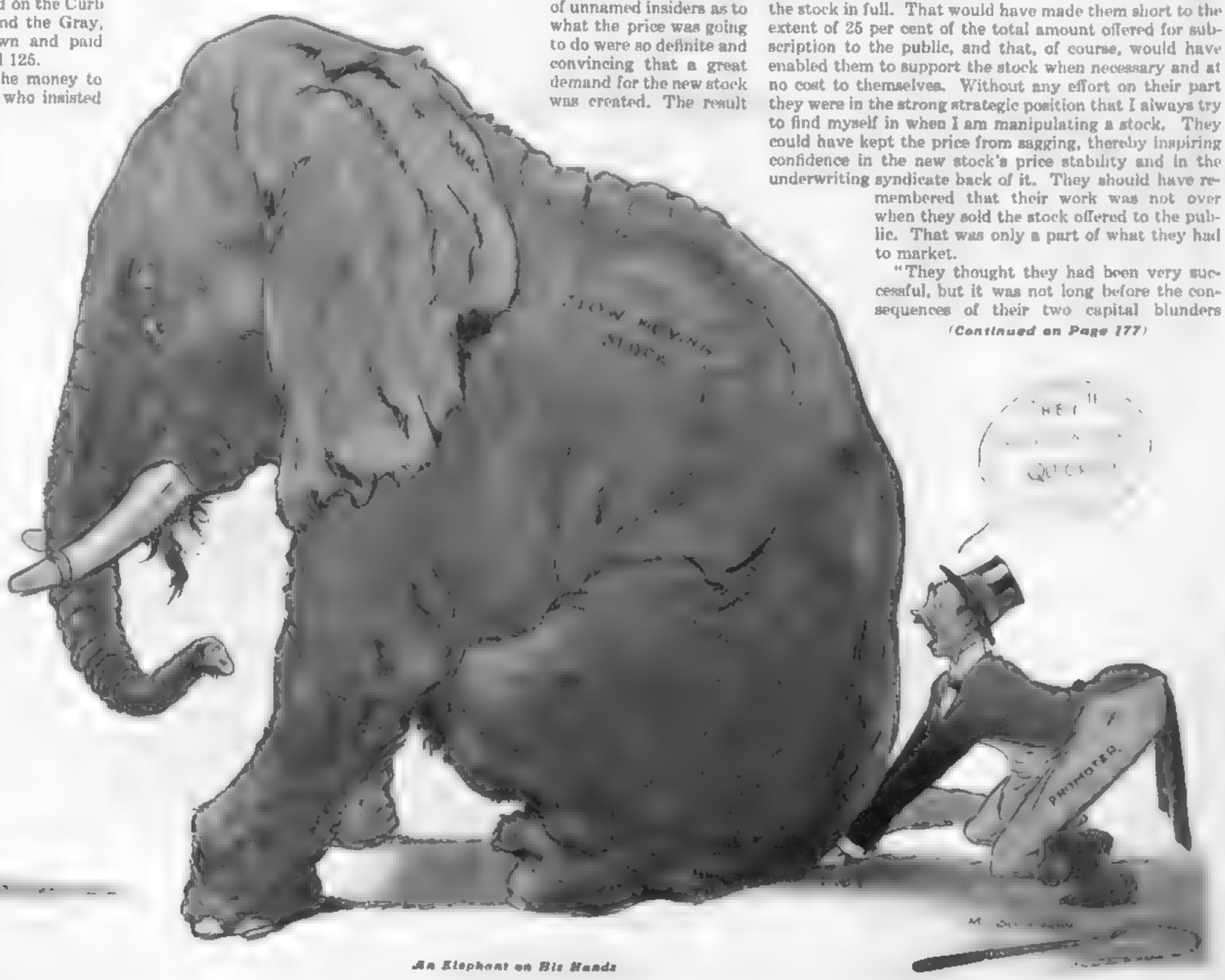
Tall Talk

Savvy

"IT SHOWS you that every business has its own needs. General wisdom is less valuable than specific savvy. The promoters, delighted by the unexpected oversubscription, concluded that the public was ready to pay any price for any quantity of that stock. And they actually were stupid enough to underallot the stock. If the promoters had made up their minds to be hoggish they should have been intelligently hoggish. What they should have done, of course, was to allot the stock in full. That would have made them short to the extent of 25 per cent of the total amount offered for subscription to the public, and that, of course, would have enabled them to support the stock when necessary and at no cost to themselves. Without any effort on their part they were in the strong strategic position that I always try to find myself in when I am manipulating a stock. They could have kept the price from sagging, thereby inspiring confidence in the new stock's price stability and in the underwriting syndicate back of it. They should have remembered that their work was not over when they sold the stock offered to the public. That was only a part of what they had to market.

"They thought they had been very successful, but it was not long before the consequences of their two capital blunders

(Continued on Page 177)



An Elephant on His Hands

THE CINDER BUGGY

A Fable in Iron and Steel

By GARET GARRETT

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XX

THE flying triangle reached Wilkes-Barre for breakfast. While waiting for Agnes, John and Thane transacted an important piece of business.

"Look here," said John.

He sat at a desk in the office and wrote very rapidly on a sheet of hotel paper as follows:

MEMORANDUM OF CONTRACT

In consideration of one month's wages paid in hand on the signing of this paper, Alexander Thane agrees to give his skill and services exclusively to the North American Manufacturing Company, Ltd. John Breakspeare, agent—for a period of two years, and the said company agrees to pay Alexander Thane not less than five thousand dollars a year, plus a ten per cent share in the profits. Signed JOHN BREAKSPEARE.

"Put your name over mine," he said, handing the paper to Thane, who read it slowly.

"This the mill you meant last night?"

"Yes," said John.

"How did you come to know as I could run a mill?"

"I think you can," John said.

Thane signed his name in large, bold writing, blotted it hard and handed the paper back to John.

"You're right," he said, "I can. And if it appears for any reason as I can't that thing ain't no good and you can tear it up."

It never occurred to him that the business had a fabulous aspect. He took what John said at its face value. He could imagine no other way of taking a friend's word. And if it were unusual for a young puddler to become a participating mill superintendent overnight, so urgently wanted that he must sign up before breakfast, that might be easily explained. His friend, John Breakspeare, was an extraordinary person, very impulsive, with unexpected flashes of insight. Who else would have known what Thane could do? Anyhow he had got the right man to run the mill. Thane was sure of that. He supposed John was sure of it too.

John just then was sure of nothing. His one anxiety was to get Thane and Agnes into some kind of going order. He was aware that his motives were exceedingly complex and would not examine them. He let himself off with saying it was his moral responsibility; he was to blame for having got them into their dilemma and neither was able to cope with it. Yet all the time he was thrilled by what he did because he was doing it for Agnes.

Thane's artlessness about the contract was an instant relief. A fatal difficulty might otherwise have arisen at that point. But it was also very surprising. Was he so extremely naïve? Or had he such a notion of his ability to conduct a mill as to think he would be worth five thousand a year and one-tenth of the profits? Yes, that was the explanation, John decided; and it gave him a bad twist in his conscience to think how hurt and unforgiving Thane would be if he knew the truth—that he had signed a contract with a nonexistent company to superintend a mythical mill.

They ate a hearty breakfast, coming to it from a night in the open air with no sleep at all. Although they talked very little they were friendly under a truce without terms, all tingling with a sense of plastic adventure. There was no telling what would come of it; but it was very exciting; and everything that happened was new.

Both Agnes and John had a surreptitious eye for the puddler's manners. They were not intrinsically bad or disgusting. They were only fundamentally wrong. He delivered with his knife, took his coffee from his saucer, modeled and arranged his food before attacking it, cut all his meat at once, did everything that cannot be done, and did it all with a certain finish. That is to say, he was a neat eater, very handy with his tools, and cleaned up. He took pride in the performance and his confidence in it was impervious. He was not in the least embarrassed or uneasy. He did not wait to see what they did. He did it his way and minded his own business. Once John caught Agnes eying Thane aslant, and she stared him down for it. He could not decide whether she was scandalized or fascinated. When they had finished, Thane called for the reckoning and paid, John politely protesting, Agnes looking somewhat surprised. After that Thane paid for two and John paid for himself.

They Were Still There, Agnes, Her Hands Behind Her, Leaning Against the Wall With Her Head Thrown Back

Instead of resting for a day in Wilkes-Barre, they chose to go on by train to Pittsburgh and arrived there in the middle of the afternoon. John recommended a hotel where he was sure they could be quite comfortable while deciding how they wished to live. He was acquainted there. He would introduce them. In fact, it was where he meant to lodge himself. So, of course, they all went together.

John managed the whole affair of settling them in their rooms, doing it so tactfully, however, as to leave Thane with the sense of having done it himself. When at last there was not another thing to be thought of John held out his hand to Agnes, saying: "Congratulations."

This was subtle, wicked treachery, and in the act was a sting of shame, yet her coolness was so audacious he could not resist the temptation to try its depth. She took his hand and met his look with steady eyes.

"Thank you," she said. "May I share them with my husband?"

"No, don't," he said. "They are all his. I'm about to lose my wits. Well, no matter. Thane," turning to him, "Mrs. Thane may want to do some shopping. The best places are three blocks east. I'll see you in the morning. Or later, perhaps. There's no hurry."

"Tomorrow morning," Thane answered.

They were standing in a group outside the Thanes' rooms, loath to break up, each for a different reason.

"I'm under the same roof, you know, if you should need me," said John.

"Thanks," said Thane.

Still they lingered in a group.

"Have a bit of supper with us," said Thane suddenly.

"Not tonight," said John. "We shall be too sleepy."

Agnes was silent.

After a pause, "Well," said Thane, "this is Pittsburgh."

John pensively nodded his head, and added, "Well."

Agnes might have yawned. That would have produced the necessary centrifugal impulse. Or she might have said something to have that effect. But she was apparently sunk in thought.

After another long pause the two men shook hands in a hasty manner and John walked rapidly down the hall.

From the head of the staircase he looked back. They were still there, Agnes, her hands behind her, leaning against the wall with her head thrown back, gazing from afar at Thane, who stood in an awkward twist, with one superfluous leg, looking away. His face was turned toward John, and John waved his hand, but there was no response. The puddler was staring at some invisible thing.

That last accidental glimpse of them left a vivid after-image in John's eyes. It stood there for hours like a transparent illusion. He walked the sun down on a country road and still it was there. Returning, he paced the streets until ten o'clock and it tortured him still. Coming presently to a fine brick house, not very large, a marble fountain and small flower garden in front, he turned in. His feet knew their way up the narrow walk and he pulled the bell knob with the air of one to whom nothing unexpected is likely to happen. No light was anywhere visible. The windows were hermetically shuttered. Nor did his pull at the bell knob produce any audible sound. Yet almost at once the door opened, revealing a brilliantly lighted interior, and a servant in livery bowed him in. There was an air of vulgar elegance about the hall. The servant did not speak. Having offered to take the visitor's hat, to which the visitor shook his head, he opened a heavy door to the right and there came from beyond it intermittent sounds of small clatter.

The room John entered was what had been the front drawing-room. Back of it were two more rooms, in a train to the depth of the house, all thrown together by means of unfolded doors, so

that the effect was of one very long apartment, about thirty feet wide, laid with rich, deep carpet on which the feet made not the slightest sound. The walls were full of pictures, some of them good. There were several art objects on pedestals, a great many nice chairs and some small tables, like tea tables, evidently used for serving refreshments. On one of these tables was a large humidor and on another a tray with a cut-glass service of decanters, goblets and ice bowl. That was all, except down both sides of the first two rooms the roulette wheels, and in the last room at the end three faro layouts.

Twenty or thirty men were betting at roulette, in groups of three or four each. John passed them with a negligent, preoccupied air, walking straight back. No faro play was just then going on.

At one layout sat a dealer in that state of chilled ophidian tension characteristic of professional gamblers in the face of their prey, and by none so remarkably achieved as by the faro bank dealer, who drinks ice water without warming it, who sees without looking, who speaks only under great provocation and then softly, and whose slightest movement is pontifical until he reaches for the six-shooter. That movement is as a rattlesnake strikes.

On the players' side of a faro table are representations of the thirteen cards—ace, deuce, trey, and so forth, to the king, in two rows of six each with the seven at one end. On the dealer's side, besides the rack containing the chips, the cash drawer and the invisible six-shooter, is a little metal box in which a pack of cards will snugly lie, face up. The dealer moves the cards off one at a time. They fall alternately into two piles. One pile wins; the other loses. The players bet which pile a card will fall in, indicating it by the way they place their money on the table. No vocal sound is necessary. It is a silent game. The expert might play forever and never speak a word.

John dragged up a large chair, hung his coat on the back of it, settled himself to face the dealer and passed five hundred dollars across the table. The dealer put the money in the cash drawer and pushed out five stacks of yellow chips. John began to play. He did not make his bets at random. He played a slow, rhythmic, two-handed game, never hesitating, always thoughtful, precisely with the air of a man playing solitaire.

For an hour or more he lost steadily. Several times his hands made a bothered gesture, as of clearing the space in front of his face. The dealer, the cards, the yellow chips, all objects of common reality, were dim and uncertain by reason of the image persisting in his eyes—that etched impression of Agnes and Thane in the hallway, so twain, so improbable, yet so imminent, so —

He groaned aloud and held his head between clenched hands.

The dealer stopped and waited. Players sometimes behave that way, though seldom one like this.

Recalling himself with a start, John looked up, cleared his play, gave the dealer a nod to proceed and doubled the scale of his bets. That made his game steep enough to attract attention. A little gallery gathered. No one else cut in. He kept the table to himself. Gradually the haunted mist broke up. The tormenting picture went away. If it threatened to return he raised his bets again. His health revived. He had some supper brought in and ate it as he played. He played all night.

At seven he rose, yawned, stretched, rubbed his eyes like a man coming out of a deep sleep, pushed his chips across the table to be cashed, and drew on his coat while the dealer counted them. He had won over three thousand dollars. But it was neither the fact of his winning nor the amount of his gain that floated his spirits. It was getting that picture out of his eyes and the feeling that went with it out of his heart. Losing would have served him quite as well, psychically, though of course winning was only that much more to boot.

Always for him the excitement of chance was a perfect refuge from thought and reality, better than sleep, which may be troubled with dreams, and restful in the same way that dreamless sleep is. Now as he walked toward the hotel, though the morning was wet and heavy, he felt fresh in his body and optimistic in his mind. He could think of seeing Agnes and Thane at breakfast without that ugly lurching of his heart. They were in the dining room when he arrived there an hour later. His impulse was to let them alone, but Thane, seeing him, stood up and beckoned.

"We kept a place for you," he said.

It was so. The table was laid for three. John wondered whose wish that was.

"I've had word from New Damascus," he said to Agnes. "Your father is all right."

"Was there any reason to think he might not be all right?" she asked in surprise.

"No, no," he said. "It was merely mentioned, like the state of the weather."

She detected his confusion.

"You saw him last," she said. "Did anything unusual occur?" She was regarding him keenly.

"I thought he looked ill, or about to be," John said, "and I asked the servants to call the doctor. Apparently it was nothing. Anyhow—anyhow—I've had word that he's all right."

She did not pursue the subject, but became strangely silent and thereafter avoided John's eyes, for in the midst of his explanation his expression had changed. He looked at her suddenly in a most extraordinary way, and she suffered a deep psychic disturbance. It was as if he had blunderingly discovered a nameless secret. That was precisely what happened. As he was talking to her—positively, as he would swear, with no wanton curiosity in his mind as he looked at her and as her eyes met his in open frankness there came an instant in which he saw how matters stood.

How can one tell? One cannot say. It tells itself in the way the eyes look back, in what is missing from them, in something there that was not there before, in a certain hardness of the clar.

In no such way had Agnes changed. That was what John saw. The discovery shook him. All his senses leaped exultingly! She was not Thane's not yet. Wild thoughts got loose. The dining room began to sway. Then he looked at Thane and enormously repented. His feeling for Thane was one of intense affection. He could no more help it than he could help his feeling for Agnes. These two emotions were separate chemistries, antagonistic. So he was torn between them, and when he could bear it no longer he began clumsily to excuse himself.

"We are delayed by legal formalities," he said to Thane. "It may be three or four days yet. Take it easy. The company can stand it."

So he left them abruptly.

All that day he fled from himself. All night he played at faro. The next morning he looked at his haggard self in the mirror, looked deeply into his own eyes, and said aloud: "But she is his, not mine, and I will let it be."

On that he slept for twenty-four hours and rose on the third day with a strong appetite, a clear mind, and a great vow to the divinity with whom he kept, now a time of feud, now a time of grace, whimsically alternating.

He Had Been Standing There So Long That He Began to Wonder if She Was Aware of His Presence. "Yes?" She Said, in a Quick, Sharp Tone

XXI

THE divinity that made the pattern of John's life is infinitely mysterious. Some call it luck. Others call it chance. Both are begging names. Mathematicians call it probability—the theory of—and devote a branch of their science to it. Definition is impossible. It is whatever it is that causes, permits or brings one thing to happen in place of all the other things that might just as well have happened. Its commonest manifestations are profoundly obscure. On the first toss of a coin the chances are even between head and tail. On the second toss they change. Why they change nobody can tell; but everyone knows that the odds are against the heads coming twice in succession. If you think of it, how preposterous! Rationally, how can the result of one throw create any probability as to the result of the next? Yet it does. Here evidently is some principle or rhythmic variation that we do not understand. We speak of the law of chance. There is no such thing, for if chance could be reduced to law it would cease to be chance.

The fact of oneself is an amazing unlikelihood. The biological chances against one's getting born as one is, plus the chances against any particular organism getting born at all, must have been billions to one. Yet here one is, thinking it had been precisely inevitable since all eternity. Perhaps it was. There may be no such thing as chance. It may be only that we never know all the factors. It may be. Yet does not everyone believe from experience that survival is a continuous chance?

Continued on Page 133

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 10, 1923

Taxes and Yet More Taxes

GOVERNOR PINCHOT in his address on the state budget enunciated a doctrine that the hard-boiled machine members of the legislature regard as rank political heresy—a doctrine that strikes at their holiest emotions and their most sacred beliefs. This higher criticism of old political dogma is embodied in the following sentence: "Sound economy, the elimination of waste and better methods of administration generally can be made to bridge the gap."

Unless Mr. Pinchot is more discreet he will find himself the Dr. Percy Stickney Grant of politics. Already there are threats of legislative discipline for this heterodox governor.

Sound economy, the elimination of waste and better methods of administration can be made to bridge the gap, not only in Pennsylvania but in every other state of the Union. Right now, when we are in the grip of a wild spending mania, with its accompanying orgy of taxation, our city, state and national governments, if they were doing their real duty to the people, would be striving in every way possible to reduce our tax burdens. Instead we find them hunting down new sources of taxation with all the ruthlessness of a bear going after a honey tree. And, like him, they seem quite willing to destroy the hive, just so they get the honey.

Businesslike administration of government means fewer snaps and sinecures for the organization trusties; it means careful planning and sound methods. The simple way, the easy way, the wasteful way is to add new taxes until income balances expenditure. That is the direction that the legislative mind is taking in Pennsylvania, as it almost always does everywhere. Proposals range from a state income tax to be piled on top of the almost confiscatory Federal tax, to various "taxes that can be easily repealed." Of course, there are no such taxes. All taxes, by a heretofore immutable law, tend to stick and to increase, once they have been imposed. A legislative body that refuses to consider retrenchment and economy when confronted with a financial emergency will hardly repeal any tax that enables it to continue in the slothful and pleasant ways of free spending.

In California, so we hear, a union of taxpayers has been formed to ride herd on the gentlemen who trim down our incomes so freely and who spend easy tax money so joyously. This union should spread and roll up a huge membership in every state, for that would mean that citizens are at last beginning to take an interest in their government.

Taxation and government are almost interchangeable terms. Sooner or later, almost every bill, every measure, every proposal before us entails taxation. How money is raised and how spent goes right to the roots of government. Yet we have only the haziest ideas on the subject, because if we do not pay income or real-estate taxes we have a silly notion that we are getting off scot-free. Yet the deadliest taxes are the hidden ones that deftly trim farmer, laborer and salaried man.

Again, after the money has been raised we show small concern about how it is spent. Yet the evidence that comes through the infrequent public investigations of some particularly glaring waste should cause shivers of misgiving to run up and down the tax-paying spine.

Philadelphia, a city that is short of public schools and of proper facilities for caring for its children, has recently been taking a peep behind the scenes. An art gallery, projected on a modest scale, bids fair to cost upwards of eight or ten million dollars before it is finished. Nobody seems to know when or how it happened to swell to such dimensions. It "just growed," as these ambitious and too often ill-advised schemes have a habit of growing—at the taxpayers' expense.

There cannot be too close a scrutiny of present taxes, or too strong objection raised to any increase in them. Taxation is the great world question. It is the opponent of stability, the real breeder of revolutions, the instrument with which communism stealthily works towards confiscation where it is not strong enough to take by force. Taxation is behind the unrest in England, the invasion of the Ruhr, the bankruptcy of Germany.

The current spending mania and taxation orgy must be fought systematically and relentlessly. Taxpayers' unions, to investigate and check both taxing and spending, are an excellent idea. They can tell the boys that they must not only bridge the gap but stop making gaps.

Governor Pinchot's attempt to make Pennsylvania live within her present income is a sagacious and farsighted move. The man who can throw out the chair warmers, speed up the job holders and rout out "the public-affairs lunatics," with their fool schemes for wasting the substance of the people, is the man of the future.

Idealism, diplomacy, force have all had a try at cleaning up the world mess, but no real progress can be made until the problem is attacked at its heart—taxation. What is needed is an application of the simplest and most elementary business virtues—economy, thrift, honesty and tolerance. If, instead of trusting to their premiers and politicians to beat each other up and out after the Armistice, the business men of France and Germany had got together in a Franco-Germanic Steel, Coal and Coking Corporation, both nations would be on the highroad to prosperity by this time, and Germany would have made a real hole in the reparations payments.

Taxation without representation is no worse than taxation with misrepresentation.

The High Cost of Collection

FIGURES drawn from the accounts of the Reparations Commission give an appalling picture of inefficiency in collection of reparation payments from Germany. We are familiar with lawsuits for the collection of debt where the costs and attorney fees exceed the sum in suit. Such a situation is glaringly illustrated in the collection of reparations. In the four years ending December 31, 1922, the German payments, converted into dollars at par of exchange, aggregated some $2,289,000,000. This sum was disbursed, roundly, as follows:

Costs of armies of occupation, including cantonments	$850,000,000
Costs of raw materials and foods, advanced by Allies	905,000,000
Coal	95,000,000
Costs of administration	25,000,000
Applied to account of reparations	414,000,000

The cost of the army of occupation of the United States was some $255,000,000, and this has not been paid. As the account stands, out of what has been collected from Germany less than nineteen per cent has been applied to reparations. In the meantime France has expended in reconstruction in the area of devastation some 60,000,000,000 francs, of a gold value of at least $5,000,000,000. The collections applied to the reparations account amount to a little more than eight per cent of this outlay. Had the costs of the American army of occupation been paid there would have remained applicable to reparations account some $160,000,000, or about three per cent of the sum spent by France in reconstruction. No matter from what viewpoint considered, German or French, such a state of affairs is intolerable.

When, As and If

FINAL settlement of the terms for the funding of Great Britain's war debt to the United States should be followed by understandings with other countries, and presently we should be receiving annually from overseas rather imposing sums as interest and on account of principal. The inventive genius of America, which is nowhere more strikingly exhibited than in the ingenuity of our lawmakers in devising new and futile ways in which to spend money, has not been idle. Gifted thinkers have already tackled the problem of how to get rid of the principal and interest on our foreign war loans, when, as and if received from our European debtors.

Easy come, easy go, is the vicious theory which underlies the idea that reimbursement for our war loans is so much clear gain, and as such should be blown with magnificent prodigality. But these repayments are not velvet or anything remotely resembling it. They are the coined sweat, self-denial, patriotism and war work, performed on war diet, by the able-bodied majority of a population of well over a hundred million.

There is one use and one use only to which these funds should be put. That use is the retirement of Liberty Bonds, Victory Bonds and other government obligations contracted to enable us to bear our part in the struggle and to finance our European Allies during the last years of the war and the first years of the peace.

Payment of debts is the least romantic of all ways of laying out money, and in political quarters it is the least popular. But the average hard-working and hard-taxed taxpayer is nobody's fool; and if Congress would solemnly pledge itself and its successors in office to devote every cent of principal and interest repaid to us by our foreign debtors to the cancellation of our own national debt, without offsetting the reduction by the creation of new obligations, Congress would inspire the American people with a degree of confidence that the rank and file of taxed, surtaxed and overtaxed voters have not reposed in it at any time during the past decade.

Specialists in spending other people's money are not the only ones with designs on the overtaxed taxpayer's well-flattened pocketbook. There is a certain element, still large, but not nearly so large as it was a few months ago, which firmly believes that we ought to cancel Europe's war debts to us. Considering the efforts made by European publicists, governments, international bankers and nationals of the debtor nations to implant that very idea in the American mind, through press, platform, pulpit, radio and every other known avenue for the dissemination of propaganda, the creation of such a class was a foregone conclusion. Our financial relations with Europe during and since the war were exceedingly complex, and branched out into all the bewildering ramifications of a mystic maze. The literature of Europe's pleas and arguments for cancellation was so voluminous and ubiquitous as to be inescapable. The facts and circumstances indicating that these obligations can and ought to be met in full were in great measure hidden away in inaccessible reports and files of official correspondence until Mr. Garet Garrett searched them out, assembled and arranged them in orderly fashion, supplied illuminating comments derived from authoritative sources, and published the results of his work in these columns last November.

THE PROGRESSIVES

What They Stand For and Want

OWING to the difficulty of describing the program or the intentions of the self-styled Progressives in the Senate and the House of Representatives in a manner satisfactory to the Progressives themselves, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST recently offered to several gentlemen high in Progressive councils the opportunity of stating the platform of their group or party or their individual platforms, and of specifying in concrete terms the legislation that they favor as a group or individually, and that they feel would benefit the country.

Some of the Progressives to whom this offer was made were unable to avail themselves of it because of press of other duties, or because of an apparent lack of program at the present time, or because of other reasons.

One senator stated that he was unable to indicate the Progressive legislation that he favored, because the legislation would probably be based on the investigation into gasoline prices and oil-company earnings that was then being conducted. He further stated that he had been asked to say nothing about his views on Government ownership of rails, mines and public utilities by another senator, who was making a special study of these matters and wished to do the talking about them.

The government-ownership senator, when given the opportunity to state his views, stated that he knew what he had in mind but that he wasn't yet ready to tell what it was. When informed that it was common knowledge that the matters which he had in mind were government ownership of railroads, public utilities and mines, he replied firmly, "No, I haven't anything in mind."

One representative, listed as the chairman of one of the main investigating committees of the Progressive group, denied that he was a Progressive at all. He declared that he was a Democrat, and attended Progressive meetings as he might attend a lecture—merely for information, and not necessarily because he agreed with the views of the lecturer.

Senator Robert M. LaFollette, of Wisconsin, leader of the Progressive group, made the following statement:

"I want to say at the outset that the conference held in Washington on December first was not called for the purpose of forming either a Progressive Party or a Progressive bloc.

"A party, to be worthy of the name, must be a definite nation-wide political organization committed to certain fundamental principles of government.

"A bloc, on the contrary, is a purely artificial creation which seeks to bind all its members to some special program or some special interest. It acts by the caucus method, in which the will of the majority is supposed to control the votes and actions of each of the individual members. It is in the light of these definitions, which are familiar to all students of politics, that I reiterate that there is no Progressive Party or Progressive bloc.

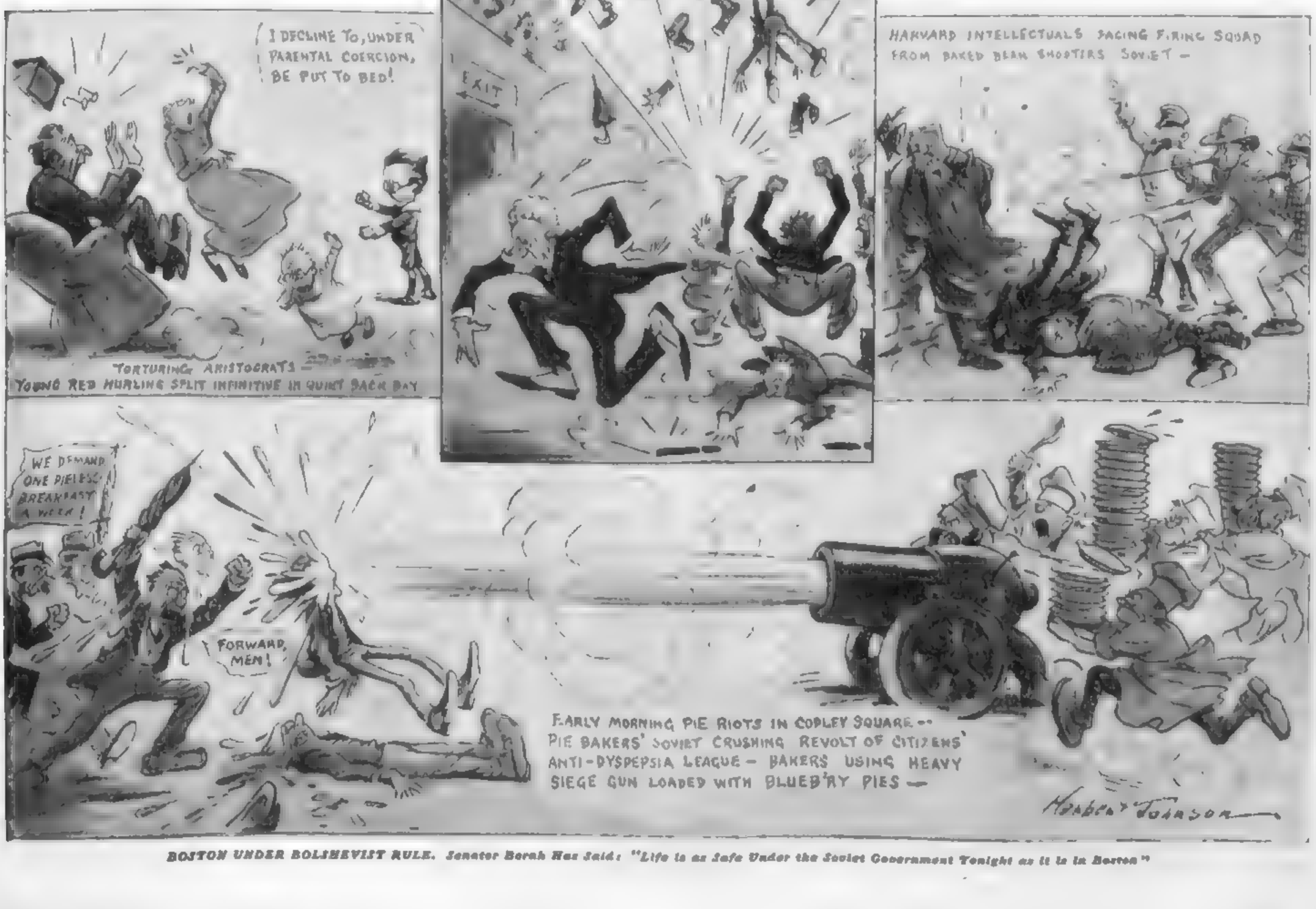
"There is, however, a Progressive group that has agreed to meet together, to move together and to appoint committees that shall study certain matters for the common good. It is clearly understood that this group shall not act as a caucus or attempt to govern the actions of its individual members.

"This has been the purpose from the beginning. It was clearly stated both in the call for the conference of December first and in the public statements which were made at that time.

"It became apparent, however, that certain individuals and newspapers were determined to misrepresent the purposes of the conference, and to create prejudices and misunderstandings in the minds of those senators and representatives who had been invited to participate. Under date of November twenty-fourth a second letter was accordingly sent to those who had been invited to the conference, which contained the following unequivocal statements:

"'I wish to make it plain that the purpose of this conference is not in any sense political. It is not proposed to form a congressional bloc to be representative of any particular interest or class. It is hoped that such a conference of the more progressive-minded senators and representatives of both parties will be

(Continued on Page 162


I DECLINE TO, UNDER PARENTAL COERCION, BE PUT TO BED!
TORTURING ARISTOCRATS —
YOUNG RED HURLING SPLIT INFINITIVE IN QUIET BACK BAY
MASS MEETING IN FANEUIL HALL BLOWING UP THE SACRED CODFISH —
EXIT
HARVARD INTELLECTUALS FACING FIRING SQUAD FROM BAKED BEAN SHOOTERS SOVIET —
WE DEMAND ONE PIE! ESC BREAKFAST A WEEK!
FORWARD, MEN!
EARLY MORNING PIE RIOTS IN COPLEY SQUARE — PIE BAKERS' SOVIET CRUSHING REVOLT OF CITIZENS' ANTI-DYSPEPSIA LEAGUE — BAKERS USING HEAVY SIEGE GUN LOADED WITH BLUEB'RY PIES —
HERBERT JOHNSON

BOSTON UNDER BOLSHEVIST RULE. Senator Borah Has Said: "Life is as Safe Under the Soviet Government Tonight as it is in Boston"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

America, the Goat

A Rimed Editorial

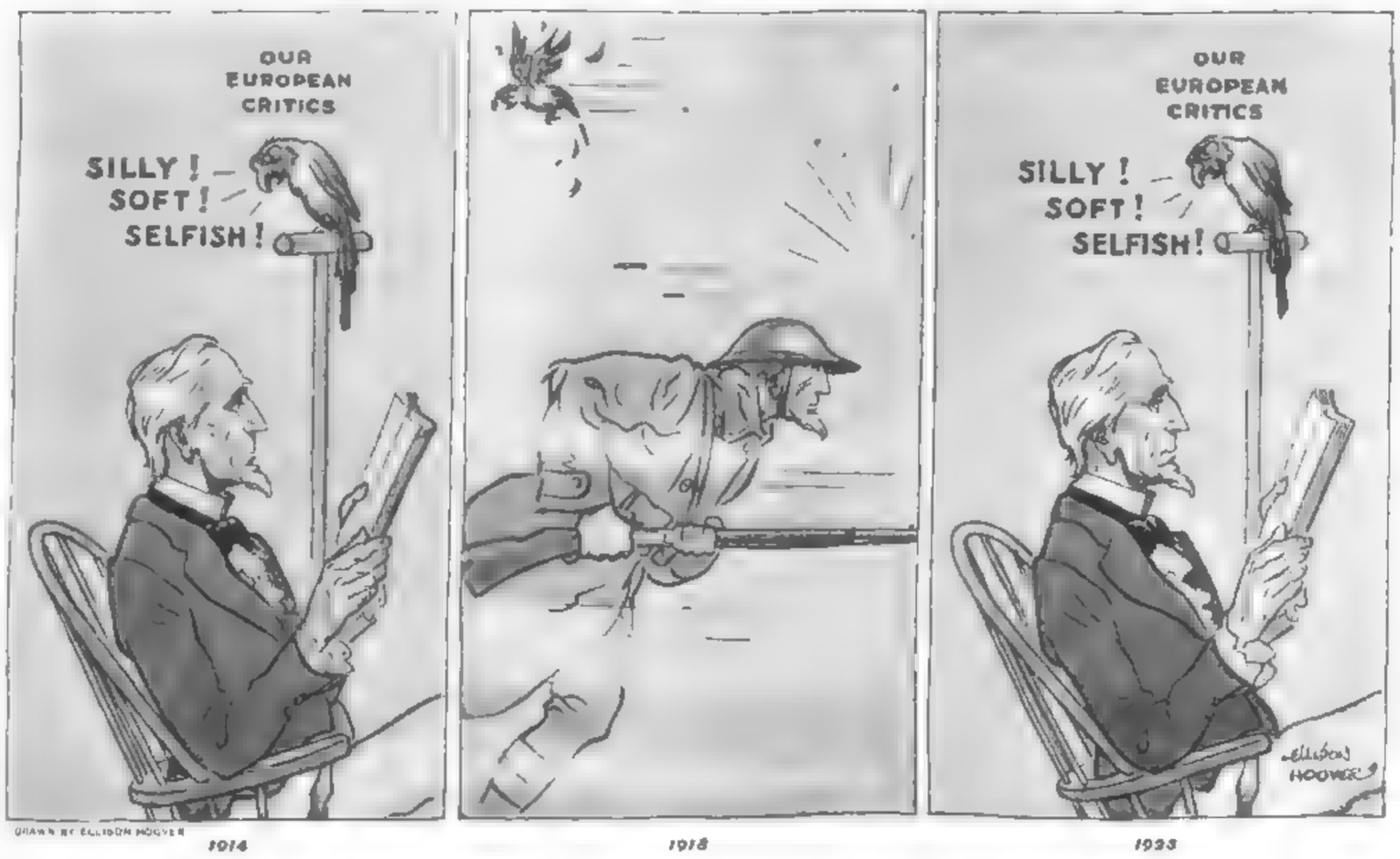
LET'S start a war," the statesman said,
"I'm tired of so much peace.
Oh, better far a million dead
Than that my job should cease.
And if we're licked and cannot pay
We'll borrow from the U. S. A."

"A little murder now and then,"
Remarked the Bolshevik,
"Is relished by the mildest men;
Let's have a Pogrom Week.
For those who may be left alive
America will start a drive."

"Sire," mourned the faithful chancellor,
"Our money's all been spent.
I don't know what you spent it for
But we're without a cent."
"That's easy fixed," his liege replied,
"I'll take a wealthy Yankee bride!"

And that's how things are going now
On Europe's turbid shores.
Kick up your heels! Let's start a row!
Shucks! What's a few more wars?
Waste all you've got! Spend every bit!
America will pay for it!

—*Baron Ireland.*



The Merchant of Venice

As Shakspere Might Have Written It Today

THE scene is in a courtroom. SHYLOCK *is seated at a table with his lawyer,* HENRICO D. FELDMAN, *of the firm of Brabantio, Rossi & Feldman.* PORTIA, *dressed in a neat cutaway suit, is powdering her nose. The court is filled with witnesses, jurors and spectators.*

COURT OFFICER: Hear yez! Hear yez! Blah blah blah blah . . . shall be heard!

[*All rise as the* JUDGE *enters and takes his seat. The* COURT OFFICER *brings him a glass of water covered with a blotter.*

JUDGE: The case of Shylock versus Antonio!

MR. FELDMAN: Your honor, the plaintiff asks for an adjournment, a writ of habeas corpus and a change of venue.

JUDGE *(picking up a newspaper and reading it):* Motion denied. Call your witness.

[SHYLOCK *takes the stand and raises his right hand.*

COURT OFFICER: Do you solemnly swear blah blah blah blah—s'help you God!

SHYLOCK: I do. [*Sits down.*

MR. FELDMAN: Mr. Shylock, what is your name?

PORTIA *(jumping to her feet):* Your honor, I object on the ground it's incompetent, irrelevant 'n' immaterial!

JUDGE *(looking up from his paper):* What's the question?

[*The* COURT STENOGRAPHER *reads the question.*

JUDGE: Objection sustained.

MR. FELDMAN: But, your honor, in the case of the Republic of Venice versus Twenty-seven cases of Chianti, it was held that *res ipsa loquitur* ——

JUDGE *(emphatically):* Objection sustained! Next question.

[*Resumes reading his paper.*

MR. FELDMAN: I except. Now, Mr. Shylock, I want you to tell your story in your own words.

SHYLOCK: Judge, your honor, this here now Antonio comes to me I should lend him three thousand ducats. Nu, I says to myself, that baitzemer last week spits at me in the Rialto Theayter, and now he comes ——

PORTIA: Your honor, I object 's incompetent, 'relevant, 'n' immaterial.

SHYLOCK: I ask you, Judge, your honor, why should I lend that there Ku Klux Klanner ——

PORTIA: I object!

JUDGE *(looking up from his paper):* What was the question?

PORTIA: Will your honor admonish the witness to answer the questions and not make speeches?

JUDGE *(to* SHYLOCK*):* Answer the questions.

MR. FELDMAN *(sarcastically):* If my learned adversary will have the kindness not to interrupt me I shall continue my examination. Go ahead, Mr. Shylock.

SHYLOCK: Then this here Antonio signs a contract in front of Marcus H. Lorenzo, Notary Public, that he'll pay me a pound of flesh

PORTIA: If your honor please, the quality of mercy is not strained, it falleth ——

MR. FELDMAN: I object! There has been no evidence so far as to the quality of mercy.

JUDGE: The objection is well taken. There is an implied warranty of quality.

PORTIA: I expect to call experts, your honor, to testify that the quality of mercy is not strained.

JUDGE: The court will now take a recess. Unfortunately I am obliged to attend the funeral of one of my colleagues tomorrow, so we will take a recess until 3:45 tomorrow afternoon. Court is adjourned!

CURTAIN —*Newman Levy.*

The Horrible Details

Alice in Normalcy

THEY walked through the twisted Greenwich Village streets, past the Kettle of Blood Tea Room, the Apache's Rest Tea Room, the Bandit's Lair Tea Room, the Mad Dog Cafeteria, and the Gallows Tree Quick Lunch Restaurant and Book Shop. They turned into a narrow, dingy-looking alley, and stopped before a house.

"It looks like a stable to me," said Alice.

"It was a stable," said her escort, the White Rabbit, as he violently shook the brass knuckles on the door; "but now it's the Pierian Mews Studios, and all our *literati* that amount to anything among the *cognoscenti* live here."

The Red Knight opened the door and escorted them up a shaky flight of stairs, into a dimly lighted room. On the shelf above the fireplace stood several queer-shaped candlesticks in which were burning tall bright-colored candles. There were several uncomfortable stiff-backed chairs in the room, but no one sat upon them. About half a dozen men and women were seated on the floor, and the air was filled with a blue haze from their cigarettes. A queer-looking woman in the corner, talking to a queerer-looking man, attracted Alice's attention.

As she grew accustomed to the smoke she recognized them as her old friend the Duchess, who had bobbed her hair, and her old friend the Mad Hatter, who had let his grow.

"What Amy Lowell needs," the Duchess said, "is more pep."

"Well, that sounds familiar anyway," thought Alice. "The Duchess was always strong for pepper."

"Now in my second act," said the Mad Hatter, "the scene is in the breakfast room of the State Insane Asylum. Simonstein has done a stunning set for it. A large purple eucalyptus tree fills the center of the stage, symbolizing the Spirit of the American Merchant Marine. Then ——"

"I can't see his stuff at all," said the Duchess crossly. "Not enough pep. Did you see that Czecho-Sloppick insect play, called Bug House?"

(Continued on Page 106)

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

Delicious, nourishing vegetable purées prepared without meat

For the daily menu *For Lent* *For Fridays*

To those who prefer purely vegetable soups prepared without meat Campbell's offer a most delightful variety—soups rich in nourishment, tempting in flavor, blended with the finished skill for which Campbell's chefs are so famous. Smooth, palatable purees made from vine-ripened juicy tomatoes, dainty tiny peas, snow-white celery, delicate tips of choice asparagus. Soups you never tire of—wholesome, appetizing, strength-giving. And if you are fond of cream soups, prepare Campbell's Tomato or Pea or Celery or Asparagus Soup with milk or cream instead of water. Follow the simple directions on the can. You will enjoy a dish extra-nourishing and filling—splendid for the children, too!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE ERRING WIFE, OR LOVE'S SUGGESTION

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

LIONEL HETHERINGTON, a tall, tense, nervous figure of a man, stood in the center of his fine living room, still holding in his long thin hand the note that had been delivered at his door a few moments previously by a messenger.

"Have gone with Spencer," it said simply. "Do not follow. It is useless;" and was signed simply, "Martha."

Turning it over he saw no more. For the moment he stood, incapable of speech.

"Martha!" he cried then. "Gone!"

His cultivated somewhat high-pitched voice rang sharply in the corners of the high armor-ornamented room—an uncompleted cry of one who sees at last, suddenly in his path, the inconceivable. His long, sensitive, refined face, with the faint flick of an artist's imperial upon its long narrow chin, hardened grimly. And with an abrupt and threatening gesture he crushed both note and envelope in his hand.

"With Spencer!" he cried in a menacing and strident voice.

And almost as he said it he heard the telephone in the hall, and the servant coming in to call him.

His first impulse to refuse to respond conquered, Lionel Hetherington strode abruptly to the instrument.

"This is Overholt—Travers Overholt," the voice from the receiver was informing him.

"Very well," said Lionel Hetherington coldly.

"I can't wait!" The voice choked, and went on as if in great haste, great embarrassment: "I cannot wait. I must warn you! Before it is too late!"

Mr. Hetherington did not reply.

"About Martha—about Mrs. Hetherington! And Spencer!" cried the hurried stammering voice upon the telephone. "Before it is too late! Before they are gone!"

"They are gone now!" came back the cold colorless voice of Lionel Hetherington after a somewhat protracted pause.

"May I come? May I come?" cried the voice of young Overholt, more hurried, more inarticulate than before. "I may be of assistance still. It may not be too late yet!"

"You may come if you wish—yes," replied the voice of Lionel Hetherington, held in an iron formality.

Waiting for the younger man to arrive he paced back and forth alone in his empty living room. It was a somber and dispiriting fall day. The place—his home—had changed entirely. A sense of melancholy and remorseful reminiscence pervaded it—the ancient and exotic armor, the heavy furniture, the great vases, the cut flowers, the dead regret already for a dear well-remembered woman who is gone—probably forever!

Lionel Hetherington, pacing back and forth beneath his collected weapons, choked back his weakness, steeling himself, remembering his wrong.

"Tell me," exclaimed Lionel Hetherington with rigid face when his visitor had arrived. "Now! In the beginning. Who is this Spencer?"

They Slipped and Stumbled Downward Through the Missing Darkness

The answer of the other man, the blond young giant in the heavy automobile coat, could not but excite his surprise.

"I am not," he replied, "at liberty—just now—to say."

The other gazed at him with a growing suspicion.

"But I can do better than that, Hetherington," he was going on quickly.

The husband merely gazed at him darkly.

"I can take you to him. Place you face to face. And if you say the word I will."

Lionel Hetherington scrutinized him rigidly, inflexibly. His study convinced him that the man's proposal, strange as it seemed, was really genuine.

"I say the word," he answered grimly. "Now!"

"Very well," said the younger man. "Hurry then. Before it is too late. Too late—for all!"

The inflexible face before him changed not at all. But a sudden glassy glitter stared now in its eyes. "If you will wait," said Lionel Hetherington very stiffly, "till I get my coat—and one or two other things I may need," he added with a menacing formality, "I will be with you in a moment. Just a moment," he said with calm politeness, "while I go back to my armory."

The younger man in the greatcoat watched him somewhat uneasily as he passed back through the armored hall to the chamber which contained his modern firearms.

"And now," he announced when he came forth again, dressed for his journey, "I am quite ready to meet this friend of yours—this Spencer."

He placed his hand in his right-hand overcoat pocket as he said these words, apparently, it seemed, grasping some object hidden there. And young Mr. Overholt noted with something more than interest the unusual glint in his eye, the faint, hard, expectant smile upon his lips as he did so.

But pledged as he was in every way, there was nothing to do, of course, but to go on now, following his very definite instructions. And of course it would be ridiculous to stop here, before even starting out on this effort for this man's welfare.

VI

THE passenger of young Travers Overholt sat morose, gazing down, speechless, in the heavy swiftly moving car. It was Schenectady before he began even muttering to himself.

It was Saratoga before he finally spoke. They were by the center of the town—the weird and wonderful arabesques of the great hotels—when, passing his hand across his face, he straightened up.

"Yes," he said in the manner of a man who has reached a decision.

Young Mr. Overholt gazed at him, saying nothing, according to his instructions—merely observing the progress of this so-called auto-suggestion.

"Yes," repeated its subject, and now looked directly at his driver. "I think, in the circumstances, you should know."

Young Mr. Overholt turned his face briefly toward him.

"That I should tell you exactly the history of my position—considering what you are about to see."

A sense of disquiet came to young Mr. Overholt at these words, which, however, he suppressed, saying nothing, according to his instructions.

"It was this way," the speaker was now going on. "You know my wife—well!"

"Oh, yes."

"A domestic—an almost too domestic woman. Not dressy—not enough so, perhaps. And apparently devoted—almost too devoted to me. Or I thought so until a week ago!"

"Yes," said young Mr. Overholt in his pause.

"Until a week ago! When I was awakened—suddenly secured this first clew—to her misconduct. When, coming into my living room at dusk, I smelled that perfume!"

Mr. Overholt did not disobey his injunctions to silence.

"A perfume. Yes. That was first!" said Mr. Hetherington, making an obvious effort at extreme accuracy. "The perfume was first. The strong odor of lilies!"

Mr. Overholt gave an interjection of interest.

"Now," said Mr. Hetherington, his voice rising, "it is perfectly well understood in my family that if there is anything I detest, I object to especially, it is a heavily soaped and scented woman. I cannot stand it!"

His hearer, though driving fast, nodded his decided acquiescence

"And that of all things I abominate it is the smell of lilies, the thick, murky, suffocating scent of lilies in a

(Continued on Page 32)

"CRAFTSMANSHIP A CREED, AND ACCURACY A LAW"

CADILLAC

The group of artist-craftsmen who have helped to develop the Cadillac to its present state of leadership count no labor nor pains too great to expend in their work.

With the aid of superb manufacturing equipment and tremendous resources, they stand perpetually on guard over Cadillac standards.

The gauges which they employ to check their operations are checked in turn, in some instances twice daily, by master-gauges which are accurate to the three millionths of an inch.

These artist-craftsmen prefer to know rather than to assume that Cadillac cars are built in strict accordance with Cadillac standards.

They pass no unit of the Cadillac until its fitness is tested and established and they can say with a mathematical certainty, "That which was to be proved, is proven."

To some their devotion to accuracy may seem almost unnecessarily painstaking.

But to the initiated who know that in the finished product a ten-thousandth of an inch may mean the difference between the masterly and the mediocre, it accounts as nothing else could for the harmonious, dependable performance of the Cadillac car—Standard of the World.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 34)

perfume. And she knew that—or she did before I passed entirely out of her memory!" said Mr. Hetherington, now speaking quite freely, in the shrill somewhat plaintive voice which often goes with a sarcastic turn of mind.

His driver urged on his roadster in his swaying silence.

"I said nothing," Lionel Hetherington went on. "I have not been well—not well at all—not in any condition to bring on a marital scene. But," said the speaker and paused—"but that was not all!"

His driver looked up momentarily.

"Not all," went on the speaker in answer to his glance. "No. The second thing came immediately. It was evening when I came into the room—dusk. Upon the lighting of the lamps I could see there was a change in her, something wrong with her hair. At dinner, in the fuller light, I saw at once what it was. It was a permanent wave, one of those so-called permanent hair waves."

His driver glanced up sharply again without speaking.

"Now if there is anything in the world," said Lionel Hetherington, his voice if anything higher than before, "that I loathe, that fills me with a creeping, crawling, loathsome nausea, that horrifies and disgusts any sane man of taste, it is one of those things, those so-called permanent waves. It is the low limit, the apogee of bad taste. And she knew my feeling on this perfectly well. Or should have!" said Mr. Hetherington, and paused.

But his companion merely waited for his next utterance.

"Nor was this all, as I saw now—watching her. No! There was another thing; I saw it at once—almost at once."

His companion shot another glance at him.

"Purple!" he cried. "A purple dress. She was wearing purple, regardless of my aversion, expressed a thousand times, to that color. Nevertheless she was wearing purple—a purple of the worst kind! And made up in the limpest, sloppiest, most languishing new flapper style—showing the arms only! You know what they are doing to the women now—those women's garments makers! Having run the gamut of display of the lower limbs, to a sad revolting satiety, they turn now to the exposure of the upper!"

He stopped. The strong car plunged forward in his silence through the gloomy afternoon.

"You can imagine Martha, my wife," he went on, "swathed like that—in purple! Swathed, frizzled, permanently waved, redolent with strong essence of lilies of the valley!" He paused again, again regaining self-control. "Naturally—on consideration—I said nothing," he resumed. "I was not equal to it anyway. I could not understand it. But I said nothing. I am not in the habit of correcting my wife's habits, especially before the servants. I said nothing, and went from there to my gallery, my private pistol range, in which I often spend my evenings. Then that night I came back—and I came across my first clew to this degraded business."

The car rocked forward through another silence.

"I've not been well," he then went on, "as perhaps you know, Overholt. In fact I am, to put it flatly, now probably fatally, hopelessly ill. Neurasthenia, and all that! Nerves absolutely gone—shot out from under me! Under cover of interest in my health, she, my wife," he continued bitterly, "has been, ostensibly, trying to cure me. More recently she has been experimenting with that last new idea—that last fool new idea of the women—that so-called cure by autosuggestion. That Frenchman, Coué, and all that! Are women sane? Are our women really sane today?" he inquired in a slight digression. "I doubt it. I sometimes doubt it. I have, ever since the war upset them—turned them loose!"

Young Mr. Overholt merely nodded before he went on.

"Is there anything they won't believe? Won't do? I doubt it. Especially the types with that ghastly modern disease—the female mania for notoriety." He cleared his throat. "There's been one one particular fool woman," he continued, "who has been leading her—my wife—into this last thing. One of the really wild ones—named Strong—Miss Isobel Strong. A most objectionable person. You probably know her."

"Oh, yes. I know her," responded young Mr. Overholt somewhat stiffly.

"One of the wildest of the new wild women," continued Mr. Hetherington, "of the new crop, just out of college, that think it indicates a startling and arresting mental power to leap upon each new prancing maniac's dream that comes jumping by, and ride upon it to the death—bareback, standing up! Well, this girl, this woman, induced my wife to try that thing. Naturally after a few evenings of such golly-wash I stopped—ceased to function. I told my views.

"But now, what I am leading you up to in all this," said the speaker, "the time when I got this clew—my first idea of my wife's misconduct! I said it was the first night. I was wrong. The first night I merely heard her mumbling; supposed naturally it was some new variant of that modern medicine-man's incantation for my soul—my unconscious, as they call it. But it was the second night, when I heard her again starting it, that I secured my clew."

"Yes?" said young Mr. Overholt.

A certain formal tenseness had come now in his voice, as he watched the other man proceed, heard him unfold his experiences and opinions.

"Naturally," he was now continuing, "after a full day's silence I was ready to protest. I was about to speak to her, tell her I was well fed up with that class of rot, when suddenly I got my clew. It was not the so-called formula of autosuggestion that she was repeating."

And Almost as He Said It He Heard the Telephone in the Hall, and the Servant Coming In to Call Him

"No?" said young Mr. Overholt, anxious to appear unconscious and at ease.

"No. Quite the contrary," said his companion, talking now very shrilly indeed. "It was a man's name. I heard it—made it out at last. It was the name of this man Spencer—of this surreptitious clandestine character, of whom for purposes of your own, unknown to me, you are unwilling to speak, but have graciously and very agreeably to me promised to introduce to me."

Young Overholt, making no reply, drove fast ahead.

"I could see at once," his passenger was going on, "the significance of this; just what was happening. She was repeating the name of this man over and over in her sleep!

"Nor was this all," he said, and stopped. "Nor was this all," he went on with an obvious effort. "For listening later, I could hear that now, stopping her unconscious mumbling in her sleep, she was awake—and sobbing. Sobbing for hours, with her head under her pillow, strangling racking sobs that shook her entire bed. I need not expatiate further. You can imagine to what depths a passion of that kind must have reached to have ——"

He stopped, choked, was silent. Young Overholt, silent, too, was in a way sorry for him. This thing—this autosuggestion—seemed almost too strong a dose even for an advanced case. But that, he reflected, was not, after all, his concern. He was merely an agent for another in this business. And now his passenger was going on.

"I knew now, of course, his name," he said. "And next I saw him—at a distance. Through my binoculars. Cheap is the word! A cheap young sporting type—always in knickerbockers; with a low, cheap, swaggering manner Cheap—sickeningly cheap!"

At this reiterated judgment Mr. Overholt made no reply, but his fast-going car leaped even faster forward.

"Now then," said the man he was driving, "what this individual's relations to you may be is a mystery. Your mystery. As is your whole part in this affair. But on my side I made no mysteries whatever. That is my story—my plain story. And I felt that you—that at least one person should know it—in the circumstances; in view of what you will very soon see happen to this Spencer—possibly to my wife, and probably to myself!"

To these words young Mr. Overholt made no immediate reply beyond a slight start which he now guessed might have been noticed by his passenger.

"I am assuming, you see," he now said with a changed tone in his voice, a certain grim, easy jocularity, "that you have no intention of drawing back from your offer—to bring us two face to face. I am relying upon your promise as a gentleman! But even if you were not a gentleman I should advise you not to break it!" he concluded with a sharp searching look.

"Oh, absolutely not!" responded young Overholt, speaking almost automatically, and still reflecting.

"For all this was a great mistake! On their part!"

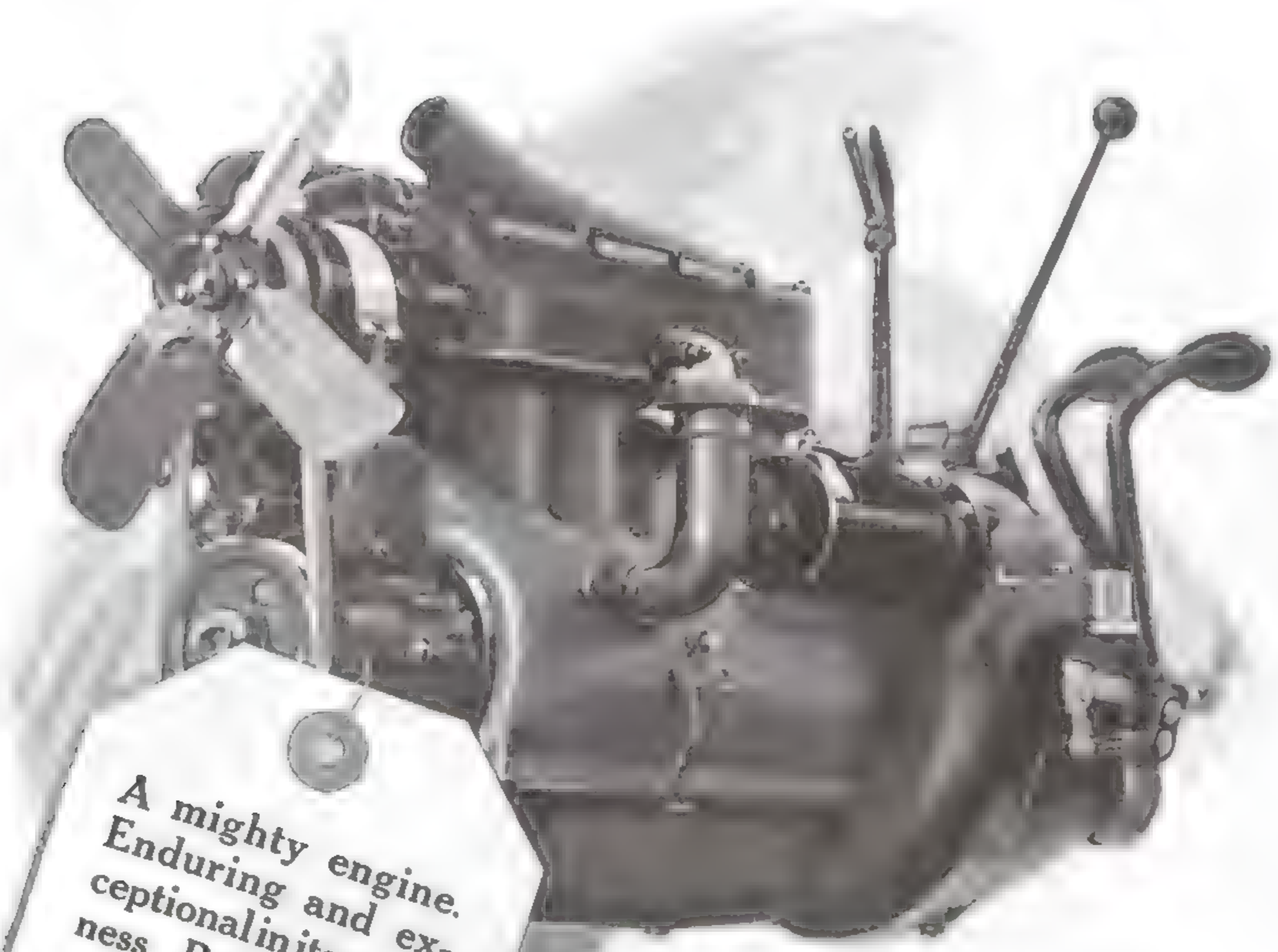
The conversation dropped by the speaker was not continued by his companion, who, again following his instructions, waited, in something more than curiosity, until the other chose to speak.

In silence and in gloom they drove rapidly in a dull, sodden, lowery day through an unrelieved countryside, now starting to lift before them the foothills of the northern mountains, over which, it seemed, from the lighter plains, that the dark blue menace of a heavy autumn storm was impending.

Glens Falls was reached and passed before the passenger continued his thought. "Their great mistake!" he reiterated.

"In what way?" asked young Mr. Overholt, now for the first time really breaking his pledge, furthering from outside the course of this so-called autosuggestion.

(Continued on Page 34)



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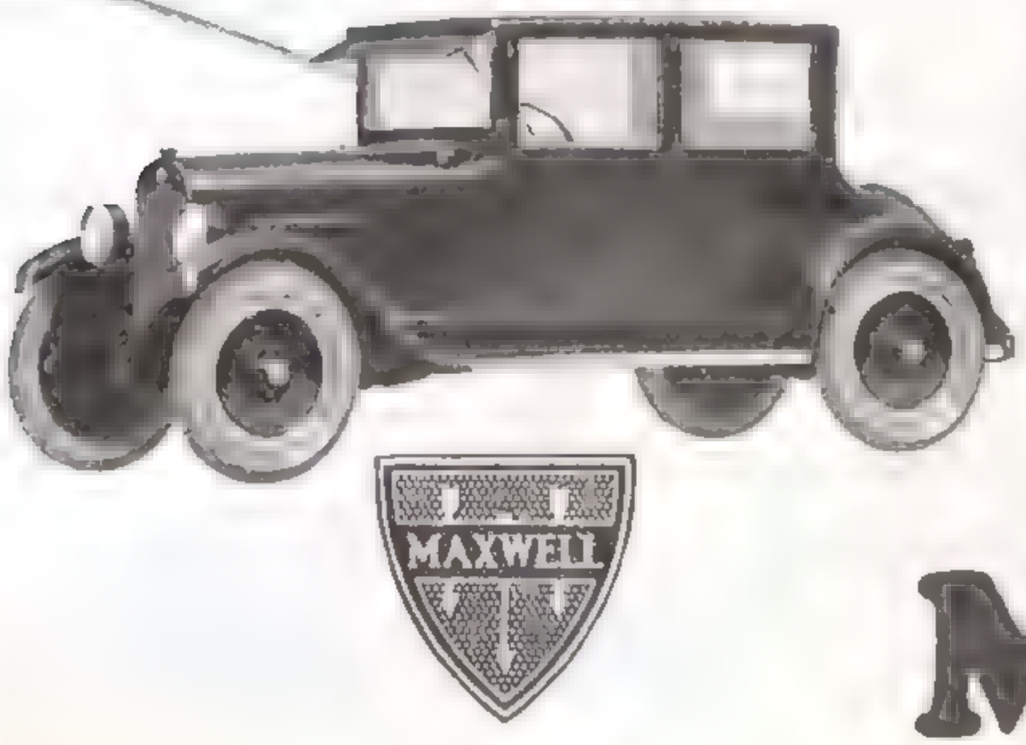

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The Good MAXWELL

(Continued from Page 32)

A hard small smile came upon the face of the man he questioned. His voice tightened as he replied a little indirectly.

"You are a man somewhat younger than I, Overholt," he said. "And I am about to show you something—something you will probably remember all your life."

They were passing down the long declivity before reaching the beautiful Lake George—now a cold forbidding dead blue sheet. In the distance they saw on the horizon the gloomy dark blue mountains against a dirty gray-blue sky. But neither noted them. They were considering other things.

"I am going to show you," reiterated the hard mocking voice of young Overholt's companion, "the unwisdom—the positive danger of adventures of this kind directed against a man in his last illness. Already practically dead!" Young Overholt sat speechless. "As I am! A man to whom human life means nothing now — practically nothing!"

They were already past the village. The strong-going car had boomed up the grade into the first gloomy portals of the mountains before young Overholt, overstepping his instructions still more, at last cleared his throat and spoke.

"I wouldn't—I wouldn't become too excited, Hetherington. Not yet!" he urged.

"What, pray, would it take to excite you—if you had a wife?" asked his companion with a bitter humor, a question that went for the time unanswered.

They passed on in silence through an increasing gloom, with only slightly slower speed upon the more crooked roads—young Mr. Overholt concentrating, devoting himself to his driving, drowning in action his growing indecision over the conflict between his apprehension and his instructions. The day was more and more threatening. Everywhere was the portent of impending storm. He drove on, hastening to avoid it, to arrive at his destination before it broke—obviously his first duty now. The man beside him apparently noticed nothing of all this, submerged seemingly in his own purposes, the wild current of his developing autosuggestion.

"I am undecided," he said, speaking at length aloud as they came opposite Schroon Lake.

Young Overholt again briefly studied him.

"Whether to kill both—or merely this Spencer."

As he said this, across the lake young Overholt perceived a first flash of lightning—the cold disquieting gleam of distant lightning across a stone-blue water.

"Don't. Don't get too excited, Hetherington," he urged. "I am not at liberty to say much—just now! But perhaps you will find it not so bad, after all!"

His efforts at softening the situation were not entirely successful.

"Not so bad!" exclaimed his passenger, with a hard suspicious glance.

"Entirely different, perhaps, from what you think!" ventured young Overholt, going on now as far as he felt that good faith justified.

"It will be entirely different," replied his companion dryly, "from what they think!"

And reaching down into the pocket of his greatcoat he placed his hand apparently upon the same object there which he was handling just before the beginning of their journey. As yet, however, he did not bring it out, but contented himself, it seemed, with fondling it.

"They made a great mistake," he repeated—"a great mistake in choosing for their insult a man already doomed to death and who, incidentally, is not unskilled in the use of firearms."

And now at last he drew forth from his greatcoat pocket the object young Mr. Overholt had been dreading from the first to see—a long blue-barreled automatic pistol, of the type used for target practice.

"Don't!" said young Overholt hastily. "Put that thing up!"

"Put it up, why?" asked the other, with a marked note of hostility now in his voice.

Overholt, for the moment thinking of no valuable answer that he could make, was again still—occupied by his driving and his forebodings. He saw, each moment more clearly, the delicacy of the position into which he had been and was still being drawn in this affair. To interfere, to stop the progress of this so-called cure, would, in case of failure in any degree, not only mark him as a man who did not keep his deliberately given promise but perhaps permanently estrange him from one whom least of all he desired to be estranged from—even temporarily. Yet, on the other hand, how far could this suggestion thing go on without great danger, not only to this man but to others?

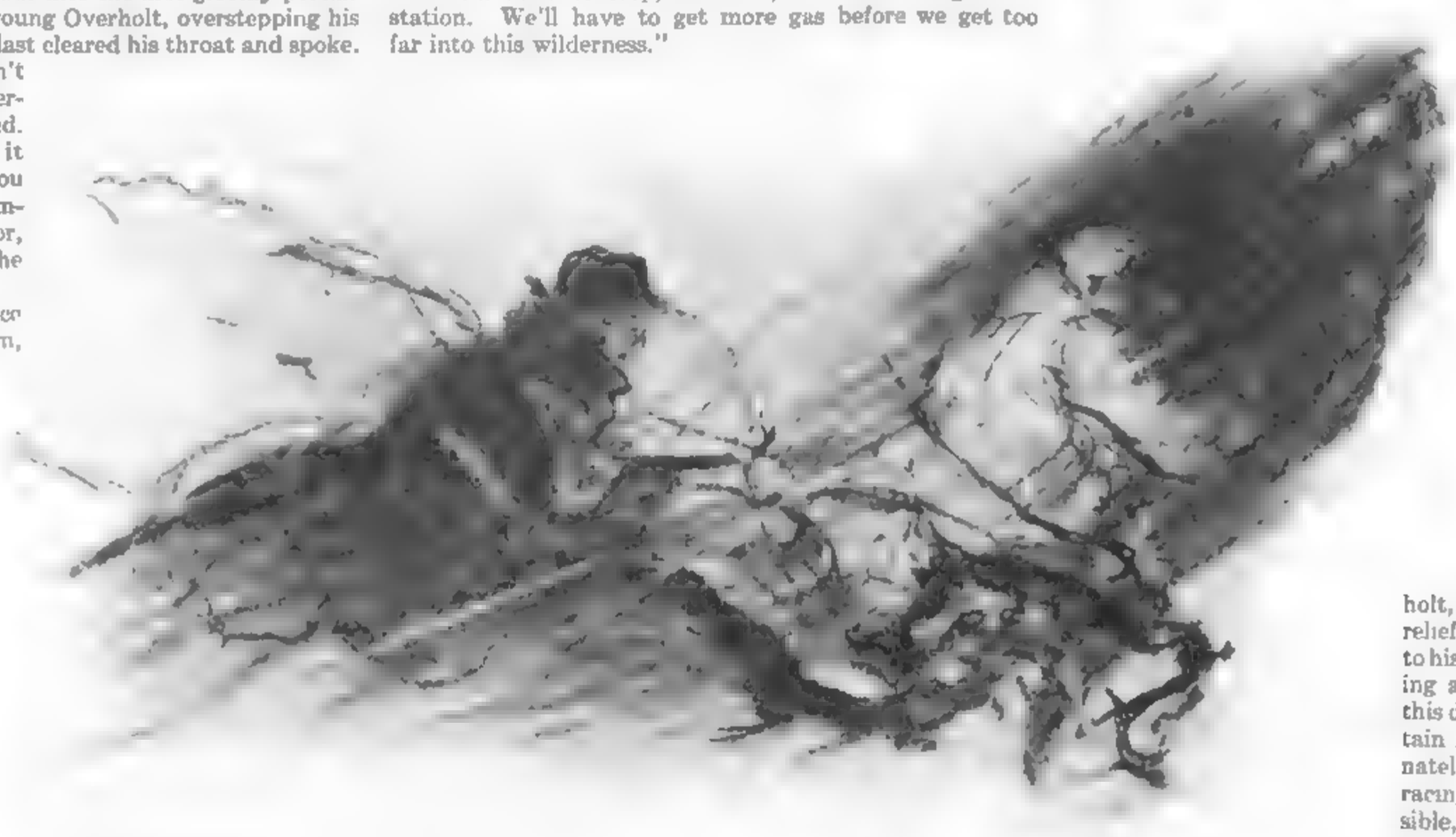
The gloom of his reflections was intensified, no doubt promoted by his surroundings. They were now in the heart of the gloomy gray-scarred mountains. The day still darkened; beside them the sheer slopes shouldered the low sky, the ever-lowering clouds.

"It looks bad," said young Mr. Overholt, gazing up in anxiety.

"It's the equinoctial storm," responded his companion with an indifferent upward glance.

And now his driver, glancing down at a dial on the cowl, gave an exclamation of disgust.

"We'll have to stop," he said, "at the next gasoline station. We'll have to get more gas before we get too far into this wilderness."



"Be Quiet! I Have Warned You!" Said the Deadly Voice From Behind Him

To this his companion, engrossed in his own thoughts, made no reply, but sat, apparently caressing his long weapon—a favorite weapon, young Overholt assumed, in his pistol range.

The man remained in the same indifferent and preoccupied lethargy while the tank was being filled at the wayside gasoline station. It was only when the proprietor had gone back inside for change that he aroused himself—his attention apparently caught by some object in a tree.

"Not unskilled," he said, his mind apparently going back to his earlier words, "with firearms!"

He raised himself. A great rigidity seized his spare frame as he extended his right arm with the long-barreled weapon. Following its direction with his eyes his companion perceived a woodpecker attached to the side of the oak, engaged in its nervous jerky search for food.

"As, for instance," said the pistol expert slowly, as one does while taking aim, and fired.

The woodpecker fell dead.

"Don't," exclaimed young Overholt involuntarily. "Don't work yourself up like this!"

The other eyed him steadily, coldly.

"For you'll find perhaps," said young Overholt hastily—"you'll find perhaps when you get there you may find perhaps—that there are, perhaps, at least extenuating circumstances."

He saw, himself, that hampered as he was by his instructions, his pledges in this thing, his choice of words had not been fortunate. But he did not realize until he saw the other's face how little his sincere effort had improved the situation.

"Extenuating circumstances!" repeated the other in a strange choking voice. It was a long time before he withdrew his glittering and hostile eyes.

But fortunately there were other matters to be thought of. The proprietor of the gasoline station now interrupted them, bringing out his change. A wind, the wan precursor of the coming storm, came driving the quick dust down the now vividly gray road. A first spat of rain fell.

"It's coming!" exclaimed young Mr. Overholt, snatching in his gears, his thoughts upon the steep and greasy road through those navy-blue mountains that disappeared into the gray-blue clouds.

"How far is it now to where we are going? To where we will find them?" asked his companion.

"About an hour and a half—to the hotel—where we will stop."

"Come on!"

The eagerness of that cry jarred in a way on young Overholt's nerves. Yet there was nothing to do now but to go, seek shelter. And dimly in the back of his mind there was growing, as such things do, a solution of his problem. They plunged on, turning west into an apparently exitless corner in the darkening mountains; a gigantic hopper in the deep blue hills, filled at its top with blue-gray clouds. Neither spoke until again the man with the pistol expressed his forbidding thoughts aloud.

"In two hours," he said briefly, "it will all be over!"

The remark, as sometimes is the case, served to crystallize the processes in young Mr. Overholt's now active brain. The obvious solution of his problem came to him like a flash. He need not either break his word or keep this unfortunate and misguided mind beside him much longer in suspense. Obviously the thing to do was to plunge forward at full speed to the shelter of the hotel, from there call up the telephone number which he had been given, explain the situation, be acquitted of his obligation, and relieve this man of the too great stress of suggestion which was now so clearly overstraining his mind.

Seeing this, young Mr. Overholt, almost with a sense of relief, focused his attention to his present task, the climbing and the safe descent of this dark and slippery mountain road. The rain, fortunately, still held off. He was racing to forestall it, if possible, before he reached the top of the grade, the slip down the four miles of the so-called Suicide Hill, into the next and last valley.

He had small time now to pay to this poor victim of this autosuggestion stunt beside him, or to his increasingly alarming and eccentric manifestations of its effects. His work was cut out for him in climbing and descending Suicide Hill—especially below the turning point, the place where the signboard announces to drivers: "Danger! Throw into first gear!"

Yet he could not but hear the continued conversation of the man beside him in the car, the progress of this autosuggestion, his speculations on the immediate future.

"You have seen," he said, still handling his long-barreled pistol, "what can be done with one of these things these new automatics in the hands of an expert. For instance, myself! Everything practically that a rifle can do. For instance," he continued, shouting a little above the roar of the car, "if I should decide to stay at a distance—pick them off through a window."

His companion, held by his need of haste, did not turn to observe him. It was now—although in point of time still afternoon—practically night. The lights shot out ahead through the blue darkness.

The man with the long-handled weapon in his lap still regarded it.

"Or," he speculated, "you could maim him; not kill him directly. It would not be bad practice!"

As he said these words, with a certain unpleasant relish in his voice, the car touched the top of the grade. They felt the sweep of the wind, rising sheer from the black edge of the world. And now with a great gust the storm began. The car itself was checked as it struck it. The headlights cut out long gray glistening cores into the rainy dark. Beyond them the great unseen void into which they were descending was solid with black rain.

"It's come!" exclaimed the driver.

"Yes. The equinoctial storm," said the man, the nervous invalid beside him, with a morbid indifference.

Putting away his pistol, he buttoned up his coat. And at this time they saw—a sudden whiteness in the dark—the sign by the roadside which young Mr. Overholt's eyes had been seeking: "Danger! Throw into first gear!"

(Continued on Page 148

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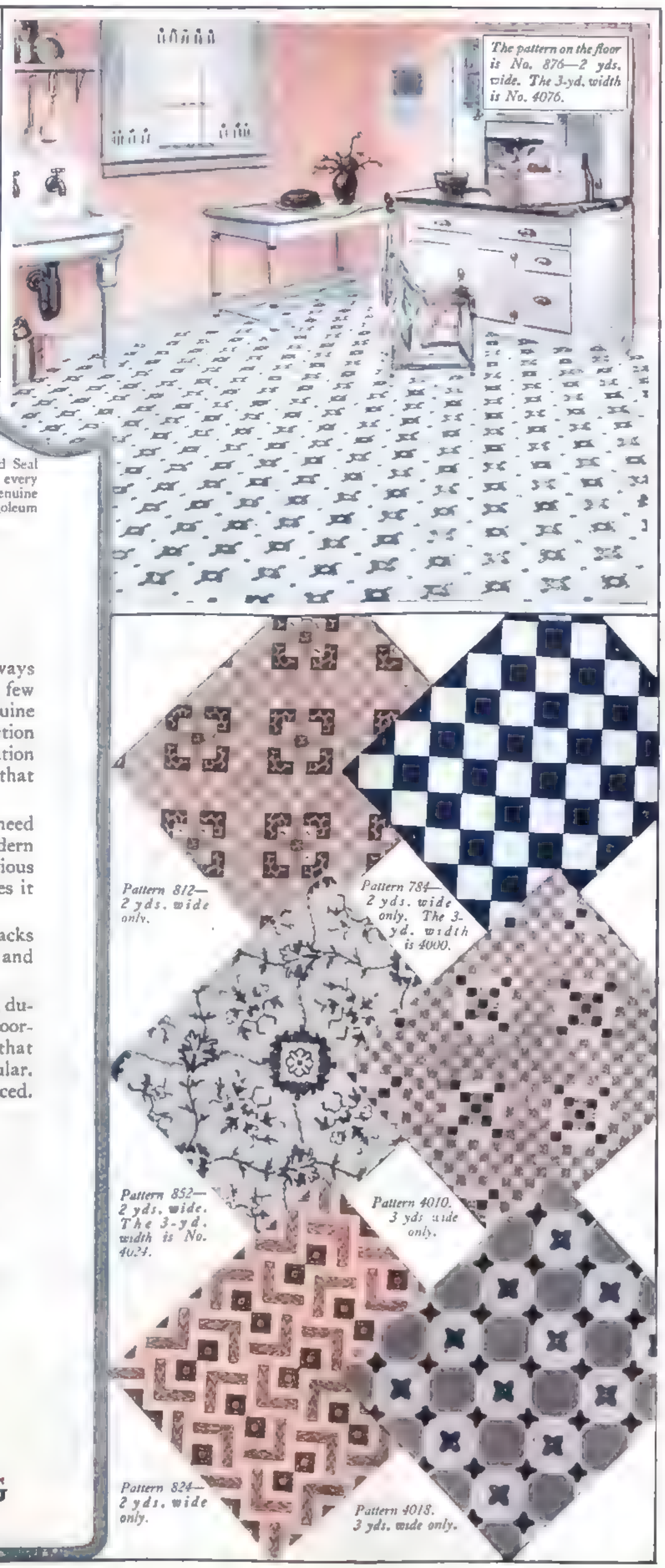
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MANAGING MOLLY

By Walter De Leon

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

THE heavy trouble that swooped down on Her Majesty Molly Wills and me, wrapped itself around our necks and rode us right out of two-a-day vaudeville, was not entirely unexpected by me. I didn't expect so much of it, and I'll rear up on my hind legs and bray to an unheeding universe that I did not expect the finish that resulted. Furthermore, if it was entirely my fault, as Her Majesty intimated, I'm willing to stand on the corner of Forty-second and Broadway on any given day and press into the palms of passers-by lavender cards, edged with black, engraved with suitable apologies.

When Sam Kovich, the booking agent in New York, introduced me to Her Majesty and told me her ambitions for a stage career were based on nothing more encouraging than society amateur experience I teamed up with her, inspired by no higher impulse than to break a long lay-off which threatened to become chronic, and to put a few pennies in my pocket before the office got onto us and gave us the air. Instead of which Molly Wills had proved an instinctive performer who absorbed direction and tricks like a sponge. We'd put over a nice hit at our initial showing

Seeing the possibilities—business, of course—in our sticking together, I'd grabbed an offered Orpheum Circuit tour, hoping that at the end of the six months it would take us to play it out, with the experience and constant coaching I could give my partner, we'd be ripe to hop into the Palace, New York, and show them a classy, refined, neat comedy turn that would land us in the regular-money class.

Looking back over the tour as I made up for our opening matinée at the Majestic Theater, Chicago, our last date on the circuit, I was satisfied except for one thing: Commencing at Minneapolis, out across Canada, down the coast and back through the Denvers, Omahas and Death Moines we'd just finished playing, it had been too easy for Molly. Nobody becomes a champ fighting nothing but set-ups. The Orpheum audiences were made to order for a performer of Molly's type.

Huddled in a Chair Before the Make-Up Shelf, Her Head Buried in the Folds of a Lacy Evening Gown, Molly Was Sobbing Heartbrokenly

Firstly, she had youth; she was about eighteen as far as I knew. Secondly, from her tiny feet, with their slender ankles, four feet eleven inches higher to the top of her aristocratically poised head, she was beautiful from any angle; trim, rounded the right way in the right places. The red of her goldish hair wasn't anything like the shade of red in her perfectly curved lips, but nobody ever complained at the box office on that account. She'd learned to put on a make-up which from the front looked exactly like her natural, delicate, creamy-tinted skin. She had a bubbling, effervescing gracefulness which enabled her to take the toughest dance step and with a little practice make it look simple—along with her partner.

In spite of her hair and the fire in her big dark eyes there was nothing conspicuously short about Her Majesty's temper. I figured her chin tipped off her real disposition. Firm, velvety, unobtrusively determined, it advertised pleasingly the fact that when brains were being given out little Molly Wills wasn't asleep outside on the doorstep.

I have plenty of newspaper notices to prove that I'm not exactly a young hairy ape, but because of Her Majesty's society breeding and general demeanor I'd never figured myself as even approaching her class. She had discovered how she stood with me, though, when she stumbled across a lyric I'd written to a tune she played for me, a lyric plentifully bestrewed with words that rimed with Molly and love. She'd called it adorable and had acted quite sentimental for a few minutes. But knowing Molly was impulsive and tender-hearted, the next day I tied up a lot of impetuous thoughts in a wet blanket, tossed them out the window and, playing safe, kept our conversations thereafter on general topics.

It hadn't been hard. Molly always stopped at the best hotel in every town, while I stopped at the best I could find for the price I wanted to pay. What with lunches after the show with other folks on the bill, or maybe a card game, about the only times I was alone with Molly were during the morning rehearsals I called two or three days a week.

I was thinking more of the Palace, New York, date which Sam had wired he'd got us than the matinée that day when the buzzer in my room warned me that the act we followed was on.

"Good luck," Molly smiled when I reached the stage.

"We'll have it," I grinned. "And two weeks from today we'll be frolicking at the Palace, up among the lofty ones, only a week or two over six months from the time you put on your first professional make-up. Some class to you, Your Majesty."

"Some class to you," Molly returned quickly. "I'll never forget or stop being grateful for the way you've worked, teaching me the vaudeville game. You've been wonderful."

"That goes double," I laughed. "Don't be giving me too much credit. Good boy-and-girl acts like ours are teamed by Providence. The double acts that get to the top and stay there season after season prove that. They're almost all married couples."

"You mean that only—only married double acts get very far?"

"Oh, no! But if they don't marry, the only teams that make much of a place for themselves are the teams that keep their personal relations on a strictly business basis. Like those two out there," I said, pointing to Carrie Carter and Billy Manton, pulling laughs with a rube sketch. "They're positive poison to each other. Carrie hasn't spoken to Manton except on business for three years. But they know there are more shekels to be banked by sticking than by splitting, so they keep working together."

"Strictly business," Molly murmured, her eyes dark with some thought.

"It's the answer in vaudeville," I grinned

Molly looked at me as though I'd said something I hadn't, then crossed the stage to wait for our act to go on. On fifth, following a good act which was a great contrast to ours, everything broke easy for us. The dent we put into the entertainment was large and enthusiastic. "Bring on your old Palace!" Molly crowed, dancing toward the stairs leading down to the dressing rooms.

"You sure panicked them," the door man smiled, giving Molly her room key. "Letter for you, Mr. Stedman. Feels like contracts."

It was—our Palace contracts. I took one look at the salary figure and broke out into loud cries of anguish.

"Look!" I showed Molly. "Sam's let them cut our salary almost in half."

"In half?" Molly echoed. "Why?"

"Most acts—all new acts—have to stand a salary cut at the Palace; at most of the New York houses in fact. There's a lot of honor and prestige to be got out of a Palace date, and nobody knows it any better than the office. But I'll live till my whiskers curl around my knees before I'll let them take out a gouge like this."

"What can you do?"

"Wire Sam Kovich to get us more money or take us off the bill"

"Take us off—the Palace bill?" Molly's voice rose in dismay.

"I'll make Sam believe it anyway."

It was a satisfaction to show Molly the wire I received from Sam the next day saying he'd got fifty dollars put back on our salary and was going to the hospital to recuperate.

"Now we're all right, aren't we?" Molly asked.

I shook my head.

"Sam has been very careful not to tell us what spot on the bill he booked us for. That listens as though they were planning to Number-Two us."

"We couldn't expect much better, could we, Chick?"

"We couldn't get much worse. We're no cabaret act, used to making good above the clatter of dishes and silverware. Do you think you could enthrall a steady stream of late-comers, slamming down seats on all our comedy points?"

"No-o. But acts do make good on second."

"Not our kind. It would be suicide to try it."

Wednesday Sam wired we were programmed third. I smelled fish. We were an act in one, meaning that instead of using the full stage we worked on the apron, the five to seven feet of stage between the footlights and a drop curtain hung in the first entrance, or one. The approved method of laying out a vaudeville bill is to open with a full-stage act, acrobats or a dumb act. Following that, an act in one to permit the stage hands time to strike the stage setting used by the first act and set up the scenery for the third, almost invariably full-stage act. In other words, beginning with a full-stage act, the bill alternates between acts in one and acts requiring more stage room.

So, "Wire me Palace program as laid out," I telegraphed Sam.

Came his answer the next day, Thursday: "Overture, Thompson's Tumblers, Wills and Stedman."

"Wrong," I shot back, sore that Sam should try to put over the old trick of calling the overture by the orchestra the first number on the bill: "Overture, Thompson's Tumblers, one to fill."

"Are you with me?" I asked Molly, telling her what I'd done.

"You're running the act," she said, giving me a look the meaning of which I was supposed to guess.

Knowing how hard she was hoping Sam would be able to have the spot shifted made it all the harder for me to show her Sam's answer.

"Bill all set" it read. "No change possible. You can get over on second. Don't be foolish."

"What are you going to do?" asked Molly, drooping with disappointment.

"Take Sam's advice about not being foolish—and cancel the Palace."

It meant more than losing just that week, as Molly knew. Sam had booked no further time for us, figuring that after the managers and bookers had seen us at the Palace—our big reason for going in there—it would be easier for him to get us regular spots in regular houses at regular money. Canceling meant that we had no place to go when we washed up at the Majestic Sunday night.

And still I knew I was right. We stood hardly a chance to show the worth of our act and its quiet material so early on a bill, even if Molly had acquired the art of bucking and winning over an uninterested audience, which she hadn't. Because the Orpheum audiences had been so soft for us, Molly had never had really to work on an audience. She hadn't learned how to crowd on more steam and plaster her personality on the customers, coaxing them into liking it. She could offer her goods as well as anybody I knew, but she didn't know how to make the audience take it.

I was trying tactfully to suggest something of the sort to Molly when Jerry Stimmonds, the Beau Brummell of the Chicago small-time agents, approached us.

"Introduce me to your new partner, Chick," he smiled. Shaking hands with Molly, he said, "I've seen the act four times, Miss Wills. Listen, folks, any time you need any fill-in time, three days to break a jump around this part of the country, drop me a wire, will you?"

"You like the act?" Molly asked.

"I could keep it working for twenty years," Jerry smiled.

Molly, I saw, was on the point of saying something. Before I could warn her not to crack anything about our having no work in sight, the door man interrupted:

"Miss Wills, a young fellow to see you. Mr. Lee Forsythe."

"Lee Forsythe!"

Molly's little whitened hand trembled slightly as she took the bit of pasteboard the door man offered.

"What will I tell him, Miss Wills?"

"Ask him—ask him to wait," Molly decided after a second.

"Is it someone you'd like me to give the bum's rush to?" I grinned.

"No-o, thanks. Will you excuse me, please, Mr. Stimmonds?" Molly tripped toward her dressing room.

"A magnet for the Johns, of course," Jerry said, looking after her. "Is she hard to handle, Chick?"

"I'll be better able to tell you after we run up against a little tough luck," I told him. "So far we've had nothing but gravy."

"She's clever, but she'll never be a real trouper till she's been through the mill," said Jerry, confirming everything I'd been thinking.

"Which isn't going to induce me to sign up for any of the junk you book around here," I kidded.

"At that, I could get you pretty good money," Jerry smiled, walking away to chat with Carrie Carter.

The Pilgrims Crossed the Heaving Atlantic; the Continental Army Wintered at Valley Forge; and Wills and Stedman Played the Dumps of the Middle West

"Mr. Forsythe, an old friend of mine from the South," Molly introduced when, hanging up my dressing-room key in the box, I turned to find her chinning with a big good-looking chap about my age; not over twenty-five, anyway. The easy way he wore his expensive clothes, the bold look in his gray eyes, the strength of his grip and his general air of assurance indicated that here was one well-born wealthy gent who usually got what he wanted, peaceably by preference but forcibly if pushed to it.

"Like to know you-all better, Stedman," he drawled in lazy tones. "Like to talk to you sometime."

"Sometime suits me," I said. "Good night."

Even though Molly's old friend proved to be a steady friend, bringing her to the theater and calling for her after every performance, I didn't tumble to the extent of his devotion until Monday morning. I was sitting in the Pullman after checking our baggage—Molly had told me Forsythe would taxi her to the station—when Her Majesty entered the car. Right behind her was Forsythe. Right behind him was a porter carrying Molly's scarred hand bags in one hand and in the other a big, newish suitcase initialed L. L. F. Depositing Molly's luggage in the berth opposite mine, the porter led Forsythe into the forward sleeper.

"Mr. Forsythe is going on to New York," Molly smiled. "Isn't that nice?"

"Delicious," I grinned.

"He's awfully keen to know you better—and talk to you," Molly fluffed.

"He should take something to help his bashfulness."

Molly just looked at me, then began settling herself in her seat. A moment later Forsythe gracefully made his way down the swaying aisle. Dumping a pile of magazines and books alongside Molly, he took the seat facing her and started a lazy chatter. Nobody made a move to detain me when I got up to go into the smoking compartment. Staking out the corner seat, I held it all day against all comers, none of whom was Mr. Lee LePage Forsythe.

I didn't see Molly to talk to her until she came out in the vestibule where I was standing as the train pulled into the Grand Central the next morning.

"Nice trip?" I asked.

"Delicious," stated Her Majesty.

I grinned.

"Where can I reach you in case of a quick call to substitute somewhere?"

"I'll be at the Somerhall."

"Thanks."

"And you, Chick?"

"I'm going to spend a few days with my brother and his wife over on Long Island. The phone is Forest Hills 099."

"Oh! You—er, you won't be in New York much, then?"

I shook my head.

"I'll come over mornings to prod Sam into booking us somewhere quick, of course. That's all."

"Strictly business," murmured Molly.

Somehow the tone of her voice, the pucker in her forehead, the way she looked up at me, sideways, produced within me a vague impression that all was not as it should be.

"I'll give you a ring as soon as I learn anything," I hurried to remark. "Enjoy yourself this week, Your Majesty."

Early Wednesday morning Sam phoned he'd booked us into the Colossus for the following week. It was the last house in New York I'd have chosen to show our act in, but after telling Sam what I thought

(Continued on Page 73)

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Peerless

Trailing the League of Nations

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

SINCE 1918 I had been hearing both sides of the question. Women in their homes and in their clubs had talked of it before me. Men connected with the Government had expressed opinions, which I had read or to which I had listened with interest, while private citizens, whether Democrats or Republicans, rich or poor, gave their ideas enthusiastically about the League of Nations.

Some people were anxious that American troops and American riches should be offered without stint and without question to Europe; others felt we should give the Eastern Hemisphere nothing more, as we were pampering and pauperizing the lands across the sea. One group was clamoring for the closest treaties, another group was fighting entanglements, each side in the controversy maintaining that its way of seeing was the only way. Generally I found, by asking a simple question, that the person noisily recommending one course or the other had not read the constitution or covenant of the league, but had taken all his information at secondhand from newspapers or pamphlets or from talks by lady and gentleman lecturers of doubtful efficiency. Two things struck me as especially amusing: First, that not having studied for themselves these questions, most of the public believed their informants used original documents and deep thought; and second, that practically everyone was spending considerably more time reading and listening to this vast propaganda than it would have needed for each person to read the articles of the league covenant and the articles of the peace treaty. All over the country the pros and antis discussed our adherence or our nonadherence to the league. A certain number of men and women stood hesitating over making a choice. Then the elections of 1920 came, and proved the majority here was against joining the League of Nations. I stood on the side lines, through my alien citizenship, and still felt I lacked any full understanding of the case. I had read the articles of the covenant; I had always a deep sympathy for Europe's troubles, yet I didn't want to see the United States tied to the Old World by any definite obligations.

If I had been forced to vote I would have voted with the majority, although I wanted more than did most people here to see cooperation and good feeling between the nations of the Christian world.

Recently I was talking to a prominent senator from the Middle West. He seemed to think that my state of mind had been that of the average American on the subject of the league, that the noisy, definite proleaguers and antileaguers had been only minorities; but because of them we had had the case presented to us only from extreme points of view, while Europe's comprehension of league obligations was quite different from ours. He had been lately abroad and had studied the question. I also had spent three months recently, traveling about Europe, not studying from a theoretical point of view, but merely looking and listening to the people over there, and I had encountered the League of Nations at many a turn.

Conflicting Impressions

IT WORE different garbs, was doing different jobs and did them with varying measures of success; but I had found it very interesting to compare what I saw and heard of it abroad, with the league's reputation in America.

I went to Europe with the desire, the rather desperate hope that I should find, after the struggles and sufferings of the past eight years, the League of Nations binding up wounds, gathering up débris and generally helping to bring about a reign of peaceful prosperity. I sat one morning in the league's assembly and heard a presiding official say it was doing just that. He rambled on with rather heavily decorated eloquence for forty minutes, during which my escort and I wondered if the gentleman addressing us had read the morning paper, where we had seen accounts of Bolshevik threats in the east and Franco-German and Anglo-French difficulties in the west, while the dispatches from the south were full of Asia-Minor-Turko-Greek battles, destruction and disasters.

But that was merely one impression, and I had had a great variety of them. I was told, for instance, by several Frenchmen of weight, that France would have greatly preferred treaties with England and America, guaranteeing her frontier's safety, to the more general provisions of the league. I was told by a representative group of Italians that Italy didn't like much acting with the league in the Austrian loan business. They would have preferred acting directly. They added that they would not have been able to handle the whole of the loan by themselves, and in answer to my further question they admitted they would have feared and disliked seeing England, France or Czecho-Slovakia act separately or in partnership against Italy in this matter. So, after all, the league seemed a good compromise to rub along with in the case of the Austrian loan.

I first met the league, or some people who belonged to it, in Paris, in the shape of a few members of the Reparations Commission, and finding them quite human and ready to answer my questions I begged them to tell me a lot about themselves. I gathered they were a little excited, for at that time they were still unsuccessful in settling the reparations trouble. Their explanations proved that Lloyd George had set the original figures too high, France was unreasonable, Germany was cynical and untruthful; anyhow, for various reasons they had got nowhere in two years or more of work, and as it was at one of their moments of crisis that I met them, it was natural they should appear somewhat agitated. People on the outside in Paris looked at the Reparations Commission with tolerant amusement or with impatient criticism: "They are the worst of the league; never get anywhere"; "They are very busy and work hard to earn their bread, poor things; it isn't their fault that Europe won't do what they propose" were phrases constantly used in connection with them.

Things Already Accomplished

ONE man connected with the reparations group was an American. A delightful person, who had been in Paris through and since the war, he had watched with sympathetic eyes the troubles of Europe develop. He asked me if I had any theory as to why American people felt as they did against the league. "You are like I am," he continued. "We have been enough on each side of the ocean to see this question without bitterness or prejudice, and I am free to confess I don't know what has happened to our compatriots; nor why they show themselves so overwhelmingly against the league idea. After all, it came from America."

I explained the growing opposition I had noticed in the United States, and said I thought the proleague propagandists had been too violent in giving their estimates and making their claims of the good a league would do, and in calling for complete surrender of national interests and independence to a rather hazardous chance at international Utopia. I held up the failures of the Reparations Commission as an example. I asserted my own sympathy with the Americans' feeling about steering clear of grave obligations when one could not foresee what the other parties to the contract might do. Almost all the European countries were too hysterical to be depended on for sane action or detached discussion whenever their own affairs were at stake. I added that I thought the great mass who had voted against joining the league were for cooperating with Europe and helping the world in generous measure.

Then my new friend said that the European countries do not expect other than moral defensive measures to be taken in case of aggression. France needed physical protection and she had asked it, and had hoped to get it, through her separate and more definite treaties with England and the United States. But Europe knows itself, and does not regard the millennium as having arrived. It only hoped for a step in the right direction, and with all its admitted weakness the league seemed to offer that. There was no talk abroad of reservations, but everyone knew and knows that revision and changes must come frequently as time passes and any arrangement is put to the test.

"You will be told this reparation group is wasting time. Maybe it hasn't done all it could, but I know after watching it for several years, that it has at least prevented open rupture on a number of occasions. That is something, and the real league organizations have done much more. Go to the Saar and to Upper Silesia and into parts of old Austria which are now independent nations. Go to the league's assembly in Geneva. Then after looking at all those things, come back to Paris; and we will have another talk."

So I went. I was armed with letters to a variety of people, both proleaguers and antileaguers, in different cities where I was to stop. This following the league trail over the Old World's highways was one of the most entertaining occupations of my long foreign journey. The variety of experience and the exhibitions of anger, sadness or mirth were most instructive; and I came back with two absolute convictions: That America and Europe, in spite of their close association in recent years, still needed a lot of explaining to each other; and that if they ever could get together without illusions or prejudices they could mutually be tremendously useful. On a basis of common sense, with fair gains and fair concessions all around, more could be done by each country for the others, and more obtained by each nation from the others, than in any other way; but in spite of this obvious truth, it is going to be a job almost impossible to men, to bring these peoples of our world to a calmer state of mind and make them receptive to this fact.

I started my trip with a pilgrimage over the devastated regions of France. There the hardest-hearted are won by the sorrows of a people who watched courageously the frightful destruction of their towns and villages, and then came back to live in a hideous desert and make it bloom. There is an unconquerable lump in one's throat continuously during the journey, and the one comforting thought is that of the friendly coöperation among allied nations, who in various ways are helping France to her feet again.

I stopped at Strasburg for a rest and to do some writing after the experiences of our French motor trip; I had just come through the mining regions of the Saar district, with its curious government, formed of five commissioners, three of whom are neutrals, one of whom is French, and one of whom is a Saarite. I had had a letter to Count von Moltke, who is Minister of Instruction and Cults in the Saar. Danish by birth, he was admittedly the man to fit this difficult position, the most difficult one perhaps in all that complicated machinery which was set up by the Versailles Treaty or the league to handle one of the earth's sorest spots. Unfortunately, Von Moltke was away from Saarbrücken at the time I was there, but I had the opportunity to question a number of other people, and to observe what was happening in the rich small land, which is to live a life apart for fifteen years and then to indicate by a plebiscite whether it wishes to belong to Germany or to France. It is a land with a curious and interesting history, originally a part, I think, of the old Flemish dukedom, conquered by Louis XIV. Saarlouis had been fortified by the kings of France, and it stood on the French frontier for years, protecting the French against encroachment by the Central European empires.

A Page of Saar History

THE peoples of the Saar, much broken up before Louis the Great conquered them, seemed to thrive under French administration, and Napoleon with his genius for realizing the value of good administrative and economic development had done much after the French Revolution to open up the mines and to develop the industrial powers of this little land. The French claim that the sympathies of the country, which was given to the Germans by the Peace of 1815, have remained French, although floods of Pomeranian emigrants since 1871 especially have made some of the cities seem predominantly German. I had no opportunity to discuss this matter with any of the inhabitants of the rural districts, but certainly the urban population in Saarbrücken itself, from the policeman at the entrance of the city to the chambermaids and waiters in the hotel, spoke German in preference to French, were of the German type and seemed entirely and disagreeably German in their manners. The peasantry one noticed on the streets seemed to be of a type apart, neither German nor French, for in general they were of more elegant build than Germans, but considerably larger than are Frenchmen usually. They had sharp delicate features, although they were blond and blue-eyed as a rule. Whether it was a mixture of blood between the two races or whether the type belongs to neither France nor Germany but is Flemish, no one could tell me. We were interested in noting, too, that these people lived in much more slovenly manner than do the German peasants, with a disorderly mass of farm implements and manure heaps before their homes, and with their animals and children lying about or playing in the spaces between houses or out on the narrow streets.

The villages had a type all their own, like the inhabitants, with neither the quiet elegance of small French settlements, where lace curtains and flowers look so gay, nor with the solid comfort and thrifty look of German towns.

In official reports as well as in articles of more informal nature the French claim the change of administration of Saar mines from German hands to theirs has made the mines more productive. They claim, too, the value of coal in quality has been greatly augmented, and that the engineers they sent in as early as a few months after the

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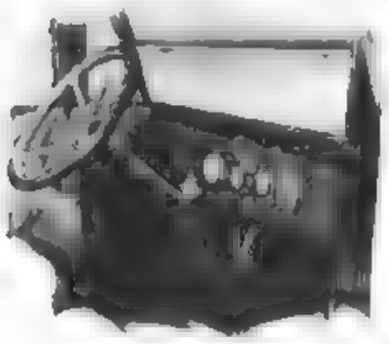

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(Continued from Page 40)

Armistice were of real benefit to the whole region, overcoming a great many difficulties in the varied problems they faced. Making friends with the people, these French representatives established better economic conditions of life and considerably developed both safety and comfort in the mines. They changed the whole of the administrative organization, making it less expensive and smaller in personnel than had been the German, and they established complete unity of direction. Apparently the French are immensely satisfied with results, both as to production and administration. On the other hand, Germans with whom I talked say the people of the Saar region are discontented under French rule, that they prefer belonging to Germany, and that there is general resistance, which after fifteen years will be shown in an overwhelming vote expressing a desire to return to German citizenship. The French contend all salaries have been raised among the workmen and that since the time when France took hold many complicated questions have been settled in connection with the *Ersatz* food miners and their families were still receiving since the wartime. The French administration having established the franc instead of the mark in paying for labor has been an advantage, and it is claimed that owing to their diplomacy no strikes have occurred and that the Saar region has remained uninfluenced, even by the difficulties in Lorraine. About five hundred workmen's houses were built in 1920—giving over a thousand lodgings at low prices to workmen's families, while better care has been taken of the health and safety of the workmen. Accidents have diminished in remarkable manner since French authority handled the mines.

We were struck, as we drove through the long street of continuous dwellings from Saarlouis to Saarbrücken, by the extreme darkness after evening had come on. The streets were scarcely lighted though it was a Saturday night, and under ordinary circumstances in France the whole population would have been out, sitting about tables in cafés or on the street, with music, dancing and singing going on. All through this district, though, silence reigned, save for the tramcars or the occasional toot of an automobile and the noises of machines in the great factories. The country we had been through earlier in the day had seemed so friendly and so rich that we were struck by this change. Although the factories looked large and prosperous, and the great mines were working full steam, there seemed to be a strange, silent, waiting people about us. It was hard to tell what could be the matter, what they were waiting for.

I made some inquiries at Saarbrücken itself, and discovered several things that gave food for reflection. A young Frenchman whom I questioned said: "The Saar is one of France's greatest problems." I asked if it was not a wonderfully rich country and he replied by asking if it was not proof of France's splendid self-control that no damage had been done there, when so much destruction might have occurred. Then he sighed and added, "Compare it with our own devastated mine regions around Lens and farther north." A French officer said that he and all the others of the French who live in Saarbrücken got away whenever they could on holidays, as they did not like the city's mentality. It was dull and unsympathetic, and they went into the country to breathe freely.

A policeman of whom we asked our road to the hotel showed it to us by pushing roughly into the car, and taking his seat between Count de Maupas and the chauffeur. Both these were highly indignant, but kept their temper and amiability throughout the experience. It must have been a strain on their manners. The servants in the hotel were also exceedingly arrogant, especially about getting their tips. The hotel was one of the dirtiest I have ever seen and was decorated in frightful taste. It was a large, corner, stone structure, with much gilt, heavy panelings, and painted in crude colors, badly combined.

Hardships of Hotel Life

OUR bedrooms were done in heavy browns and reds, with much furniture that was not needed, and all practical comforts lacking. The bedclothes and beds were clean, but there was only a single towel in my room, and when I rang for more I had the surprise of a curt announcement from the chambermaid that one was allowed each person, and that the management was very severe about it. On my offer of a tip for a second towel she said she would see; she thought she might bring one. As a matter of fact she appeared the next day, just as we were leaving the hotel, with a clean towel in her hand, and seemed greatly surprised to learn that I had long since obtained clean towels from the concierge, who had received the tip I had originally offered her for the exploit of producing them.

There were two large, heavily framed mirrors in my room, one hanging too high to see oneself, and the other standing in a dark corner. Neither my bowl nor the washstand had been cleaned for many weeks, nor had the room been swept recently. It took much longer dressing under such conditions; for I hesitated to put anything down on a piece of furniture, and still more to pick it up again. When we met around the breakfast table the next morning we looked a discouraged party by a single night in such conditions.

In the dining room there was a wild glare of electric light, a mechanical piano going, and there were panels of olive and salmon colored paper on the walls with orange and green embroidered curtains. The latter had just been newly put up; and a number of the hotel people were standing about admiring them at intervals during the hour we took over our dinner. The food was fairly good. It was the first time we had used German marks and we discovered we had eaten sufficient supper to pile up a total running into the thousands. After all, the thousands represented only three or four dollars. When my cousin paid his bill next morning the head waiter insisted that tips for all the house should be given to him; and he looked very sullen when we insisted on distributing our money direct to the various people who had served us. The man claimed 25 per cent should be turned in to him outside the 25 per cent charged for service on the bill, and that he should do the dividing.

There were several groups in the dining room who looked worth studying. Dapper French officers with their families ate in silence and departed quickly. There were some rather noisy people; one family group evidently bent on celebrating a betrothal were drinking a health to young fiancés, who sat together, observed by their relations. Here and there a man or a couple of distinctly German type sat talking quietly and eating very coarsely. They seemed to feel at home.

A Prize Worth Working For

THE main impression I retained of the Saar region was of the real beauty of the country and the landscape, with the tranquil distinction of the rural people in villages we traversed. An extraordinary fact was that, although this was a mining and industrial district, there seemed very little to make one think about it, save in the one long street from Saarlouis to Saarbrücken. All the rest of the country seemed altogether picturesque, fertile and lovely. The sharp contrast between city and country life struck one. Through Lorraine, the Saar and Alsace the poplar trees habitually to be found on French highways were changed into apple trees, laden with fruit. The apples were ripe, the branches drooped within one's reach, and by their sheer richness reminded one of old Renaissance frescoes. It gave the country an air of hospitality that was quite charming. The impression was driven home by the aspect of the fields covered with bumper crops or luscious grass on which fat cattle fed luxuriously. Here and there, red-roofed villages, like those in fairytale picture books, brought an added note of color. Running from Metz into the Saar region, we approached the edge of a fine plateau which ended in an abrupt descent. There, spread before us, lay Saarlouis, the mining city, with the green fields ending only at the very edge of the great shafts, around which rows of factory chimneys smoked. As far as the eye could reach the valley stretched its signs of riches on the earth's surface as well as of greater riches brought up from beneath. I have never had an impression of material wealth so strongly painted, and it seemed remarkable to think this country could be hanging midway between the Germans and the French, have its future so uncertain, yet its inhabitants content. Both Germans and French are probably doing propaganda work, and one can't wonder at their desire to hold onto this bit of Central Europe, which, unaffected by the war, represents so rich a prize. One grows curious over the political circumstances that are influencing these people, and I hoped to meet some of the influential men who could tell me more of what was happening in the Saar region.

Our final day in Alsace-Lorraine made a delightful trip, in contrast to what I had seen in the puzzling industrial portions. There were gay valleys, with graceful ancient bridges arched across the river. Old chateaux still stood on the hills, where in their day they as historic fortresses defended France. There are a few war scars on the walls of certain houses, but almost no ruins. At one point on a hill a German dugout or trench series had been built of concrete. It looked like an ancient stronghold. It was by far the heaviest and most powerful fortification of this type we saw. I noticed another variation in the building of the peasants' houses. They stood along the streets, touching one another, and were quite large edifices, all under one roof. They were built in three sections, the right-hand one, generally two stories high, being occupied by the owners, the central section forming an open barn in which hay and grain were kept in a single space running from ground to roof, and the left-hand side being a stable, where cows, horses and pigs were kept together. This completed the Noah's-ark effect. I saw very little of any gardens, though occasionally through an open door or around the corner of a street small vegetable gardens were visible, and I noticed the family lived on the rear side of the house, probably to avoid the stench which rose from the collected disorder of the village streets. I missed the garden full of flowers which in France would have replaced all this; and the roof lines of these ark-shaped houses were much less attractive than the quaint picturesqueness of French homes.

We suffered endless complications over having our car registered to enter the Saar region. It was evident that officials there were not quite used to motor parties. The men asked if we were taking in cigarettes and other dutiable things, and on our assurance that that was not the case they asked to see our passports. As usual, mine created a sensation, since few passport authorities are able to read the first page, written in Russian, and it rarely occurs to them to look for the translation beyond. It was found on investigation and with my aid that all rules were complied with, so, after explanations and the inspection of the French and American passports belonging to the other members of our party, we were pronounced in order and were allowed to proceed on our way.

It was the same in leaving the Saar district to return into Alsace. French officials apparently were certain we had done a great deal of shopping, buying with the cheap German marks things we were trying to bring into France. It took the united efforts of our party to persuade them that as we had only entered the Saar region Saturday night and it was still quite early Sunday morning, we could not in this time have done much shopping. After crossing the frontier safely our agreeable French companion confided to me that he had managed to buy several hundred cigarettes.

He said, "It delights a Frenchman to abuse the confidence of his own government somehow, but it certainly does our government no harm, and our customs officials know perfectly we are doing it. After expostulating over such things, officials invariably overlook them. And it gives us French such pleasure!" he added as a final argument.

Short as the distance is from Saarbrücken to Strasburg, the road lies through the heart of one of Europe's most smiling districts, and I enjoyed the day's run immensely. One thing that gave me continuous pleasure and amusement all through this trip was the series of names on the inns we passed. Even in the sadder regions, where the signboard of an inn had hung on some ruined shanty, it was always a gay tempting name, speaking well for the good spirits of the host within. There was The Cock That Sings, The Meeting of the Friends, To Youth, To Good Spirits, To the Happy Reunion and To the Dawn of Day. I saw only one name seeming to suggest any of the troublous times the country had lived through. That tavern was called The Inn of the Wooden Leg, and since its sign was attached to a gay little building smothered in flowers, it was not overdreary. I wondered if any other people could have such sunny qualities or carry on such cheerful traditions through all the war and reconstruction time.

A Tardy Discovery

GERMAN and French people were mixed through Alsace as in the Saar and lived harmoniously. I had a curious example of their attitude one day when I went into a shop at Strasburg to buy one of the famous pâtés de foie gras—better than any others in all the world. The man who came forward to serve me spoke in French, but I noticed that he was blond and that he spoke with some hesitation and with quite a marked accent.

After a few words exchanged, I said to him in German, "You don't speak French very easily, and I have lived a long time in Austria, so I speak German fluently, though not well. Shall we use that tongue?"

He brightened and replied, "Yes, madam, it is quite true I speak French badly, but you see I have always been a German and spoke only that language before. Now after serving seven years in the German Army, and being twice wounded in the war, I find myself to be French."

I continued, "Yes, that must seem very strange; I do not know how you all make out, changing your nationality and your patriotism in that manner."

"Yes, it is very strange," he answered, and we talked on for a time.

He told me how he had been wounded and when, and soon I felt I was well repaid for having bought the pâté from him. He gave me a glimpse of the curious psychology of his people, who overnight had become French from German, and to whom patriotism, for years one thing, now had to be made over, to join the other side. I found myself thankful I did not belong to a district where from generation to generation the frontier had swung backward and forward.

On the whole, I found the morale good among Alsatian people. They had lived together through centuries, calling themselves Alsatians, though some were French, some German in their sympathies. The young and very attractive stenographer I had, told me of her situation and that of her family. French-Alsatians, they were, she said, and her father and mother had brought her up to feel French, and "Oh! Madam, there are many such as we, who were only waiting for an escape from the German conquest of 1870. The people here are really Alsatian, they speak our

(Continued on Page 54)

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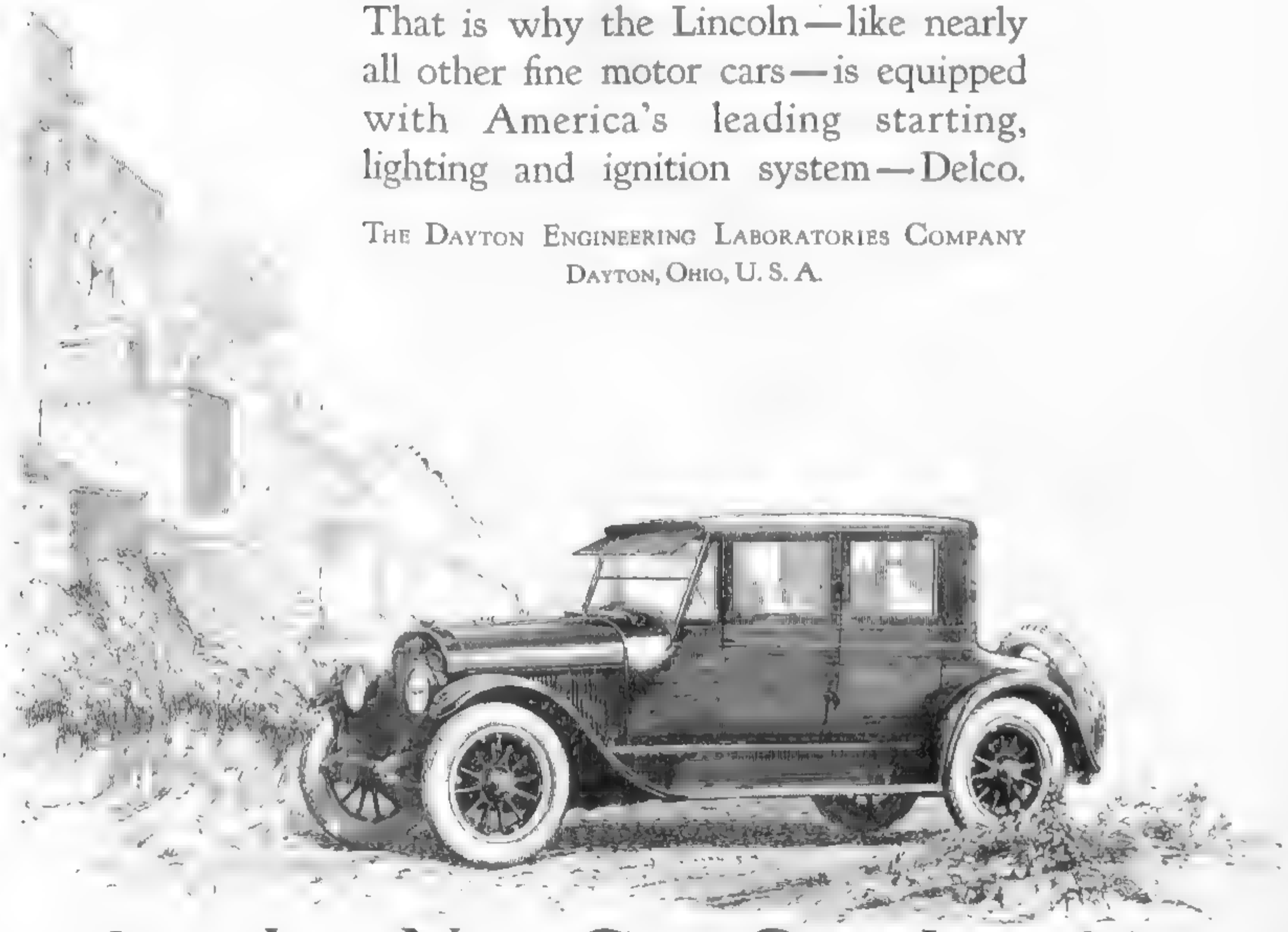


L I N C O L N

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Senator of the Old School

THE first families of the South have always been reluctant to apply the phrase "a gentleman and a scholar" to individuals who did not possess certain fundamental qualifications. Among these qualifications may be mentioned the possession of commodious plantations, preferably cotton plantations, an extreme sensitiveness concerning the honor of himself and his kin, an instinctive abhorrence for the Republican Party and all its works, a marked willingness to fight at any and all times for any cause that seems good, a large number of ancestors who have made notable contributions to the well-being of the South, a wide acquaintance with the classics and the ability to quote therefrom with precision and fluency, a thorough knowledge of the law of the land, a strong determination publicly to express dislike for offensive persons and measures, a complete command of invective in all its branches, an inexhaustible supply of hospitality, generosity and sentiment, and enough eloquence, religion and card sense to make himself a welcome and honored guest in any circle at all.

In the old days, for one reason or another, it frequently happened that Southern States were represented in the United States Senate by men who could be called both gentlemen and scholars without starting an argument anywhere in the South. Today the gentleman and scholar of the old school, as measured by the standards of the first families below the Mason and Dixon's Line, is vanishing from the United States Senate with more vanishing power than that possessed by the American bison, and almost as much as that ascribed to the great auk.

Some people blame this unfortunate state of affairs on the high price of cotton plantations; still others on the direct-primary law, which so often permits demagogues to get further, nowadays, than statesmen. Whatever the reason, there are gentlemen from the South in the Senate, and there are scholars from the South in the Senate; but the last gentleman and scholar of the old school departed from the Senate Chamber on March 4, 1923, when John Sharp Williams, Democrat, of Yazoo County, Mississippi, voluntarily gave up the desk and chair once occupied by Jefferson Davis and repaired to his home near Yazoo City to devote himself to the varied pursuits of a cotton planter and to the reading of about as many books each day as Henry James used to produce each decade.

Orator and Keen Debater

IT HAS not been the usual thing for gentlemen and scholars to retire voluntarily from the United States Senate; but much of the conversation that emerges from senatorial lips in these effete days can scarcely be classed as either stimulating or elevating. Book lovers, therefore, sometimes prefer to read books rather than listen to the sages of the Senate in action. John Sharp Williams is a book lover; and it is that fact, probably, which led him to remark not long since that he would rather be a dog and bay the moon than remain a member of the United States Senate as at present constituted.

The records show that the branch of the Williams family, of which John Sharp Williams is the direct descendant, emerged from the mountains of Wales in a healthy and active state in the year 1678, and arrived in Hanover County, Virginia, in the same year, thus qualifying in the copper-riveted and air-tight group sometimes known as the First Families of Virginia.

Being fresh from the mountains, however, the Williams family found itself somewhat oppressed by the muggy climate of Virginia and moved on up to Yadkin County, North Carolina. At this point appears the first but not the last member of the Williams family to get a national reputation as a fighter, said member being John Williams, who, in addition to being the great-great-grandfather of John Sharp Williams, was captain of the Hillsboro, North Carolina, Minute Men and subsequently colonel of the Ninth Carolina Line Regiment.

Having duly accounted for the proper number of King George's cohorts, Colonel Williams was appointed by the North Carolina Legislature to the position of surveyor-general of Western North Carolina lands, which were situated in what is now the state of Tennessee. So the Williams family moved over into Tennessee, where its members became even more prominent and wealthy than they had previously been, and where they retained their prominence and wealth with Welsh thoroughness and tenacity. The gentleman who is somewhat loosely referred to by present-day Williamses as Uncle Robert Williams, but who was the uncle of John Sharp Williams' grandfather,

Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, on the Steps of the Capitol

was appointed governor of the territory of Mississippi before the territory was divided into Mississippi and Alabama; and in this way the Williams family established connections in Mississippi.

John Sharp Williams was born in Memphis, Tennessee, in 1854. His father was colonel of the Twenty-seventh Tennessee Volunteers, Confederate States Army, and was killed in the Battle of Shiloh. His mother, who had died, was from Mississippi; so when Memphis was threatened with capture by the Federal Army, his family took him to his mother's homestead in Yazoo County, Mississippi.

Southern boys whose fathers died through the agency of Northern bullets were remarkably free from any passionate devotion to the North; and John Sharp Williams was no exception to the rule. When he had absorbed the education that the South afforded through various private schools, the Kentucky Military Institute, the University of the South and the University of Virginia, he was still bothered by a slightly uneducated feeling. Being an unreconstructed rebel of the most unreconstructed type, it was impossible for him to alleviate this feeling at any Northern university; and he therefore set off for the University of Heidelberg, carefully dodging the city of Washington on his way in order that he might not be forced to see the hated symbol of the conqueror floating over the nation's capitol.

He spent two years at Heidelberg; and then he came back home and studied law at the University of Virginia and with a Memphis law firm. As a result, at the age of twenty-three, he was licensed to practice in the courts of law and chancery of Shelby County, Tennessee.

As a further result, he had laid the foundation of his education with such success that while he was a member of the United States Senate he was almost universally regarded as being without a peer in sustained logic and eloquence, in strength in running debate, in his knowledge of the origin of politics, of political science, of the history of nations and of the classics, and in his fund of general and accurate information—and he was so regarded, too, in spite of the presence of that celebrated Massachusetts institution, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, with his accompanying smoke screen of eleven university degrees and nineteen bulky books.

At the age of twenty-four he went back to Yazoo City and practiced his profession and indulged in the various pursuits which are customarily pursued by the wealthy, gentlemanly and scholarly cotton planter, and otherwise behaved as a gentleman and a scholar should behave; and in November, 1892, he was elected to the Fifty-third Congress, following which he was reëlected with such persistence and enthusiasm that many Southerners—and Northerners too, for that matter—began to think that he would be flowing up to Washington from Mississippi long after the Mississippi River had ceased to flow into the Gulf of Mexico.

He had no sooner entered the House of Representatives than he burst into eloquent speech; and those who sought to oppose this rambunctious youngster from the cotton plantations of the distant South discovered to their pain and chagrin that the keenness of his tongue was sufficient to remove the hide from a Siberian mammoth in long, quivering strips.

The Senator in Action

SINCE that time many a master of invective in both the House and the Senate has confidently entered a battle of tongues with him, only to limp painfully to a first-aid station in the nearest cloakroom and apply poultices to the blisters raised by the stinging Williams attacks. In addition to rising to the position of Democratic floor leader in the House, John Sharp Williams was his party's candidate for Speaker of the House in the Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth Congresses—a period when the Speaker of the House was almost as important a figure as the President of the United States. On January 23, 1908, he was elected to the United States Senate by the Mississippi Legislature; and on April 4, 1911, he took his seat, the same seat—not by chance or by coincidence, but because of the uproarious and determined demands which he made for it in his most unreconstructed and rebellious manner—that had been occupied by Jefferson Davis when that distinguished gentleman, scholar and leader of a lost cause was sojourning in the Senate. In 1916 he was renominated and reelected to the Senate without opposition.

John Sharp Williams frequently deceived those awe-struck souls from Coot Point, Maine, and Constantinople, New York, who entered the Senate gallery expecting to see the Senate floor populated with statesmen nine feet in height, all busy debating with one another in words four syllables long. They were not greatly impressed by John Sharp Williams when he shambled through the center door opposite the Vice President's rostrum, and stood there in apparent helplessness, with his shock of white hair and his old gray suit that looked as though it had been slept in ever since the Civil War, and as though the pockets had been used as common carriers for dumb-bells or other heavy weights since the Cleveland Administration. Nor were they particularly thrilled or stirred when John Sharp, supporting himself on adjacent desks, wabbled rather wearily over to a senator who might be witching the other senators with his own particular brand of oratory, and took up a sitting or a standing position some three feet in front of the speaker. Sometimes the galleries could be heard asking who the rude little old man was. Their attitude was more respectful, however, when they heard him make replies to speeches in the wavering drawl that, in conjunction with his white hair and mustache, makes him seem so much like Mark Twain.

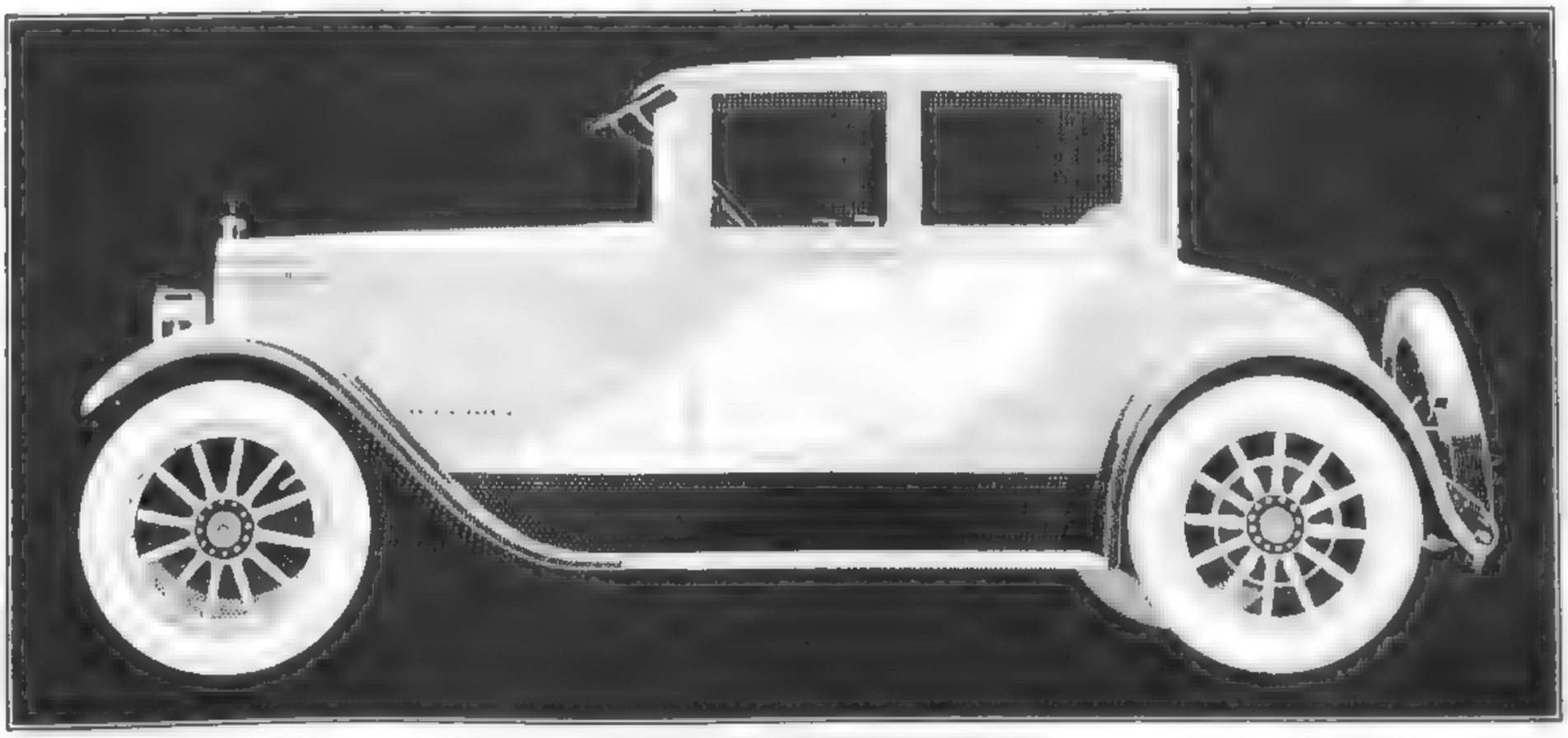
In spite of the two years that he spent in Germany during an impressionable period of his life, he failed to develop that sympathy for the Germans that early in the war afflicted so many Americans who had spent more than three days on the far side of the Rhine. The Germans, he has always complained, haven't enough imagination to interest him.

On April 4, 1917, Senator Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, made a long speech in the Senate against the United States entering the war. John Sharp Williams, who had listened carefully, then rose and delivered a few pointed remarks in the direction of Senator La Follette; and they were pointed so successfully that La Follette has never since acknowledged his existence by either word or sign.

John Sharp Williams was never one of that sturdy group of Southern Democrats who believe in putting a protective tariff on nothing except the things that are raised or made in the South. One of his distinguished colleagues was one day ranting and ramping for a high tariff on Sea Island cotton, which is the same sort of cotton that John Sharp raises on his Mississippi plantations; but to his horror the ramper discovered that he did not have John Sharp's support.

"It is a very strange thing," bawled the ramper, "that the senator opposes this tax when he himself is a raiser of long-staple cotton!"

(Continued on Page 58)



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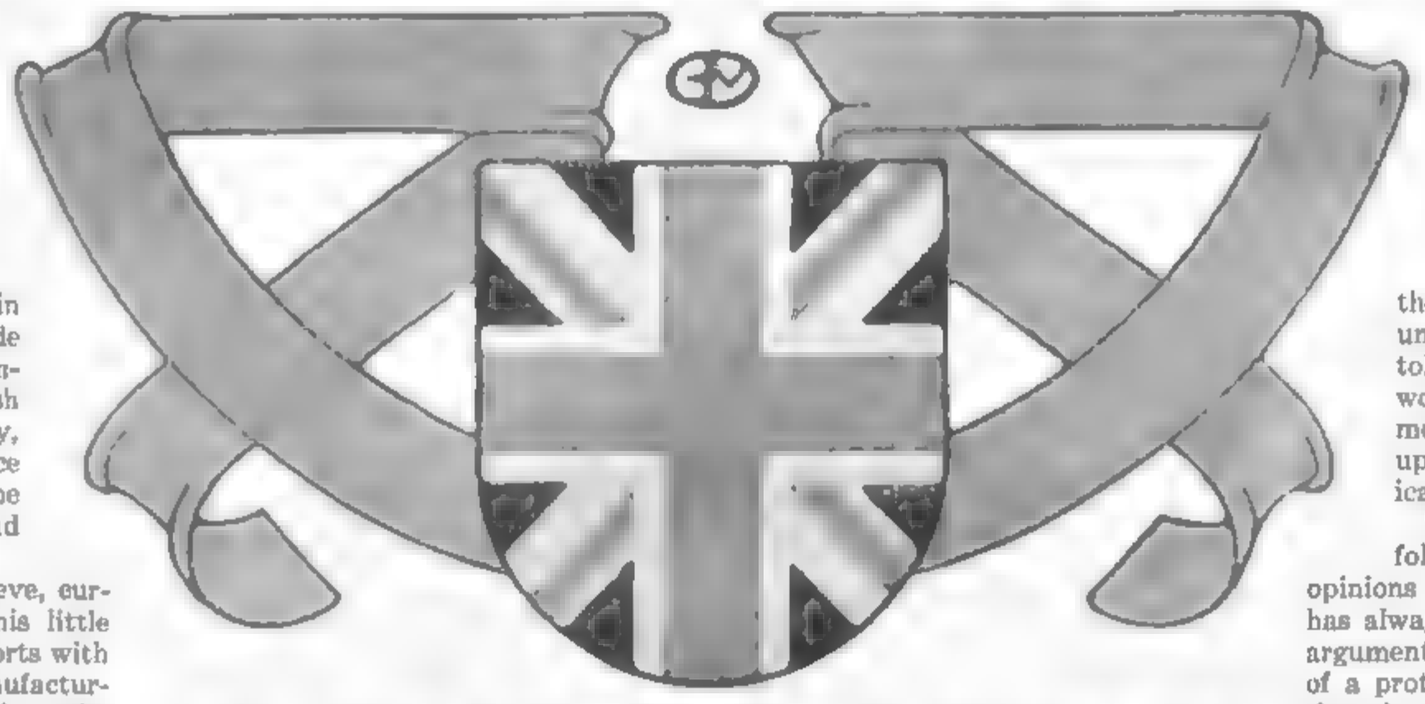
Free Trade and Protection in Great Britain—Past and Present



By FRANCIS W. HIRST

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IF I AM right in suspecting that the average American knows almost as much about the British tariff as the average Englishman knows of the Constitution of the United States—that is to say, practically nothing—then it should be useful within the compass of a brief article to describe how Great Britain passed from protection to free trade and remained a free-trade country until 1914; how the war supplied British protectionists with an opportunity, and how they used it; and how, since the war, with varying fortunes, the controversy between free traders and protectionists has continued.

In the United States it is, I believe, currently supposed that since 1914 this little island has encircled its shores and ports with a high tariff wall to protect its manufacturers from the competition of their rivals on the continent of Europe and in the United States. This opinion is erroneous. As a matter of fact neither British agriculture nor any of our great staple industries has received any protection whatever. Of all the food and raw materials and manufactured articles which enter British ports day by day, only a very tiny percentage are subject to protective duties, and the revenue derived from those duties is almost negligible when compared with the total revenue from customs and excise. Opposition to the Safeguarding of Industries Act by free traders of all parties in Great Britain has been so vigorous that the noise of their protests has reverberated all over the world; and foreigners reading telegraphic reports of protectionist victories in the House of Commons may be excused for imagining that we have reverted to the system which existed previous to the repeal of the corn laws in 1846. But the industries scheduled for protection under the Safeguarding of Industries Act are of small importance and few in number. According to a recent official statement the whole revenue derived from them so far is only £60,000! Of this petty sum the greater part was contributed by a duty on fabric gloves.

Smith and Cobden Influence

DURING the first nine months of the year 1922 imports into Great Britain from foreign countries were valued at £493,000,000, and imports from British possessions at £235,000,000. The great bulk of these imports entered duty free. In fact Great Britain is still substantially a free-trade country, though—as we shall see—several highly protective duties have been imposed by coalition governments since the war, and these are still in operation.

To a student of economic history no more instructive inquiry could be prescribed than the contrast between British and American commercial policies during the century that followed the Declaration of Independence. At first very slowly, afterwards by rapid and decisive steps, Great Britain adopted the principles of Adam Smith; whereas the American colonies, united into a great independent republic, built up by fits and starts a protective tariff—at first low, now very high—on practically all manufactured goods, in accordance with the principles laid down by Alexander Hamilton.

British progress towards a liberal commercial policy, begun by Pitt, who was a disciple of Adam Smith, was retarded by the French wars and by the enormous strength of the landed interests, who demanded and received high protection for the wheat, barley and oats on which their rents depended. Their political supremacy was shaken by the Reform Bill of 1832, which transferred ultimate power to the middle classes. At that time the population was rapidly growing; there was no new land to develop, and millions of our people had to manufacture or starve. Everything depended on the development of our foreign trade, and in a few years British manufacturers and shipowners were convinced by the logic of Cobden and the eloquence of Bright that the path to prosperity lay through a reduction in the costs of living and production, which could be achieved only by a repeal of the corn laws and navigation acts and by the complete emancipation of business and commerce from all restrictions and protective duties.

The fundamental argument for free trade as expounded by Adam Smith in his Wealth of Nations—1776—and by Cobden in his campaign speeches between 1840 and 1846 rests on the principle of the division of labor. From this principle is derived by a logical corollary the doctrine that every individual should be free not only to manufacture whatever he is most competent to produce but also to exchange his surplus product freely with any other individual in any other part of the world. The policy of obstructing this free exchange by restrictions and prohibitions or by tariffs imposed partly for revenue had been adopted everywhere; but Cobden urged that a policy of free imports would make production so cheap in England that British goods would be enabled to surmount hostile tariffs and would exchange on favorable terms for the raw materials that we required for our stomachs and our mills. Cobden associated free trade with peace and good will among nations. He looked hopefully to a time not far distant when there would be an economic union, or united states, of the world; and no tolls, customs duties or embargoes would be laid upon international commerce any more than they are laid upon interstate commerce in the American Union.

The wonderful prosperity that followed the adoption of Cobden's opinions by successive British governments has always been cited as a strong popular argument for free trade. But the advocates of a protective tariff have always retorted that the growth of prosperity in the United States and in Germany between 1846 and 1914 was equally astounding. That objection does not in the least trouble a scientific free trader; for he attributes the prosperity of Germany to the tariff union of many small states that were previously protected against one another; and he attributes the prosperity of the United States to the fact that it is the largest and richest free-trade area in the world—a grand union of forty-eight states, one of them larger than Germany, two of them more populous than Holland, freely exchanging their products and manufactures without let or hindrance. He believes that if the racial animosities and military rivalries of Europe would permit a similar free-trade union—or United States of Europe—to be formed, such an era of prosperity would begin in the Old World as would speedily relieve its governments from bankruptcy and its inhabitants from famine.

Early Rumblings of the Protectionists

IT WAS a Conservative statesman, Sir Robert Peel, who, convinced by the arguments of Cobden, abandoned the Tory principle of protection, abolished hundreds of duties in the '40's of the last century, and finally, in 1846, repealed the corn laws. The Whig government which followed repealed the navigation acts; and in 1851 Disraeli, then the parliamentary leader of the Die Hard Tories, threw up the sponge, declaring callously that protection was dead and damned. From that time until 1903 free trade was recognized by both parties and by all leading statesmen as the settled policy of Great Britain, though a majority of landlords and farmers sighed for the good old days of the corn laws and longed for the restoration of a tariff on foreign cereals.

Mr. Gladstone's budgets, notably those of 1853 and 1860, swept away all traces of protection and colonial preference from the British tariff. It is true that in addition to the complaints of the farmers, who always grumbled, there were times, as, for example, in 1884–85 and in 1891–92, when a so-called fair-trade agitation, often associated with bimetallism, found favor among unsuccessful manufacturers, who wanted a cure for low prices and begged for protection from the cheap goods which, they said, were being dumped on our shores by German, Belgian and American manufacturers.

But it was not until the depression following the Boer War that our protectionists at last found a powerful organizer and an eloquent exponent in Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

(Continued on Page 48)

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(Continued from Page 46)

Starting as a radical and free trader he joined the Unionist Party when Mr. Gladstone embraced home rule. Then as Colonial Secretary in Lord Salisbury's administration he became an ardent imperialist and conjured up the vision of a Zollverein for the British Empire. On May 15, 1903, Chamberlain astonished the country by launching a scheme of imperial preference. Its weak points were soon discovered. It involved a duty on food, but offered no special attractions to British manufacturers. He said on that occasion: "What do the colonies ask? They ask a preference on their particular products. You cannot in my opinion give them a preference on raw material. . . . Therefore, if you wish to have preference, if you wish to prevent separation, you must put a tax on food." Thus an agitation against free trade, which raged on political platforms for the next three years, was started on the basis of imperial sentiment.

Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain had forgotten that a scheme of imperial taxation had lost Great Britain its American colonies. Perhaps he was uncomfortably aware that his policy during the South African War had alienated the sympathies of the majority of the people of Cape Colony. Perhaps he thought that the Boer War, already becoming unpopular, would be forgotten if he could somehow make his countrymen believe that the colonies were about to separate from the mother country, and that he had evolved a plan that would save the empire from a then imaginary catastrophe. Unfortunately for Mr. Chamberlain, the Duke of Devonshire and several other important members of the cabinet were staunch free traders, and were determined to resist these proposals for altering the fiscal system of the country. Mr. Balfour, who had succeeded his uncle as Prime Minister, endeavored to prevent a schism in the cabinet; but eventually, on September sixteenth of the same year, 1903, he accepted Mr. Chamberlain's resignation on the ground that public opinion was not yet ripe for food taxes, however well adapted they might be to preserve the empire.

The Prophet of Gloom

Meanwhile Mr. Chamberlain had been busily organizing all the forces of protection, and had received from some of his aristocratic friends, as well as from a number of manufacturers and leading financiers, enormous subscriptions to a campaign fund. A league was formed at Birmingham, which ultimately took the name of the Tariff Reform League. By a supreme stroke of audacity the telegraphic address chosen was "Consistency, Birmingham"—as if people were likely to forget that Mr. Chamberlain was once a staunch free trader and a member of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet. A commission was appointed to draw up a scientific tariff, for which the German tariff was to serve as a model. Mr. Chamberlain started the campaign at Glasgow on October 6, 1903, and developed his proposals at a series of big meetings in the great towns. It soon appeared that he was suggesting not merely a scheme of colonial preference for the benefit of the colonies but a system of protective duties on all foreign imports except raw materials. He declared that free trade, however successful at first, ought now to be abandoned; that foreign countries with protectionist tariffs were rapidly forging ahead; that British manufactures had been losing ground since the boom year of 1872, and that all our great industries were either actually ruined or doomed to destruction.

I may quote one brief passage as an example of the melancholy gospel which Mr. Chamberlain preached to the country: "Agriculture, the greatest of all our industries, has been practically destroyed; the sugar industry is gone; silk has gone; iron is threatened; wool is threatened; cotton will go. At the present time these industries, and the workingmen who depend on them, are like sheep in a fold. One by one they allow themselves to be led out to slaughter, and there is no combination, no apparent prevision of what is in store for them." Even shipping, he said, was falling back, and minor industries were being strangled by foreign competition. He professed to believe that import duties would be paid by the foreigner, and described them as a toll that foreign importers ought to pay "for the privilege of trading with us."

This new doctrine of full-blown protection was received by our manufacturers and agriculturists with more enthusiasm than the original scheme of colonial preference which it reenforced; but even the dialectical skill of Mr. Chamberlain could not hide the inconsistencies of his argument. In fact he was trying to attract to his side irreconcilable interests. If, as he told the general consumer, import duties did not raise prices, how could a tax on foreign foodstuffs benefit either colonial or home producers, or a tax on foreign manufactures help the depressed trades of the United Kingdom? If the foreigner paid the duty, why need raw materials be admitted free? If the consumer did not pay it, why need he promise that bacon, "the food of the poor," should be exempt?

Balfour's Difficult Course

These and many other equally awkward questions were driven home by free traders in the press and on the platform; nor were they ever satisfactorily answered. The "raging, tearing propaganda" of Mr. Chamberlain and the Tariff Reform League was indeed resisted and criticized not only by his political opponents but by such non-party organizations as the Cobden Club, by leading bankers and financiers, and by nearly all our professors of economics. The effect on the political world was sensational. The Liberal Party, weakened of late years by dissensions over the Irish question and the Boer War, found active accord in defense of free trade. Labor and trade-unionist leaders were almost unanimous in holding that the lot of the wage-earning classes, with all its then present disadvantages, would become harder, and their spending power less, under tariff reform. The Irish Nationalist Party, though taking little part in the economic controversy, was in no mood to accept a scheme framed rather for Birmingham than for Ireland by a bitter opponent of home rule. Thus liberalism, labor and nationalism were ranged against Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. On the other side, though, a majority of the Conservatives and Unionists who had embraced imperialism and admired Mr. Chamberlain accepted the new policy, some with enthusiasm, others with reluctance. There was also a considerable minority—which included some of the ablest and most respected members of the party who stood by free trade. They were called free fooders, as being opposed to any tax on food products.

The position of Mr. Balfour was now very difficult. For though Mr. Chamberlain swung the Unionist ship round to protection he was not its official pilot. Mr. Balfour was Prime Minister, and during his remaining period of office—May, 1903, to December, 1905—he succeeded by subtle dialectics in maintaining fiscal views so delicately balanced that each section of his party could interpret them in its own favor. He allowed Mr. Chamberlain to leave the government; but he also accepted a little later the resignation of five free-trade colleagues, and promoted Mr. Austen Chamberlain to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Mr. Balfour published a pamphlet on the question, containing two of his recent speeches, and an essay entitled Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade. It seemed to be the work of a political casuist who accepted the abstract theories of free trade; but it was expressed with enough of qualification and hesitation to give some encouragement to mild tariff reformers. In spite of trade depression he held that the existing position was not unsatisfactory, but, he wrote, "I ask the optimists to study tendencies—the dynamics, not the statics, of trade and manufactures. The ocean we are navigating is smooth enough, but where are we being driven by the tides?" On the whole in this opening stage of the campaign protectionist politicians got only cold comfort from Mr. Balfour, and his skepticism was afterwards justified; for the record of British imports and exports from that time to 1914 shattered the statistical basis of Mr. Chamberlain's gloomy vaticinations.

Meanwhile the campaign went forward. Mr. Chamberlain traveled with terrific energy from town to town, laying stress in each district on the difficulties that beset some local industry and the benefit that would accrue to it from his proposed tariff. His organization, the Tariff Reform League, which perished unlamented a few months ago, raised very large sums of money from anonymous donors, and held a commission of inquiry into the various industries of the United Kingdom for the purpose of framing a suitable tariff.

Free traders, on their part, were not idle. The Free Trade Union was organized to combat the Tariff Reform League, and it, too, dispatched an army of speakers up and down the country. Mr. Chamberlain's statistical and historical errors were exposed in pamphlets by the Cobden Club and in speeches by leading politicians and economists.

The tariff-reform agitation reached its climax during the general election of January, 1906. It had by that time become evident that the tariff reformers, thanks to their plentiful supply of funds, had captured the Unionist party machinery, and that the working classes shrank from the taxation of food. Several by-elections had gone heavily against the Unionist government; but no one was prepared for such an overwhelming defeat as that which occurred. When the House of Commons met in February, 1906, the state of parties supporting the government was as follows:

Liberals	387
Labor	41
Nationalist	84
Total	512

As the Unionists numbered only 158 the free trade and home rule majority was 354.

Some sixteen of the Unionists returned were free traders; the remaining 142 had all accepted the Birmingham program. Soon after the election Mr. Chamberlain was seized by a paralytic stroke, from which he never recovered, though he continued to follow politics with keen interest until his death.

The Tariff Reform League, however, did not relax its activity, but set itself to purge, as far as possible, the Unionist Party from any lingering taint of free-trade doctrine. Staunch free traders were driven out of the party ranks; free fooders were forced to do lip service to tariff reform, and even Mr. Balfour was ultimately induced to declare himself a "believer in fiscal reform"—October 7, 1909. What kind of fiscal reform he favored was never explained in any of his utterances

The Hopes of the Reformers

The tariff reformers' hopes of ultimate success were based on two possible developments. The Liberal Party had won the general election largely on free trade; but it could not spend its term of office merely in maintaining a revenue tariff. Whatever legislation it introduced would make it unpopular with certain interests or classes, and if the reaction were strong enough the Unionists might again come into power. If at the same time a period of bad trade overtook the country, tariff reform might help to win seats. Two bad winters, declared Mr. Bonar Law, an ardent tariff reformer, would convert the English electorate. But in neither respect did fortune prove kind to the Unionists. Trade, which had begun to improve before 1906, continued to expand, and was only temporarily checked by the American financial crisis of 1907–08.

The tariff-reform hopes of a Unionist victory at the polls were disappointed at two more general elections. Mr. Lloyd George's budget of 1909 provided for heavy additional expenditure on the navy and on social reform mainly by graduation of income tax and death duties. The tariff party strained every nerve to smash this budget and to force a general election. With the approval of Mr. Chamberlain and the tacit consent of Mr. Balfour, the House of Lords was urged to violate a long-established constitutional principle and to interfere with public finance by rejecting the budget. The peers obeyed, in spite of grave warnings from some of their leading members; but the general election which followed, in January, 1910, returned the free trade and home rule coalition to power, with a diminished but still large majority. When the budget was passed into law, a second election was demanded and granted to settle the constitutional dispute between the two houses.

During the election campaign of November and December, 1910, Mr. Balfour was compelled to deal with tariff reform as well as with the powers of the House of Lords. The question of food taxes still aroused some uneasiness, which he tried to allay by a pledge that an increase in the price of bread should "not increase the cost of living to the workingman." This pledge was understood to promise compensatory reductions in taxation on other foodstuffs;

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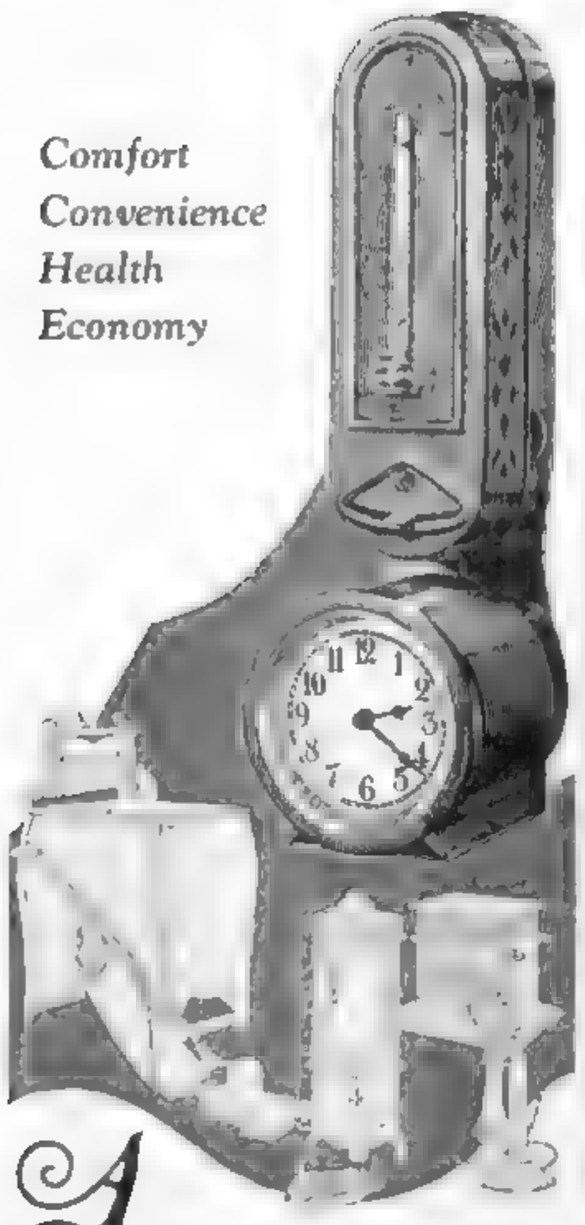

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but Unionist candidates in the North of England and Scotland found that it had not allayed the doubts and fears of electors. Mr. Balfour thereupon resorted to a new device. The referendum had already been suggested as a means of settling disputes between the two houses; it was now to serve as a convenient shelf for the tariff policy. At a great meeting in the Albert Hall on November 26, 1910, Mr. Balfour declared, as leader of the Unionist Party: "I have not the least objection to submit the principles of tariff reform to a referendum." The audience greeted the announcement with loud cheers. "This has won us the election!" cried some enthusiasts. But they were mistaken. The elections of December, 1910, brought practically no change in the position of parties. A majority about as large as in the previous election was returned to oppose tariff reform, to pass home rule and to curtail the powers of the House of Lords.

This result placed Mr. Balfour in a difficult position. Mr. Chamberlain, who still issued messages from his seclusion, had never approved of the referendum proposal, and the tariff reformers as a whole had accepted it only as an electioneering device. They were fully determined to use any future majority, by whatever means obtained, as an instrument for the passing of tariff reform; and now that Mr. Balfour's device had failed they proceeded to reject both the leader and his referendum.

In November, 1911, Mr. Balfour found his position as leader of the Unionist Party untenable, owing to the hostility of the Tariff Reform League. He therefore resigned, and Mr. Bonar Law, a strong tariff reformer, committed to the full Birmingham program, was chosen in his place to lead the Opposition in the House of Commons, Lord Lansdowne—a member of the Cobden Club—remaining leader in the House of Lords. The Unionist Party now seemed for the first time to be officially committed to the full program of protection and imperial preference. In December, 1911, Mr. Austen Chamberlain said they proposed to put a 5 per cent duty on foreign foodstuffs and an average of 10 per cent on foreign manufactures. Mr. Bonar Law added a few days later: "For some years we have kept the flag flying, and if there is any sincerity in political life, this is not the time, and, at all events, I am not the man to haul down the flag." But in the same speech he added that food taxes would not be imposed unless and until, after a colonial conference, the governments of the Dominions requested the home government to impose them. Thus the invidious function of imposing food taxes in Great Britain was to be transferred from the British ministry to the governments of the self-governing colonies!

A Quick Shift on Food Taxes

The proposal was very badly received in the British and colonial press; and as the by-elections were just then rather favorable to the Unionists, the tariff-reform section determined to sweep away the one remaining obstacle—that is, the referendum pledge, which, as we have seen, had been given at the last general election by Mr. Balfour, and had afterwards been renewed by Lord Lansdowne. Accordingly at a party meeting in November, 1912, the pledge was formally withdrawn by Lord Lansdowne. Mr. Bonar Law, who followed, described tariff reform as "our first constructive plank," and said plainly, "Food taxes will be necessary."

There was great enthusiasm at the meeting. But a few days later the Unionist Party suffered a severe defeat at an important by-election in Lancashire; and this disappointment was freely attributed to the unpopularity of tariff reform. Then suddenly two of the leading provincial newspapers, followed by the Times, the Telegraph and the Daily Mail, began to revive the old free-trade heresy, which was supposed to have been persecuted out of existence, though still professed by a few recalcitrants. When Parliament met, Unionist members were canvassed in the lobby, and all but twenty were found to be opposed to the taxation of food! A panic seized the party, and it was declared that the next general election could not be won unless the food taxes were dropped.

Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Bonar Law threatened to resign rather than haul down the flag which they had raised in November; but a memorial signed by all except five of the Unionist members in the House of Commons was presented to them in January begging them to retain the leadership and to postpone the imposition of new duties upon foodstuffs until after they had been submitted to the electors. After anxious consultations Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Lansdowne decided to acquiesce, and a new compact between the leaders and the party was formulated by Mr. Bonar Law in a speech at Edinburgh.

Such was the position of tariff reform on the eve of the Great War.

The Free Traders Betrayed

The story of free trade and protection in Britain since that fatal month of August, 1914, when Armageddon began, is complicated, obscure and, I am bound to say, disheartening to those who put their trust in the veracity and fidelity of party leaders. A war of such dimensions and such intensity, waged with the ferocity of savages and with all the devilish ingenuity of scientific chemists and mechanics, was bound not only to destroy human life at an unprecedented rate but also to play havoc with the public finance, the money, the credit and the private commerce of all the belligerents.

In May, 1915, the Liberal administration of Mr. Asquith, having failed to conduct the war with any conspicuous measure of success, either in France or at Gallipoli, suddenly found itself exposed to criticism in Parliament. Accordingly, to conciliate his critics and retain his post at the head of affairs, Mr. Asquith found it necessary or expedient to form a coalition government; so he threw overboard Lord Haldane and a number of his other colleagues, to make room for Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and other leading Unionists.

Mr. Asquith assured his supporters at a party meeting that the coalition was only intended to secure national unity and unanimity during the war; that the principles of the party and of the party leaders remained unaltered. Home rulers and unionists, free traders and tariff reformers, would mutually respect one another's opinions and in no wise violate the conscience of their supporters. It was understood that all domestic controversies would be put into cold storage; and as there was a large majority of professed free traders in the House of Commons there would seem to have been no cause for anxiety on that score. British industries indeed were enjoying for the first time in their lives complete exemption from German competition. Besides, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. McKenna, had always been noted for meticulous austerity as a free trader. In fact he had won his political spurs by the tenacity with which he had once fought against a customs duty conferring a minute and almost imperceptible advantage on the home as against the foreign manufacturers of tobacco. To the amazement and indignation of free traders, however, Mr. McKenna, with the approval of Mr. Asquith and the support of his other Liberal colleagues, introduced in his very next budget 33.3 per cent duties, without any corresponding excise, on clocks, watches and parts thereof; on motorcars, bicycles, tricycles and parts thereof, including magnetos but not tires; on musical instruments and parts thereof, including phonographs and records; and lastly, on cinematograph films at the following rates: Blank film one half penny per foot, positive one penny per foot, and negatives five pence per foot. It was also proposed to include hats, but this was defeated by violent French protests.

The docility of the Liberal Party on this occasion was very surprising. Most of them obeyed the party whip or abstained from voting. They were assured, indeed, that the duties had no protectionist motive and that they were imposed to check imports of luxuries and to save ship space. But prohibition would have served both purposes better, and the selection of watches, to save space, was well calculated to arouse suspicion in the minds of even guileless partisans. Mr. Bonar Law, the leading protectionist, promised that as soon as the war was over the duties should be withdrawn—a pledge which has been honored in the breach.

If Mr. Asquith, instead of forming a coalition, had allowed the Unionists to succeed him free trade would not have been endangered. The principle was overthrown in the house of its friends, and the citadel which had stood firm against the open attacks of all its critics and opponents, including the redoubtable Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, was surrendered and betrayed by its own garrison in order to please a party that they had defeated on this very issue at three successive general elections. No wonder that the rank and file of Liberal electors to whom Mr. Asquith, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Lloyd George and the other Liberal members of the first coalition ministry had owed nine years of high office and emolument have been a little sore ever since. No wonder that a party which has lost confidence in its leaders has lost also its self-respect and the respect of the country. After this concession the new protectionist ministers were satisfied with the regulations and restrictions and the state control of industry which multiplied as the war went on. At the end of 1916 Mr. Asquith fell, and Mr. Lloyd George formed the second coalition, with Mr. Bonar Law as leader in the House of Commons and Mr. Austen Chamberlain as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

After the Armistice came the Hang-the-Kaiser election, and the coalition continued. In the spring of 1919 Mr. Lloyd George, who in prewar days had delivered as many free-trade speeches as Mr. Asquith, found an opportunity of improving upon the McKenna duties by making them preferential. Mr. Austen Chamberlain performed this function *con amore*, retaining the new protective duties and allowing a reduction of one-third on such of the dutiable articles as might on inspection at the customs prove to have been produced within the empire. At the same time a great effort was made to continue the controls and embargoes that had been imposed during the war. A committee was appointed which withdrew the restrictions on exports; but it maintained and even increased the restrictions on imports, so that at last no less than 260 classes of goods were either prohibited or were allowed to enter British ports only in restricted quantities under licenses granted by the Board of Trade.

The Fall of Geddesburg

A group of free traders, however, determined to appeal to the law courts. An Anti-Embargo League was formed for the express purpose of discovering whether Sir Auckland Geddes, then President of the Board of Trade, was not breaking the statute of monopolies and violating the common law. Lord Parmoor, a high authority, stated his opinion in the House of Lords that these embargoes and the licenses—which Sir Auckland Geddes was granting to favored persons to import these embargoed commodities and to sell them to British consumers at exorbitant prices—were illegal. Just before Parliament adjourned in August, Sir John Simon announced his intention of importing from Spain certain goods that had been prohibited by a proclamation purporting to be made under the authority of law. This letter caused a panic in the government and immediately brought about the fall of Geddesburg, as the embargo and licensing system of Sir A. Geddes was appropriately called.

A day or two afterwards, on Monday, August 18, 1919, the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, announced in Parliament: "We have decided that the interim trade policy of import restrictions shall come definitely to an end on September first. They were retained to shield industries during the time of demobilization, and during the time we were changing from war conditions to peace conditions. There is no further justification for them, and the only result of keeping them after September first would be to put up prices artificially; and they are too high as it is."

Mr. Lloyd George, however, went on to use language which showed that he had ceased to be a free trader. Dumping, he said, was unfair to British industries, and the government had decided to submit proposals to Parliament to deal with dumping. Then there was the problem of the exchanges: . "A sovereign today fetches eighty-two marks, whereas before the war it fetched twenty. The government therefore proposes to equip the Board of Trade with emergency powers to check sudden importations of goods at prices below the cost of production here owing to a collapse of foreign exchanges." Mr. Lloyd George added that he had a third proposal—"the shielding of unstable key industries," giving synthetic dyes and optical glasses as the

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(Continued from Page 50)

best illustrations of what he meant by key industries. For the benefit of these industries the Board of Trade would be given power to prohibit the import of competing foreign goods except under license, and at the same time to prevent excessive profits where the import price was considerably lower than that of the homemade article.

When Parliament met again, in the late autumn, the government introduced an antidumping bill; but it had a very bad reception. It was condemned by business men all over the country. About the same time Mr. Justice Sankey decided that one or two import restrictions which had been retained to shield key industries were illegal and invalid. The government had not even the courage to lodge an appeal against this judgment. The whole embargo and license system was thus declared illegal, and the antidumping bill was shortly afterwards allowed to die a natural death. In 1919, therefore, free traders won all along the line. The only traces of protection left in the fiscal system of the country were Mr. McKenna's protective duties, which had been made preferential by Mr. Austen Chamberlain.

The Fight for Decontrol

In truth British business men after the war were in a state of rebellion against government interference with trade and shipping. They were determined to get rid of it; and the bureaucracy, fearful of being reduced in numbers, was equally determined to cling to all the powers and controls over internal and external trade that it had acquired during the war. The fight against bureaucracy for the decontrol of business was therefore the chief note of British politics in 1920. In such an atmosphere the protectionist claims and pretensions of infant industries and key industries and unsuccessful industries did not receive much attention. However, the government promised that a bill giving protection to the dye-manufacturing industry would be introduced later in the session. As the Prime Minister put it, "the House of Commons would be asked to honor the pledges given by the government when the British Dye Stuffs Corporation was founded." The bill, entitled the Dye Stuffs Import Regulation Bill, was introduced in December. It was a protectionist measure; but Mr. Asquith spiked the guns of the Independent Liberal Party by declining to vote against it, as his hands were tied by his own previous utterances. The Free Trade Union passed a strong resolution against it; but the bill was carried by a large majority, composed of Unionists and Coalition Liberals. The result of this measure has been very prejudicial to the textile industries, which require a free supply of the very best colors at world-market prices. The bill has raised artificially the price of inferior British dyes and has placed the supply of the best German dyes under the control of government officials.

Before coming to the last protectionist measure of Mr. Lloyd George's coalition government a previous incident should be recalled. In June, 1916, Mr. Asquith and his Liberal colleague, Mr. Runciman, then President of the Board of Trade, as spokesmen of the British Government, promoted the notorious Paris Resolutions, which included:

Measures for blacklisting and destroying enemy trade in neutral countries;

Measures for boycotting enemy trade during the reconstruction after the war;

Permanent measures of protection for safeguarding essential industries.

After the Armistice and peace, whenever the Independent Liberals attacked ministers for dabbling in protection, they invariably retorted that they were merely carrying out the doctrines of the Paris Resolutions and following the wise guidance of Mr. Asquith, the leader of the Independent Liberal Party.

Though Mr. Asquith, as we have seen, could not deny that he was committed to the support of the Dyes Act, he has explained that the Paris Resolutions were framed to deal with the possibility of the German menace continuing after the war. As the peace has reduced Germany to impotence and bankruptcy, and as German exports are less than half what they were before the war, the exigencies contemplated in the Paris Resolutions have not been called into existence, and the policy therefore ought to be allowed to drop. But as the elections of December, 1918, had returned a large Conservative and Protectionist majority to the House of Commons, Mr. Lloyd George was impelled in the parliamentary session of 1921 again to call in aid the Paris Resolutions in order to justify another deviation from the path of free trade. The German Reparations Act was passed nominally for the purpose of extracting the German indemnity, and is perhaps the most fantastic example of the new protection. It has been a complete failure, and we may pass on at once to the Safeguarding of Industries Bill. It was introduced by two resolutions. The first resolution provided that a customs duty of 33.3 per cent ad valorem should be imposed on nine classes of articles supposed to be key industries essential to success in war. These included optical glass, laboratory porcelain, hosiery latch needles, metallic tungsten, and all synthetic organic chemicals. The second resolution provided that a similar duty should be imposed on articles offered for sale in the United Kingdom at prices below the cost of production or at prices below those at which similar goods can be profitably manufactured in the United Kingdom, owing to a depreciation of the currency in the country of origin. Manufacturers desiring protection against dumping were to apply to the Board of Trade, and if the Board of Trade decided in their favor an order was to be made, subject to the confirmation of Parliament. These resolutions were embodied in a bill which passed Parliament in August, 1922; not, however, until after it had been subjected to much criticism and considerable amendment.

Still a Free-Trade Country

The Safeguarding of Industries Bill was not popular, even with the Conservatives. Out of 360, only 142 voted for the third reading, which was carried by 178 to 56 in a very small House. Part I of the bill, protecting a number of small key industries, went into force on October first. The duties are imposed for five years only. Part II is described as for the prevention of dumping, and is administered by committees appointed by the Board of Trade. Many applications have been made and a few have been granted, including fabric gloves and gas mantles. So far as the revenue is concerned, the results are infinitesimal. The unpopularity of the measure is generally admitted. The few small favored industries are, of course, delighted; but general feeling against protection is so strong that Mr. Bonar Law at the outset of the general election—November, 1922—promised that if he were returned to power he would not disturb the fiscal system of the country. Lord Derby repeated the assurance and added that if any protectionist measure were introduced he would resign his position in the cabinet. Mr. Bonar Law did not, of course, promise to abolish the existing protective duties or to repeal the Safeguarding of Industries Act; but the position of the free traders is so strong in the new Parliament that amendments to the address directed against the Safeguarding of Industries Act reduced the government majority in successive divisions to 63 and 52.

On the whole I think it may fairly be said that Great Britain remains a free-trade country, and that free-trade sentiment prevails both among business men and in the working classes. The present government was returned for conservative reasons after it had given a pledge not to introduce protection. Even so, it polled only a minority of the votes cast. Not a single important industry—unless we except automobiles and clocks—has received, or is likely to receive, protection. Agriculture, which needs it most, and would receive most benefit, can never hope to induce the working classes to submit to a tariff that would raise the price of bread and other necessaries of life.

Going and Coming!

Scene at the Airdrome of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, Paterson, New Jersey. *Painted by T. D. Skidmore.*

"The two greatest travel thrills — Wrights in the air and Marmons on land"

By F. B. RENTSCHLER,
President, Wright Aeronautical Corporation, Paterson, New Jersey
Builders of Wright Aircraft Engines

"In choosing a car for personal driving, my final selection was a Marmon Speedster. I was influenced primarily by the fact that I consider the six cylinder Marmon engine by far the most desirable type for a motor car. In my opinion, it is supreme in design and workmanship. I have carefully compared all types.

"In the selection of a sedan for Mrs. Rentschler, the deciding factors were ease of driving and control, smooth riding qualities and attractive and practical coachwork. So her car is a Marmon, also.

"The daily use of these cars more than fulfills our expectations. Both cars are a new sensation in motoring, not only in daily routine service, but particularly for long distance touring. They afford constant, economical service.

"I understand that a national survey of hundreds of Marmons shows the average monthly cost is only $4.71 for mechanical maintenance. This coincides with my own experience."

It is significant that the president of this company which builds one of the highest grade aircraft engines in America chooses the Marmon motor for his own use—on land.

Marmon engineers are in accord with leading engineers throughout the world, including the Rolls-Royce of England, Minerva of Belgium, Renault of France, Hispano-Suiza of Spain, Mercedes of Germany and Fiat of Italy, that the six-cylinder power plant is inherently better fitted than any other for smoothness, quietness, power and absence of vibration.

Marmon miles are trouble-less miles. That it is the car which delivers constant *uninterrupted service* to the owner under all conditions is shown by our nation-wide investigation of owners' mechanical maintenance costs. The average for 1922-23 Marmons serviced in Marmon service stations is $4.71 per car per month.

To own a Marmon is to possess the finest form of transportation at the lowest cost per mile.

MARMON

The Foremost Fine Car

SIKES CHAIRS
PHILADELPHIA

Chairs That Say "Set Ye Down"

The modern business man knows the value of a courteous, friendly welcome extended to every one who enters his office—whether the visitor is a salesman or a cash customer. It is decidedly "good business" to have in your reception room the kind of chairs that seem to say "Set ye down."

It is equally good business to provide comfortable chairs for yourself and your office force.

We've got a little story to tell about just that sort of chair—the Sikco line of office easy chairs. The kind of chair that gives that comfort of body so necessary to maximum efficiency of mind.

Somewhere near you there is a Sikes dealer who would like to tell you about Sikco's exclusive design of seat, arms and back, made to conform to the natural curves of the body—the comfortable roundness of every edge and corner—about their extra sturdy construction, the quality of genuine quartered oak or real Northern birch in mahogany finish which goes to their making, their high degree of finish.

If you don't know who is the Sikes dealer in your city, ask us.

Sikes

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

Sikes office chairs are also made in every conventional pattern and design. In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

TRAILING THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

(Continued from Page 42)

Alsatian patois, a mixture of French and German, but resembling German more. The language has been left to them now. They still speak patois whenever they can, and for the rest we are delighted to be French."

I asked her if the French Government had been gentle with the people, and spoke of the expulsion of German subjects which I had heard of as occurring recently.

She replied: "Yes, a few were expelled, some being allowed to return later; but the expulsion was adhered to only for those who were actively engaged in German propaganda, and who were attempting to make disorder. All well-behaved Germans among the inhabitants were left in peace and seem content."

One wonders what the next phase in this queer tangle is going to be. I fancy people of provinces that have been given and taken on either side are less bitter about it than the Germans of the hinterland Germany of today, who feel they have lost the revenue of these lands and the political power that belonged to the great prewar empire. France has gathered in these riches, taking over with them many grave problems, for the Germans carry on constant propaganda. They assert that Alsace and Lorraine held a rich, comfortable population under their rule, whereas France with her debts and troubles is anxious to draw on these people for money. She must do so to live, and she counts on the patriotism of the Saar as well as Alsace and Lorraine. As a rule, France is not altogether a happy colonizer, but officials in these three places cannot afford to show prejudice, and can be permitted no nervousness if their work is to succeed.

German Plaints

In Berlin one hears Germans talk of what they consider frightfully unfair conditions. They cannot and do not object to propaganda, they say, but they are noisily indignant over French activities. They claim the peace treaty specified there should be no military occupation of the Saar and that policing should be done by a small local or neutral force of less than two hundred men, whereas France has actually, according to the Germans, made a total military occupation and has never moved her troops out. I saw some French officers in Saarbrücken at the hotel, and a certain number of French soldiers were moving about the streets, but they did not seem to be stopping there with any pleasure. I told my German informants this, but they waxed indignant. If the League of Nations was to administrate the Saar according to rules it had laid down, it should not permit the French military occupation, they contended.

The Germans are very bitter about the League of Nations. Whenever the question is raised as to what the league has done, all Germans go to pieces at once. They find it a weak instrument, doing harm both by its weakness and by its prejudices, and they say it is run entirely by the Allies for their own purposes and advantages. One German whom I had known quite well and who spoke frankly with me, said with great vehemence: "The Saar administration is an example of this. Versailles said it should be a neutral government by a neutral group for fifteen years, then the plebiscite should be made. The Saar is presided over by our enemy now. It is naturally prejudiced, therefore, against the Germans; French soldiers have not been withdrawn, and everything is being done to propagandize the people, to introduce the franc for paying laborers. The French language is being forced on the populace at large, when it was once really a German people."

I said that I had heard only German spoken, at any rate in the towns, and also in the towns the mark was the only money in circulation. We were obliged to pay our hotel bills in Saarbrücken in marks. We had seen a few French officers and soldiers there, but I considered full fairness would cause this to be regarded as legitimate, since the French were almost forced to make propaganda by the Germans' doing so—which he admitted—during the fifteen years between the signing of the treaty and the plebiscite. That was but natural. It seemed also normal to me that if the German mark was used in some ways the French had a right to pay their workmen in French money, thus introducing it as an equal currency. They were allowed to do so by the Treaty of Versailles.

The German admitted the truth of what I thus claimed; and then he held to the fact of French military occupation as being true and unjust. He went on to add: "They do things so stupidly in France; we are obliged to buy our coal from England and to pay transportation on it, with the Saar coal mines right near us here, all because the French want everything from the Saar mines and insist that it should be given to them."

I asked how he would have it arranged, assuming that Germany must deliver to France a certain quantity of coal in one form or another, and by the treaty of peace she was obliged to do so.

"It would be better and cheaper for Germany to have the English coal we are buying delivered to France, and take Germany's own share from the Saar regions. This would be a much simpler arrangement. Now boats carry coal from the Saar mines up into Belgium and France, and then load there with English coal, and bring that back for German industries."

I admitted his argument seemed reasonable and asked why the matter could not be arranged, and if Germany had at any time suggested it.

With an impatient movement the German said: "It has been proposed a thousand times by us; we have enough practical knowledge to see the good in such an arrangement, but the French won't admit it."

In Germany there was an educational campaign being carried out about the league, as on all questions of public interest. Every German, man or woman, whom I talked with, said the same things. They derided the league, and attacked it on the score of its helpless flutterings and its prejudiced personnel. They did not admit that the Saar administration had had any measure of success, and as for Silesia, the mere mention of that province and the way questions connected with it had been handled made German conversationalists see red. What struck me as peculiarly amusing was that these people represented a nation that has been anxious to get into the league ever since it was formed, and their gibes were directed towards two branches of the league's work that had been undertaken and put through after the Allies and Germans had been unable to find solutions to their disputes.

Under these circumstances one felt like reminding the Germans of their established reputation for covering the truth of their anger by a camouflage of lies and abstract criticism, and I wanted to recite to them the fable of the fox and the sour grapes. There is no call to defend either the Saar government or the handling of Upper Silesia. Both have probably been imperfect; but without going into detail it is hard to imagine posts needing more patience and resourcefulness than are required of the administrators placed by the league in responsible positions. Nor can one help noticing that in each district comparative content and prosperity have been lately the order of the day, in spite of many predictions of dismal failure by the anti-leaguers everywhere and of the complaints that are emanating from Berlin.

Where the League is Popular

In Czecho-Slovakia I found the league very popular. The new republic and favorite child of the Allies is strong and vigorous economically and politically and was early admitted to a place among the members of the league. The Czechs find no fault with anything connected with this international institution. Benes spent much of September at Geneva, where he played an important rôle, and where Czecho-Slovakia, with France, England and Italy, stepped forward as a guarantor of the Austrian loan.

Hungary, the most recently admitted member of the league, was obviously pleased and hopeful. Austria, after living through two or three years of profound misery while various nations inaugurated helpful programs that never went through, suddenly saw herself made a league member, her troubles laid before the league's assembly, a commission appointed, and within a few days success crown its efforts. No wonder that Austrian hearts overflow with gratitude, and that Austrian tongues praise to the skies this organization of the nations. So in Prague, Budapest and Vienna I heard only good of the league.

The more I heard it discussed and the nearer my trail brought me to the meeting place of the assembly, the more intense my curiosity became. I had found that several prominent personages for whom I carried letters were absent from their home cities, because they were representing their governments at the Geneva Assembly. Suddenly temptation overcame any arguments there might be against my taking an extra journey. I broke away from my itinerary at Vienna, and aiming for Zurich I made a roundabout trip through the Tyrol, where I had not been for years.

The hotel at Geneva, where I had telegraphed for rooms, had kept me one with a bath. I sent for the director, who was politely certain, as usual, that no salon could be obtained for love or money.

"But I must have a parlor. I am here to see a number of people, whom I want to receive or entertain. You must have another free room somewhere in the house."

Japanese Courtesy

"Excellency, how I wish I could arrange the matter. There are two or three rooms in the house that are free; a cheap one at the top, one more expensive than this but without a bath downstairs, but neither would do for a salon."

"If we can't arrange otherwise, I will take that lower room; but I really want the room next to my bedroom. Has it a bath?" I asked.

"No, excellency; it is the salon of this suite, now occupied by a secretary of the Japanese delegation, whom we cannot move out, as the whole mission is settled here."

I decided to take chances, so I said: "Please go now, while I wait here, and tell the secretary of the Japanese mission that I should be deeply grateful to him if he would move out of his room this afternoon and let you rearrange it as a salon for me. Offer him the better room downstairs, at the price he is paying for this; and add the difference to my room bill. If he hesitates, tell him I am a granddaughter of President Grant, and I know the courtesy of his people is to be relied upon towards anyone related to such a friend of his nation." The hotel director looked dazed, but amiable. I am sure he had never had an experience such as I was giving him. "Please go at once; you will find there is no difficulty," I said.

He seemed to gasp. I fancy he thought me crazy.

"I will try," he murmured vaguely, and went to the next door, knocked and disappeared. I waited. In five minutes he returned with a smile of triumph. "It worked like a charm, excellency. The gentleman said he would move in an hour, at three o'clock. By 4:30 the room will be a salon, and this door between it and your bedroom open. I did not think it could be done, but your excellency was right; the secretary said he was most happy to do madame a small favor."

The director bowed himself out and I went for a walk. When I returned I found the rooms thrown open, with the sunset and the mountains visible from various windows, and lovely flowers from the hotel management filling jars on several tables. My quarters were quite charming. Everyone who came to me was surprised that I had been able to get so much space during the last week of the assembly; and I felt much touched by the tribute of the unknown Japanese to my grandfather's memory.

The delegation from Japan had with them several very pretty women and two or three children, who were exceedingly picturesque in their native costumes. They occupied much of the hotel. Count Banffy, Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and a few other important people were also within our walls, but we had none of the noise and rush of some of the larger caravansaries farther up the quay. I soon found myself swept into a round of gayety such as no other place in Europe had offered during my out-of-season wanderings. Lunch at the country club or the

(Continued on Page 57)

STEINWAY

The Instrument of the Immortals

HENRY STEINWAY
making his first piano

Where you find the one there also is the other

THREE score years ago a new genius flashed upon the musical world. He was a composer, not of musical scores, but of musical instruments. His name was Henry Steinway, and his masterwork was a piano. He brought to the world a greater pianoforte than it had ever known; he gave to pianoforte music a new birth of power and beauty.

To the early masters, who were keenly handicapped by existing instruments, the Steinway was a consummation which had been devoutly wished. Liszt and Wagner proclaimed it the ideal grand piano. "A Beethoven sonata can only be fully appreciated when rendered upon one of your pianofortes," wrote Richard Wagner.

When Rubinstein succeeded Liszt as prince of the piano he found awaiting him a greater Steinway than the master of Weimar had known. When Paderewski took the world by storm the Steinway had risen to even further heights. "An astonishing progress has been achieved," that master said.

To-day the Steinway is as much a personal product of the Steinway family as it was in the beginning. Four generations have contributed their genius to its onward march of power and perfection. Hofmann, Rachmaninoff, Friedman, Levitzki, Lhevinne—many pianos awaited them—but they found the Steinway still supreme.

In their devotion to the making of so great a piano the family of Steinway have not contributed solely to the requirements of the masters. In addition to the concert grand there is the upright, the miniature grand, baby grand, parlor grand and other styles and sizes. Each of these presents a separate problem in piano manufacture. Each calls for a separate adjustment of creative effort and structural requirements. And yet, in every Steinway, no matter what the style or size, regardless of mechanical limitations, reposes the inimitable evidence of Steinway manufacture — the quality, which as Ernest Hutcheson has said, "converts a machine into a soul."

The music of the Immortals and the instrument of the Immortals live on together. They are inseparable. Where you find the one, there also is the other.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a cash deposit of 10%, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange

Prices: $875 and up—plus freight

Prices somewhat higher in Canada

STEINWAY & SONS, *Steinway Hall, 109 E. Fourteenth Street, New York City*

not so many years ago ...

WHEN the early American and his bride selected the furniture for their home, they did it in the workshop of the maker. More often than not they knew him personally; the things they bought were the work of his own hands; they could judge by contact his honesty and his skill. And this was likewise true of other merchandise.

With the development of long-distance transportation, the individual in one section of the country was asked to buy goods made in some other section; made by men he had never heard of; in factories he had never seen; of materials about which he knew nothing.

Confidence based on personal contact between the maker and the user of merchandise was gone. But the necessity for confidence, *based on something*, was not gone. Fear of the unknown, faith in the known, were still instincts of nature. This does not change.

To-day, through national advertising, the manufacturer in one section of the country makes his business known and respected in every other section. He makes his goods desired and sought after in distant places. He communicates, not to a few, but to millions, a sense of the honesty and the skill which go into his products. He makes friends, not of a village, but of a nation.

N. W. AYER & SON

Advertising Headquarters

NEW YORK
BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA
CLEVELAND • CHICAGO

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Cercle International was generally followed by a quiet stroll in lovely gardens or along the quays, or some friend took me for a boating trip in the late afternoon, stopping as our fancy suggested, for tea at one or another tea house, where a rose-draped terrace overhung Lake Leman. The fine weather lingered for my benefit, and I hated to have each day end. Dusk forced us back to dress for the evening's festivity; invariably there were dinners in some villa or gay restaurant. The Russian ballet, a concert or merely brilliant talk to follow the meal, ended the evening's program, and parties broke up fairly early, as the various delegations held private meetings and did much of their work before they finally retired.

Fine air and a spirit of optimism caused by success in the Austrian-loan question put everyone in a good humor, and it was evident that league members thought well of themselves and of the world at large. Conversation was most interesting. I had occasion to dine with some of the bankers interested in the Austrian loan, also to hear men talk who were in the scientific and relief departments of the league, and though I gave myself a complete vacation during the four or five days of my visit and did no writing, I felt I had never had better opportunity for studying the new developments in Europe.

Each morning I went to the assembly of the league. One or another of the delegates sent me tickets, and I sat through many a discussion that interested me deeply. The fate of certain groups of Russian refugees and the Austrian loan especially brought forth argument and good speeches. Lord Balfour, head of the committee handling this latter matter, gave an account of the work being done, Lord Robert Cecil raising various questions. Chancellor Seipel, Premier of Austria, delegated Count Mensdorf, whom I had known many years ago in Vienna's old court life, to speak for the Austrian Confederation. Doctor Nansen and ex-President Ador, of Switzerland, waxed somewhat warm discussing the fate of Russian exiles and Nansen's relief.

Imposing Quarters

If by chance the speaker's eloquence failed to hold one's attention there were always well-known figures scattered through the hall whom one wanted to see. Sometimes the proceedings were dull, sometimes an incident occurred that was extremely amusing. For instance, one day a tempest in a teapot developed because for some reason the delegation of one of the tiniest lands represented found no ink pots on its long desk table. Its lack of importance made the mission fear a desire to offend, and caused the trouble.

I heard the league argued about from many different points of view. Between the blind worshiper and the gay and mocking unbeliever there stood a great number of serious men, those who, anxious over the world's future, were trying to throw their sanity and strength into this instrument modeled on a dream plan to help the lame world on its rough road forward.

In Geneva one learns fast about all this, and a most interesting hour was one I spent in conversation with Sir Arthur Salter. We had been introduced by a mutual friend, who told Sir Arthur of my curiosity, and told me how good his judgment was, and how reliable his knowledge. I asked him many questions, and received clear convincing answers to them all. He thoroughly believed, evidently, in the league's power for good, and this was so, I found, of other English, Swiss and Americans I met, who had all studied the league from rather a critical standpoint.

One, an American, carried me off to see the league offices. A large hotel had been purchased for permanent use and had been made over into convenient meeting rooms or workrooms for the personnel.

"Why do you have such a huge expensive building?" I said.

"Well, we need the space, and besides it is a fine advertisement. When anyone who sees this, thinks of what it represents, he is at once seized with a desire to have his country join."

I couldn't but laugh. "Now, Mr. Blank, don't tell me that, for I know that the first thing a bad business or relief organization does is to impose on the public imagination by establishing showy offices. The question is in this case: Do you live up to this noisy advertisement?"

"Come in and see," my escort said.

It looked a busy place, and was not extravagantly fitted up in anything save the glare of electricity everywhere. The men I talked with were polite, but too occupied to waste time; and I took some trouble afterwards in checking up their definite claims to usefulness. I found no single exaggeration. They claimed the league's worst enemies could not have wished it greater difficulties than it had faced at first, with the world split into discordant groups, still hot with war hatreds. The original members, thirteen of the Allied powers, had set to work hoping for better days; and I suppose it is encouraging to those who had such faith, to look at the present assembly, where fifty-two members discuss questions of mutual advantage or interest in friendly fashion. They have signed a number of agreements, some of which may be considerably modified with time, but though there is a long distance still to go between the ideal and the accomplishment, certain excellent results have really been obtained. For instance, the Aaland Islands dispute between Sweden and Finland was settled; Poland and Lithuania were brought at least to a temporary state of peace; the problem of Upper Silesia was solved; and the dramatic situation in Albania was eased after great troubles; a working administration is established in the Saar, while the Austrian question with its complications of balanced reforms and loans has been so arranged that with proper handling in their execution of the league's plans this pathetic people can be reëstablished as a healthy nation.

Mr. Root's Achievement

These are doubtless but a small part of what the leaguers dreamed of at the time the league was born, but the achievements are not to be regarded lightly when one considers they were carried through in spite of chaos and sufferings everywhere. There is the real triumph of a permanent court of justice, to the credit of the league, its existence largely due to that great American, Mr. Elihu Root. Whether one approves of mandates or not, as settled by the Peace of Versailles, there is no doubt that in several cases the league has overcome difficulties that arose in connection with them. The league has also apparently developed into a clearing house for problems, where international coöperation untangles knots in the field of economics, transit, finance and nonpolitical questions, such as passport fees, opium trade, white-slave traffic; and a variety of scientific work has also been well handled by league experts or league groups. There seems no doubt—and the closer is one's examination the more definite is one's conviction—that the neutral ground offered by the league for discussion of general problems is of genuine value, and that many groups are willing to cooperate with such an international and impersonal organization who would not give coöperation directly to one or another nation because of pride, jealousy or sensitive feelings, frequent among Old World peoples. To us independents, who are strong and far away, these sore spots which embitter intercourse abroad are almost impossible to realize, but they are none the less very real and must be considered among lands with less elbowroom than we have.

I questioned some of the experts on the attitude of the league towards certain nations just admitted or still outside the organization. I was told that of the enemies in the Great War, Austria was now a very popular member; Hungary, but recently admitted, was greatly liked and respected; Bulgaria had still its friends to make. Turkey and Russia were considered impossible, and probably would never be admitted while their present governments lasted, as even people who at first thought they might develop well, now regarded them as hopelessly incompetent and wrong. About Germany I got several different answers. One group seemed to think the Teutons would behave if admitted to the league, because they would be dominated by fifty-two other delegations and forced to swing into line on all general principles; while another school of thought maintained stoutly that as soon as Germany was admitted she would be up to her old tricks, organizing disorder, intrigue and enmity, in order to fish in troubled waters. In other words, German representatives would run true to form here as elsewhere.

No one seemed hopeful of seeing the United States come into the league. I felt no reproach in what was said about this, though regrets were often expressed. There was a certain pride shown in the fact that though we had not given national coöperation there were groups, like the Rockefeller Foundation, and there were individuals, like Professor Hale and Judge Moore, who were coöperating in technical work of various kinds.

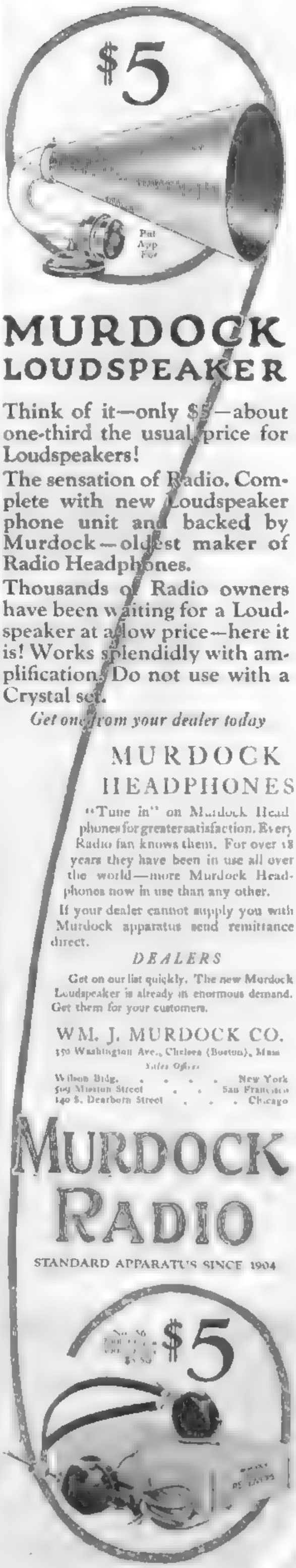
Article X

The permanent staff take the league seriously, but are quite unassuming as compared with the fans and rooters who talk of the league over here. They have better ground, though, for their claims of serving humanity well, since they have certain achievements to show. I often thought, as I listened to their conversation, that if the masses in America saw and heard what I did, there in Geneva, they would at once realize that the prophets and the boosters are merely making a noise, while many great men, from our midst as well as from other countries, have actually contributed both sympathy and strength towards the practical successes of the league's efforts.

Perhaps as a nation or a government America is right to stay out of any league of the kind propagandists presented to us two or three years ago. The obligation of Article X as we understood it was a grave one, impossible to undertake. Today, however, we know something of the actual position of the league. It is far from the supernational, supernatural power, politically, which it was heralded to become; and the organization merely offers really a meeting ground with a comfortable frame for friendly discussion and possible solution of some of the world's difficult problems.

In one or two meetings I wished very much we could have had a say. For instance, I heard an argument between two rival men—a Swede and a Swiss—as to what should be done for certain groups of Russian refugees. One plan was excellent, the other was all wrong. A full half of the funds to be used had been appropriated in America, and I had exact knowledge of the purpose in the minds of the generous contributors. Yet in the discussion before the assembly of the league no representative of those Americans could say a word as to the disposal of the American donations, because America was not a member of the league! It seemed a clumsy, not to say unfair situation, and I found myself hoping that some day we would see our way clear to join fifty-two other members in ignoring Article X with its responsibilities and obligations, or in suppressing it, and that we might take an important part in amalgamating and coördinating humanity's good intentions into a concentrated move towards the world's progress.

Grizzly Giant in Mariposa Grove, Yosemite National Park, Said to be 4000 Years Old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Get on our list quickly. The new Murdock Loudspeaker is already in enormous demand. Get them for your customers.
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$5

Drink it through a STRAW

"Princess Pat and St Patrick"

both agree that any "jollification party" gets more jolly when the hostess serves Stone's Straws with the refreshing drinks.

It's a little touch but it adds just that original daintiness that keeps the guests happy and the hostess admired.

Whatever the drink — it "tastes better through a straw."

Children know this and will gladly drink their daily quart of milk to the last drop if you give them Stone's Straws.

Use Stone's Straws at home whenever cold drinks are served.

Note: Always ask for a straw or two at the soda fountain. They safeguard the health and protect the clothing.

The Stone Straw Co

MANUFACTURERS

GENERAL OFFICES—WASHINGTON, D. C.

BALTIMORE, MD

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Continued from Page 44

John Sharp at once remarked in quavering tones, "Well, whenever my plantation can't produce cotton without imposing a tax on the American consumer, I'll plant every foot of soil to other crops."

Being an idealist himself it was natural for John Sharp Williams to burn incense at the shrine of one whom he regarded as an arch-idealist, the same being Woodrow Wilson.

So he burned incense; and Wilson had a high regard for him, corresponding with him in affectionate terms. When, therefore, Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri, a brother Democrat, developed violent anti-Wilson tendencies, it gave John Sharp great pleasure to r'ar up, as the Southern phrase has it, and skin him alive whenever the occasion offered. And it should be understood that one who wishes to skin James A. Reed alive must be quick on the trigger and handy with the punch, for Reed has the qualifications to do some rather rough and painful skinning on his own account. One of the last occasions when John Sharp attended a skinning party was on September 22, 1922, when Senator Reed had been stalking proudly up and down the Senate Chamber and demanding dramatically and eloquently that the bonus bill be passed over the President's veto.

When Reed had sat down, steaming at every pore, John Sharp wabbled to his feet and replied to his passionate outcry in the following unemotional manner:

"Mister President, if it were true—and it is not—that the bonus bill was for the benefit of those who looked into the mouths of the cannon and who walked up the steeps against the German artillery and infantry, there would be some reason in the attempt at eloquence made during the last five minutes of the speech of the senator from Missouri; but it is not true. This is a bill to give a bonus to something like four million men, over one-half of whom never faced a shot, over one-half of whom never went across the seas, about a quarter of whom never served outside of a military camp, about one-tenth of whom, men and women, were serving with shoulder straps in Washington departments, and never got anywhere to illustrate their courage."

War Heroism

"For the man who marches forward facing the cannon's mouth, whether for glory or for self-respect or for his country's welfare, everybody has high respect. Why did they not confine this bonus bill to the men who faced fire, the men who, upon Flanders fields or France's fields, offered their breasts to gun shots? Why did they take in all the clerks around Washington, and all the men in the encampments who never did anything except subject themselves to a new process of being washed every morning and living a more sanitary life than they were accustomed to? Why did you put them all in? Why, you put them all in because you knew you could not carry off the steal without putting them all in. You knew that if you confined it to the one million men who went to France, and a little bit over a million, you would not have gotten much consideration from the politicians of America.

"Let us get rid of the pretense of eloquence and oratory and heroism about this bill. If you will confine it to the men who actually entered action in France or in Belgium in American uniforms, you will get my approbation; but if you dare do that, you know you cannot pass the bill.

"I suggest that the senator from Missouri offer an amendment that nobody shall receive any benefit under this act unless he was actually under fire during the war. I will bet three plantations to two ginger cakes that he dare not offer the amendment, and I will deliver the plantations if I lose, in absolute hopelessness of ever collecting the ginger cakes if I win."

The Norris Bill

The members of the United States Senate who tag themselves Progressive and announce that everything they do or propose to do is Progressive, never aroused much of a thrill in the breast of John Sharp Williams. To those who came to him and urged him to join the Progressive Democrats he gave the hoarse rebel hoot and stated that he was a plain ordinary damn-fool Mississippi Democrat, and would so remain. When the urgers protested in horror that he must be either conservative or progressive, and that it would be better for him to be progressive, he replied baldly that they were crazy; before he could be either conservative or progressive he had to know what it was that he was to be conservative or progressive about, and anybody who said that he was going to be conservative or progressive without knowing what was being contemplated was well worth avoiding. About some things any sane person would have to be conservative; about others he would have to be radical; and about still others he would have to be reactionary. Careful observation over a long term of years had also convinced John Sharp Williams that professional radicals will never be found working along consistent lines, inasmuch as their bent to change everything will always lead each one to want to change the things that the others propose.

His sentiments toward the farm bloc legislators were stated in his remarks against the Norris Bill to establish the Farmers' and Consumers' Financing Corporation, with a capital of one hundred million dollars.

"Nobody who believes that this is a government of limited powers and delegated powers," he declared, "could vote for the Norris Bill, which involves the idea that the Federal Government is to become a commission merchant at a possible percentage to deal in agricultural products, to buy and sell them, and an owner and operator of elevators and a warehouseman — mighty near as bad as the 'bosun tight, the midshipmite, and the crew of the captain's gig.'

"The old Ocala platform which the Populist Party adopted thirty years ago in this country was an angel of light in comparison with the Norris Bill. After nearly thirty years of public service I have the honor to say that I still believe that the best government in the world is the government which a man exercises over himself. I still have the honor to believe with Thomas Jefferson, and even with George Washington, that the power of government over the individual and over business ought to be restricted; and I still believe with Thomas Jefferson—not to the extent to which he went, but to some extent, at any rate—that the least-governed people is the best-governed people.

"I would not want to live in a country where the state government under which I lived, much less the Federal Government, should be my commission merchant and my warehouseman and elevator dealer. Government is one thing; individual affairs constitute another thing. To put the Government in the pawnbroking business, to put the Government in the warehousing business, to put the Government in the elevator business, to put the Government out as a competitor against every man in the world engaged in any sort of business, strikes me as an absolute prostitution of the purposes of all government.

"Mister President, government was not intended to be you and me. Government was intended to restrain you and me from transgressing against each other. Government was not intended to carry on the business of a nation. Government was to see that in carrying on the business of a nation, justice and fair dealing and honor were maintained.

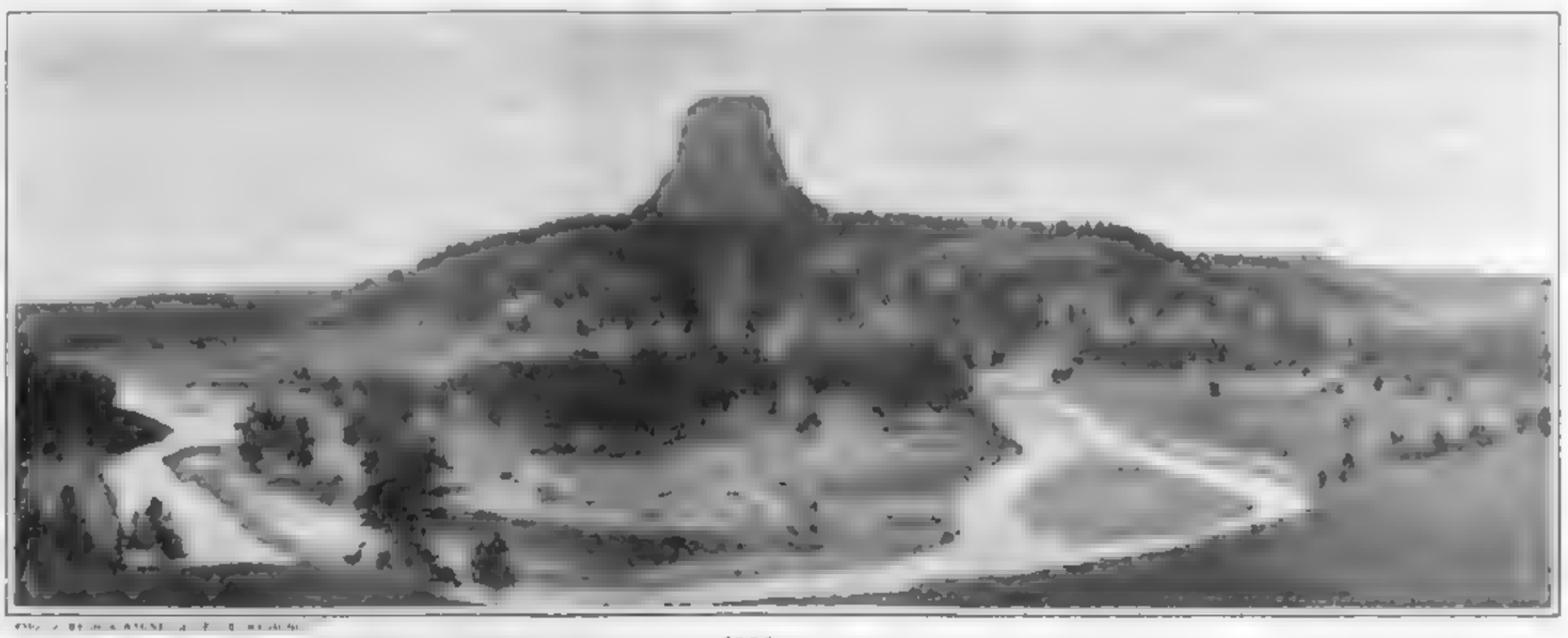
"So far as I am concerned, I would just as soon live in Prussia as to live in any country, whether my own or any other, that undertook to say that the government had the right to carry on with me every sort of business."

Williams on Sentiment

On one occasion Senator Reed referred contemptuously to sentiment. This offended John Sharp deeply, and he r'ared up.

"To say that a man is sentimental," he declared, "is to pay him the highest compliment that one man can pay to another. I belong to a breed of men who for four hundred years have been dying on the wrong side. Some of them fought like fools for the Stuarts in England. Some of them died under Tyrone's Roman Catholic insurrection in Ireland. Some of them followed the Stars and Bars until they fell in gloom, although not in disgrace, at Appomattox. We do not recognize that sentiment is to be referred to contemptuously. If it were to be so referred to, the man who died for the Stuarts was simply an infernal fool, and the man who followed Robert E. Lee to Appomattox did not have much sense; but all the same, he had heroism, he had courage and he had communion with the immortal gods, because they were in his heart; and the very spirit of Jesus Christ was working before him, because Jesus Christ fought for the greatest lost cause that the world ever witnessed."

There are many things to be said of John Sharp Williams; such things, for example, as that he is as idealistic as a poet, and sensitively honest, and wholly conscientious in all things, and generous, and a linguist, and a student, and so on. These things, however, occupy too much space without getting us anywhere. He is a gentleman and a scholar, and a senator of the old school; and that's as eloquent and as glowing a tribute as any man ought to have.



Devil's Tower, in Crook County, Wyoming, Whose Top is 1280 Feet Above the Bed of Belle Fourche River in the Foreground

IF you were willing to make the investment, you could make your own cement. There is no secret about the process. Yet in this wide open field "Lehigh" is outstanding.

The cause of this tremendous growth is as simple as it is sound—*a square deal policy* to consumer and dealer alike. Such a policy embraces all the fundamentals of growth—a good product, fair treatment, and a sincere desire to serve.

16 MILLS FROM COAST TO COAST

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

ALLENTOWN, PA. CHICAGO, ILL. SPOKANE, WASH.

NEW YORK CITY BOSTON, MASS. PHILADELPHIA, PA. BUFFALO, N. Y. OMAHA, NEB.
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LEHIGH - - - THE NATIONAL CEMENT

Protect Your Car with Safety and Convenience

Standard Equipment on the following Cars

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DORRIS
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KISSEL
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MOON
PACKARD SINGLE SIX (Optional)
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Also made for these Cars

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CASE
CHANDLER
CHEVROLET (including Superior Models)
CLEVELAND
DODGE
DORT
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GARDNER
H C S
HUPMOBILE
MAXWELL
NASH
OAKLAND
OLDS
PACKARD SINGLE SIX
ROAMER
SAYRES

$15 *Installed*

Use a Johnson Lock. It beats the master thief—and yet it is up off the floor where you can lock and unlock it without tying yourself up in a knot. That's why so many makers of motor cars have adopted it as standard equipment. Safety first for your car—then convenience.

It Locks the Gears

The Johnson Lock is a part of your gear shifting lever—an exact duplicate of the one on your car—with the addition of a theft-proof locking device. A key forces a steel plunger downward between the gear shifting forks and prevents the gears from engaging in the transmission—locking the car in neutral. The car can't run under its own power until you unlock it. The Johnson Lock has no exposed parts to be tampered with and yet it is away from the floor in a clean, open place where it cannot collect dust, oil and dirt to clog its mechanism.

A Proved Success

Hundreds of thousands of car owners are using the Johnson Lock with entire satisfaction. Manufacturers of fine motor cars have adopted it as standard equipment. All insurance companies acting through their joint bureau, the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., have given it their approval.

Lowers Your Insurance

Where the Johnson Lock is used, your premium on theft insurance is always less. The exact amount of money which you save varies in different localities. It is usually at least 15% of your premium—but may be even more wherever what is known as the $15 or $25 "Penalty Clause" applies. On cars where the Johnson Transmission Lock is standard equipment, there is a flat reduction of 20% on your theft insurance premiums.

Uninterrupted Use of Your Car

When a car is stolen it takes time to file a claim and collect your insurance. The police also hold out hopes of recovering your property. In any event you may be without your car for several months before its loss can be finally adjusted—and then only at a depreciated valuation. Save all such annoyance and loss by equipping your car with a Johnson Lock. Thieves seek the easiest cars to steal—not the hardest ones. That's why the insurance companies charge less on cars which are Johnson locked.

Hundred Million Dollars' Worth of Cars Stolen Each Year in U. S.

Will yours be next? Forestall the thief. Order the handiest kind of a safeguard for your car—the Johnson Lock—the kind of a lock you'll use every time because it's so handy. Safety first—then convenience.

All that is necessary to secure this reliable and convenient protection for your car is to ask your car dealer to furnish you the genuine Johnson Lock. If he can't supply you, write us.

JOHNSON AUTOMOBILE LOCK CO.
St. Louis, U. S. A.

Johnson
TRANSMISSION LOCK

LEAVE IT TO PSMITH

(Continued from Page 21)

and have time to duck. Not one of the horde of visitors who had arrived overnight for the county ball had shown any disposition whatever to court Miss Peavey's society.

One regrets this. Except for that slight bias towards dishonesty which led her to steal everything she could lay her hands on that was not nailed down, Aileen Peavey's was an admirable character; and, oddly enough, it was the nobler side of her nature to which these coarse-fibered critics objected. Of Miss Peavey, the purloiner of other people's goods, they knew nothing; the woman they were dodging was Miss Peavey, the poetess. And it may be mentioned that, however much she might unbend in the presence of a congenial friend like Mr. Edward Cootes, she was a perfectly genuine poetess. Those six volumes under her name in the British Museum catalogue were her own genuine and unaided work; and, though she had been compelled to pay for the production of the first of the series, the other five had been brought out at her publisher's own risk and had even made a little money.

Miss Peavey, however, was not sorry to be alone, for she had that on her mind which called for solitary thinking. The matter engaging her attention was the problem of what on earth had happened to Mr. Edward Cootes. Two days had passed since he had left to go and force Psmith at the pistol's point to introduce him into the castle, and since that moment he had vanished completely. Miss Peavey could not understand it.

His nonappearance was all the more galling in that her superb brain had just completed in every detail a scheme for the seizure of Lady Constance Keeble's diamond necklace, and to the success of this plot his aid was an indispensable adjunct. She was in the position of a general who comes from his tent with a plan of battle all mapped out and finds that his army has strolled off somewhere and left him. Little wonder that, as she paced the Yew Alley, there was a frown on Miss Peavey's fair forehead.

The Yew Alley, as Lord Emsworth had indicated in his extremely interesting lecture to Mr. Ralston McTodd at the Senior Conservative Club, contained among other noteworthy features certain yews which rose in solid blocks with rounded roof and stemless mushroom finials, the majority possessing arched recesses, forming arbors. As Miss Peavey was passing one of these a voice suddenly addressed her:

"Hey!"

Miss Peavey started violently.

"Anyone about?"

A damp face with twigs sticking to it was protruding from a near-by yew. It rolled its eyes in an ineffectual effort to see round the corner.

Miss Peavey drew nearer, breathing heavily. The question as to the whereabouts of her wandering boy was solved; but the abruptness of his return had caused her to bite her tongue; and joy, as she confronted him, was blended with other emotions.

"You dish-faced gazooni!" she exclaimed heatedly, her voice trembling with a sense of ill usage. "Where do you get that stuff, hiding in trees and barking a girl's head off?"

"Sorry, Liz. I ——"

"And where," proceeded Miss Peavey, ventilating another grievance, "have you been all this darned time? Gosh dingit, you leave me a coupla days back saying you're going to stick up this bozo that calls himself McTodd with a gat and make him get you into the house, and that's the last I see of you. What's the big idea?"

"It's all right, Liz. He did get me into the house. I'm his valet. That's why I couldn't get at you before. The way the help has to keep itself to itself in this joint, we might as well have been in different counties. If I hadn't happened to see you snooping off by yourself this morning ——"

Miss Peavey's keen mind grasped the position of affairs.

"All right, all right," she interrupted, ever impatient of long speeches from others. "I understand. Well, this is good, Ed. It couldn't have worked out better. I've got a scheme all doped out, and now you're here we can get busy."

"A scheme?"

"A pippin," assented Miss Peavey.

"It'll need to be," said Mr. Cootes, on whom the events of the last few days had caused pessimism to set its seal. "I tell you that McTodd gook is smooth. He somehow," said Mr. Cootes prudently, for he feared harsh criticisms from his lady love should he reveal the whole truth—"he somehow got wise to the notion that, as I was his valet, I could go and snoop round in his room, where he'd be wanting to hide the stuff if he ever got it, and now he's gone and got them to let him have a kind of shack in the woods."

"H'm!" said Miss Peavey. "Well," she resumed after a thoughtful pause, "I'm not worrying about him. Let him go and roost in the woods all he wants to. I've got a scheme all ready, and it's gilt-edged. And unless you ball up your end of it, Ed, it can't fail to drag home the gravy."

"Am I in it?"

"You bet you're in it! I can't work it without you. That's what's been making me so darned mad when you didn't show up all this time."

"Spill it, Liz," said Mr. Cootes humbly.

As always in the presence of this dynamic woman, he was suffering from an inferiority complex. From the very start of their combined activities she had been the brains of the firm, he merely the instrument to carry into effect the plans she dictated.

Miss Peavey glanced swiftly up and down the Yew Alley. It was still the same peaceful, lonely spot. She turned to Mr. Cootes again and spoke with brisk decision:

"Now, listen, Ed, and get this straight, because maybe I shan't have another chance of talking to you."

"I'm listening," said Mr. Cootes obsequiously.

"Well, to begin with, now that the house is full, her nibs is wearing that necklace every night. And you can take it from me, Ed, that you want to put on your smoked glasses before you look at it. It's a lalapaloosa."

"As good as that?"

"Ask me! You don't know the half of it."

"Where does she keep it, Liz? Have you found that out?" asked Mr. Cootes, a gleam of optimism playing across his sad face for an instant.

"No, I haven't; and I don't want to. I've not got time to waste monkeying about with safes and maybe having the whole bunch pile on the back of my neck. I believe in getting things easy. Well, tonight this bimbo that calls himself McTodd is going to give a reading of his poems in the big drawing-room. You know where that is?"

"I can find out."

"And you better had find out," said Miss Peavey vehemently. "And before tonight at that. Well, there you are! Do you begin to get wise?"

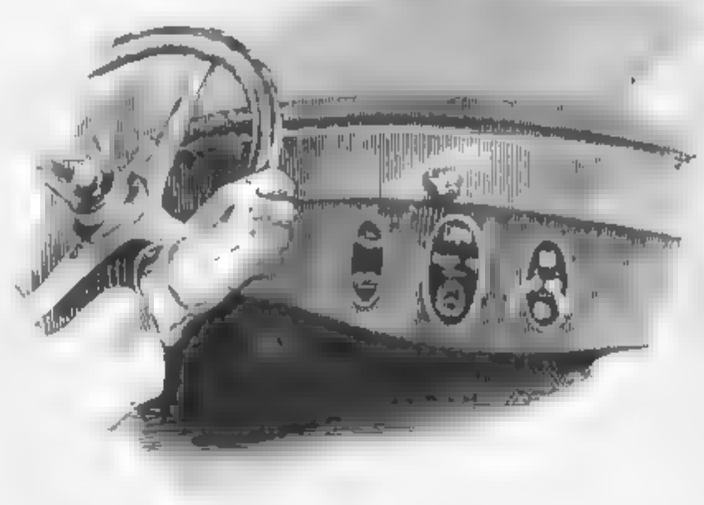
Mr. Cootes, his head protruding unhappily from the yew tree, would have given much to have been able to make the demanded claim to wisdom, for he knew of old the store his alert partner set upon quickness of intellect. He was compelled, however, to disturb the branches by shaking his head.

"You always were pretty dumb," said Miss Peavey with scorn. "I'll say that you've got good solid qualities, Ed—from the neck up. Why, I'm going to sit behind Lady Constance while that goof is shooting his fool head off, and I'm going to reach out and grab that necklace off of her. See?"

"But, Liz"—Mr. Cootes diffidently summoned up courage to point out what appeared to him to be a flaw in the scheme—"if you start any strong-arm work in front of everybody like the way you say, won't they ——"

"No, they won't; and I'll tell you why they won't. They aren't going to see me do it, because when I do it it's going to be good and dark in that room; and it's going to be dark because you'll be somewheres out at the back of the house, wherever they keep the main electric-light works, turning the switch as hard as you can go. See? That's your end of it, and pretty soft for you, at that. All you have to do is to find out where the thing is and what you have to do to it to put out all the lights in the joint. I guess I can trust you not to bungle that?"

"Liz," said Mr. Cootes, and there was reverence in his voice, "you can do just that little thing. But what ——"



The finest thing we can say about the Waltham Speedometer or the Waltham Motor Time Piece, is to name the builders of high grade motor cars who have tested and selected Waltham equipment as standard—

Apperson, Cole, Cunningham, Daniels, Dorris, Franklin, Fox, Jordan, Kissel, Lafayette, Leach-Biltwell, Lincoln, Locomobile, Long, Marmon, Mercer, Packard, Paige, Peerless, Pierce-Arrow, Renault, Rolls-Royce, Stevens-Duryea, Studebaker, Wills Sainte Claire and Winton.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY

Waltham, Mass.

The

WALTHAM

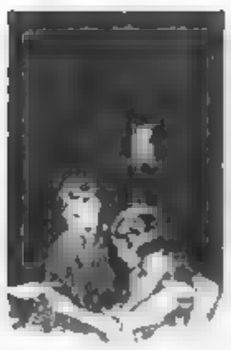
Mr. RUSSELL COMES HOME

Mr. Russell had been away for five days on business. He arrived home on Saturday afternoon, a little tired and dusty, but in good spirits. To use his own expression, he was "feeling fine."

"Went out to your sister's on Wednesday night for dinner," he said to Mrs. Russell. "She's the picture of health—never saw her looking better."

Mrs. Russell smiled. "I'm glad of it. Marjorie's a fine girl. Was her Coffee as good as ever?"

Mr. Russell brightened. "Even better, I think. And I found out why. I've got the reasons right here."



Mrs. Russell took the little slip of paper that her husband held out to her and read. "Is that all there is to it?" she exclaimed in surprise. "Just those six rules? Why, that isn't complicated at all—I'll start right in making our Coffee that way to-night."

*

SIX RULES
FOR MAKING BETTER COFFEE

1—Keep your Coffee fresh
2—Measure carefully
3—Use grounds only once
4—Don't boil your Coffee
5—Serve at once
6—Scour the Coffee-pot

COFFEE

-the universal drink

The planters of São Paulo, Brazil, who produce more than half of all the Coffee used in the United States, are conducting this educational advertising campaign in co-operation with the leading Coffee merchants of the United States.

Joint Coffee Trade Publicity Committee
64 Water Street, New York

"All right, I know what you're going to say: What happens after that, and how do I get away with the stuff? Well, the window'll be open and I'll just get to it and fling the necklace out. See? There'll be a big fuss going on in the room on account the darkness and all that, and while everybody's cutting up and what-the-helling, you'll pick up your dogs and run round as quick as you can make it and pouch the thing. I guess it won't be hard for you to locate it. The window's just over the terrace, all smooth turf, and it isn't real dark nights now, and you ought to have plenty of time to hunt around before they can get the lights going again. Well, what do you think of it?"

There was a brief silence.

"Liz," said Mr. Cootes at length.

"Is it or is it not," demanded Miss Peavey, "a ball of fire?"

"Liz" said Mr. Cootes, and his voice was husky with such awe as some young officer of Napoleon's staff might have felt on hearing the details of the latest plan of campaign -"Liz, I've said it before and I'll say it again: When it comes to the smooth stuff, old girl, you're the works!"

And reaching out an arm from the recesses of the yew, he took Miss Peavey's hand in his and gave it a tender squeeze. A dreamy look came into the poetess' fine eyes and she giggled a little. Dumb-bell though he was, she loved this man.

II

"MR. BAXTER?"

"Yes, Miss Halliday?"

The brains of Blandings looked abstractedly up from his desk. It was only some half hour since luncheon had finished, but already he was in the library surrounded by large books like a sea beast among rocks. Most of his time was spent in the library when the castle was full of guests, for his lofty mind was ill attuned to the frivolous babblings of society butterflies.

"I wonder if you could spare me this afternoon," said Eve.

Baxter directed the glare of his spectacles upon her inquisitorially

"The whole afternoon?"

"If you don't mind. You see, I had a letter by the second post from a great friend of mine, saying that she will be in Market Blandings this afternoon and asking me to meet her there. I must see her, Mr. Baxter, please. You've no notion how important it is."

Eve's manner was excited, and her eyes as they met Baxter's sparkled in a fashion that might have disturbed a man made of less stern stuff. If it had been the Hon. Freddie Threepwood, for instance, who had been gazing into their blue depths, that impulsive youth would have tied himself into knots and yapped like a dog. Baxter, the superman, felt no urge towards any such display.

He reviewed her request calmly and judicially and decided that it was a reasonable one.

"Very well, Miss Halliday."

"Thank you ever so much. I'll make up for it by working twice as hard tomorrow."

Eve flitted to the door, pausing there to bestow a grateful smile upon him before going out; and Baxter returned to his reading. For a moment he was conscious of a feeling of regret that this quite attractive and uniformly respectful girl should be the partner in crime of a man of whom he disapproved even more than he disapproved of most malefactors. Then he crushed down the weak emotion and was himself again.

Eve trotted downstairs, humming happily to herself. She had expected a longer and more strenuous struggle before she obtained her order of release, and told herself that, despite a manner which seldom deviated from the forbidding, Baxter was really quite nice. In short, it seemed to her that nothing could possibly occur to mar the joyfulness of this admirable afternoon, and it was only when a voice hailed her as she was going through the hall a few minutes later that she realized that she was mistaken. The voice, which trembled throatily, was that of the Honorable Freddie; and her first look at him told Eve, an expert diagnostician, that he was going to propose to her again.

"Well, Freddie?" said Eve resignedly.

The Hon. Frederick Threepwood was a young man who was used to hearing people say "Well, Freddie?" resignedly when he appeared. His father said it; his Aunt Constance said it; all his other aunts and uncles said it. Widely differing personalities in every other respect, they all said "Well, Freddie?" resignedly directly they caught sight of him. Eve's words, therefore, and the tone in which they were spoken, did not damp him as they might have damped another. His only feeling was one of solemn gladness at the thought that at last he had managed to get her alone for half a minute.

The fact that this was the first time he had been able to get her alone since her arrival at the castle had caused Freddie a good deal of sorrow.

Bad luck was what he attributed it to, thereby giving the object of his affections less credit than was her due for a masterly policy of evasion. He sidled up, looking like a well-dressed sheep.

"Going anywhere?" he inquired.

"Yes, I'm going to Market Blandings. Isn't it a lovely afternoon? I suppose you are busy all the time, now that the house is full. Good-by." said Eve.

"Eh?" said Freddie, blinking.

"Good-by. I must be hurrying."

"Where did you say you were going?"

"Market Blandings."

"I'll come with you."

"No, I want to be alone. I've got to meet someone there."

"Come with you as far as the gates," said Freddie, the human limpet.

The afternoon sun seemed to Eve to be shining a little less brightly as they started down the drive. She was a kind-hearted girl and it irked her to have to be continually acting as a black frost in Freddie's garden of dreams. There appeared, however, to be but two ways out of the thing: Either she must accept him or he must stop proposing. The first of these alternatives she resolutely declined to consider; and, as far as was ascertainable from his actions, Freddie declined just as resolutely to consider the second. The result was that solitary interviews between them were seldom wholly free from embarrassing developments.

They walked for a while in silence. Then, "You're dashed hard on a fellow," said Freddie.

"How's your putting coming on?" asked Eve.

"Eh?"

"Your putting. You told me you had so much trouble with it."

She was not looking at him, for she had developed a habit of not looking at him on these occasions; but she assumed that the odd sound which greeted her remark was a hollow, mirthless laugh.

"My putting!"

"Well, you told me yourself it's the most important part of golf."

"Golf! Do you think I have time to worry about golf these days?"

"Oh, how splendid, Freddie! Are you really doing some work of some kind? It's quite time, you know. Think how pleased your father will be!"

"I say," said Freddie, "I do think you might marry a chap."

"I suppose I shall some day," said Eve, "if I meet the right one."

"No, no," said Freddie despairingly. She was not usually so dense as this. He had always looked on her as a dashed clever girl. "I mean me."

Eve sighed. She had hoped to avert the inevitable.

"Oh, Freddie!" she exclaimed, exasperated.

She was still sorry for him, but she could not help being irritated. It was such a splendid afternoon and she had been feeling so happy, and now he had spoiled everything. It always took her at least half an hour to get over the nervous strain of refusing his proposals.

"I love you, dash it!" said Freddie.

"Well, do stop loving me," said Eve. "I'm an awful girl, really. I'd make you miserable."

"Happiest man in the world," corrected Freddie devoutly.

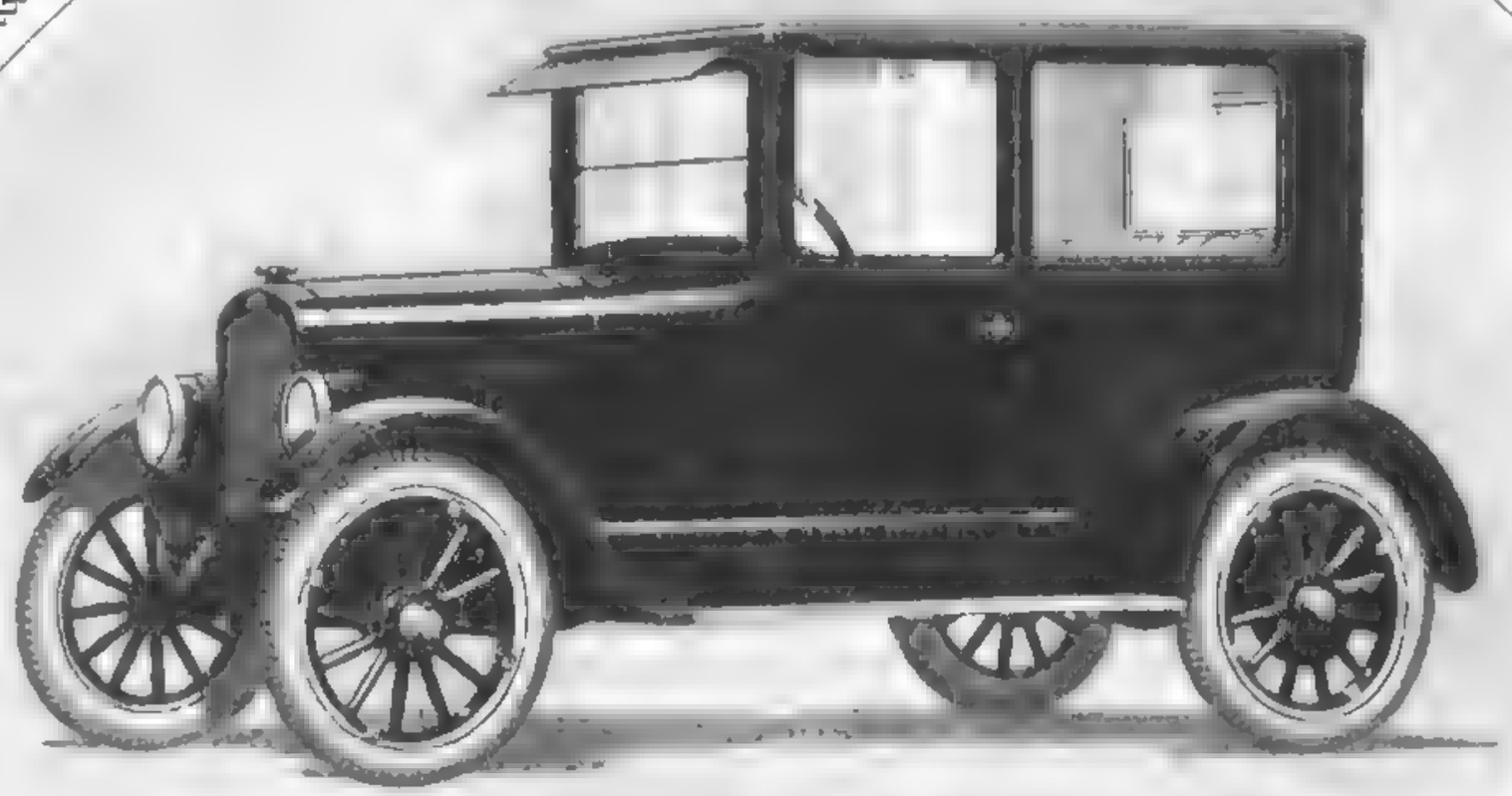
"I've got a frightful temper."

"You're an angel."

Eve's exasperation increased. She always had a curious fear that one of these days, if he went on proposing, she might say yes by mistake. She wished that there was some way known to science of stopping him for once and for all, and in her desperation she thought of a line of argument which she had not yet employed.

"It's so absurd, Freddie," she said. "Really, it is. Apart from the fact that I don't want to marry you, how can you

(Continued on Page 65)



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(Continued from Page 62)

marry anyone? Anyone, I mean, who hasn't plenty of money."

"Wouldn't dream of marrying for money."

"No, of course not; but ——"

"Cupid," said Freddie woodenly, "pines and sickens in a gilded cage."

Eve had not expected to be surprised by anything her companion might say, it being her experience that he possessed a vocabulary of about forty-three words and a sum total of ideas that hardly ran into two figures; but this poetic remark took her aback.

"What?"

Freddie repeated the observation. When it had been flashed on the screen as a spoken subtitle in the six-reel wonder film, Love or Mammon—Leatrice Comely and Brian Fraser—he had approved and made a note of it.

"Oh?" said Eve, and was silent. As Miss Peavey would have put it, it held her for a while. "What I meant," she went on after a moment, "was that you can't possibly marry a girl without money unless you've some money of your own."

"I say, dash it!" A strange note of jubilation had come into the wooer's voice. "I say, is that really all that stands between us? Because ——"

"No, it isn't!"

"Because, look here, I'm going to have quite a good deal of money at any moment. It's more or less of a secret, you know; in fact, a pretty deadish secret, so keep it dark; but Uncle Joe is going to give me a couple of thousand quid. He promised me. Two thousand of the crispest. Absolutely!"

"Uncle Joe?"

"You know—old Keeble. He's going to give me a couple of thousand quid, and then I'm going to buy a partnership in a bookie's business and simply coin money. Stands to reason, I mean. You can't help making your bally fortune. Look at all the mugs who are losing money all the time at the races. It's the bookies that get the stuff. A pal of mine who was up at Oxford with me is in a bookie's office and they're going to let me in if I ——"

The momentous nature of his information had caused Eve to deviate now from her policy of keeping her eyes off Freddie when in emotional vein. And if she had desired to check his lecture on finance, she could have chosen no better method than to look at him; for, meeting her gaze, Freddie immediately lost the thread of his discourse and stood yammering. A direct hit from Eve's eyes always affected him in this way.

"Mr. Keeble is going to give you two thousand pounds!"

A wave of mortification swept over Eve. If there was one thing on which she prided herself it was the belief that she was a loyal friend, a staunch pal; and now for the first time she found herself facing the unpleasant truth that she had been neglecting Phyllis Jackson's interest in the most abominable way ever since she had come to Blandings. She had definitely promised Phyllis that she would tackle this stepfather of hers and shame him with burning words into yielding up the three thousand pounds which Phyllis needed so desperately for her Lincolnshire farm. And what had she done? Nothing!

Eve was honest to the core, even in her dealings with herself. A less conscientious girl might have argued that she had had no opportunity of a private interview with Mr. Keeble. She scorned to soothe herself with this specious plea. If she had given her mind to it she could have brought about a dozen private interviews, and she knew it. No; she had allowed the pleasant persistence of Psmith to take up her time, and Phyllis and her troubles had been thrust into the background. She confessed, despising herself, that she had hardly given Phyllis a thought.

And all the while this Mr. Keeble had been in a position to scatter largess, thousands of pounds of it, to undeserving people like Freddie. Why, a word from her about Phyllis would have ——

"Two thousand pounds?" she repeated dizzily. "Mr. Keeble?"

"Absolutely!" cried Freddie radiantly.

The first shock of looking into her eyes had passed and he was now reveling in that occupation.

"What for?"

Freddie's rapt gaze flickered. Love, he perceived, had nearly caused him to be indiscreet.

"Oh, I don't know," he mumbled. "He's just giving it me, you know, don't you know."

"Did you simply go to him and ask him for it?"

"Well—er—well, yes. That was about the strength of it."

"And he didn't object?"

"No; he seemed rather pleased."

"Pleased!"

Eve found breathing difficult. She was feeling rather like a man who suddenly discovers that the hole in his back yard which he has been passing nonchalantly for months is a gold mine. If the operation of extracting money from Mr. Keeble was not only easy but also agreeable to the victim —— She became aware of a sudden imperative need for Freddie's absence. She wanted to think this thing over.

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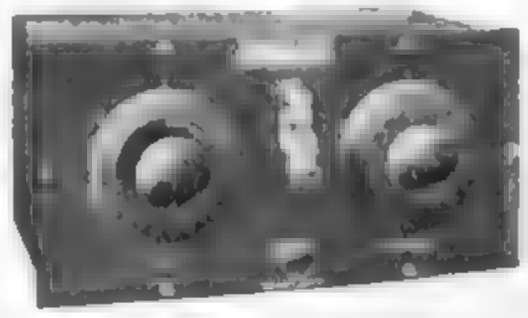

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"Well, then," said Freddie, "coming back to it, will you?"

"What?" said Eve, distrait.

"Marry me, you know. What I mean to say is, I worship the very ground you walk on and all that sort of rot—I mean, and all that. And now that you realize that I'm going to get this couple of thousand—and the bookie's business—and what not, I mean to say ——"

"Freddie," said Eve tensely, expressing her harassed nerves in a voice that came hotly through clenched teeth, "go away!"

"Eh?"

"I don't want to marry you, and I'm sick of having to keep on telling you so. Will you please go away and leave me alone?"

She stopped. Her sense of fairness told her that she was working off on her hapless suitor venom which should have been expended on herself.

"I'm sorry, Freddie," she said, softening; "I didn't mean to be such a beast as that. I know you're awfully fond of me, but really, really I can't marry you. You don't want to marry a girl who doesn't love you, do you?"

"Yes, I do," said Freddie stoutly. "If it's you, I mean. Love is a tiny seed that coldness can wither, but if tended and nurtured in the fostering warmth of an honest heart ——"

"But, Freddie!"

"—— blossoms into a flower," concluded Freddie rapidly. "What I mean to say is, love would come after marriage."

"Nonsense!"

"Well, that's the way it happened in A Society Mating."

"Freddie," said Eve, "I really don't want to talk any more. Will you be a dear and just go away? I've got a lot of thinking to do."

"Oh, thinking?" said Freddie, impressed. "Right-ho!"

"Thank you so much."

"Oh—er—not at all. Well, pip-pip."

"Good-by."

"See you later, what?"

"Of course, of course."

"Fine! Well, toodle-oo!"

And the Honorable Freddie, not ill pleased, for it seemed to him that at long last he detected signs of melting in the party of the second part, swiveled round on his long legs and started for home.

III

THE little town of Market Blandings was a peaceful sight as it slept in the sun. For the first time since Freddie had left her, Eve became conscious of a certain tranquillity as she entered the old gray High Street which was the center of the place's life and thought. Market Blandings had a comforting air of having been exactly the same for centuries. Troubles might vex the generations it housed, but they did not worry that lichened church with its sturdy foursquare tower, or those red-roofed shops, or the age-old inns whose second stories bulged so comfortably out over the pavements. As Eve walked in slow meditation towards the Emsworth Arms, the intensely respectable hostelry which was her objective, archways met her gaze, opening with a picturesque unexpectedness to show heartening glimpses of ancient nooks all cool and green. There was about the High Street of Market Blandings a suggestion of a slumbering cathedral close. Nothing was modern in it except the motion-picture house, and even that called itself an electric theater and was ivy covered and surmounted by stone gables.

On second thoughts, that statement is too sweeping. There was one other modern building in the High Street—Jno. Banks, Hairdresser, to wit—and Eve was just coming abreast of Mr. Banks' emporium now.

In any ordinary surroundings these premises would have been a tolerably attractive sight, but in Market Blandings they were almost an eyesore; and Eve, finding herself at the door, was jarred out of her reverie as if she heard a false note in a solemn anthem. She was on the point of hurrying past, when the door opened and a short, solid figure came out. And at the sight of this short, solid figure Eve stopped abruptly.

It was with the object of getting his grizzled locks clipped in preparation for the county ball that Joseph Keeble had come to Mr. Banks' shop as soon as he had finished lunch. As he emerged now into the High Street he was wondering why he had permitted Mr. Banks to finish off the job with a heliotrope-scented hair wash. It seemed to Mr. Keeble that the air was heavy with heliotrope, and it came to him suddenly that heliotrope was a scent which he always found particularly objectionable.

Ordinarily Joseph Keeble was accustomed to show an iron front to hairdressers who tried to inflict lotions upon him; and the reason his vigilance had relaxed under the ministrations of Jno. Banks was that the second post, which arrived at the castle at the luncheon hour, had brought him a plaintive letter from his stepdaughter Phyllis—the second he had had from her since the one which had caused him to tackle his masterful wife in the smoking room. Immediately after the conclusion of his business deal with the Honorable Freddie he had written to Phyllis in a vein of optimism rendered glowing by Freddie's promises, assuring her that at any moment he would be in a position to send her the three thousand pounds which she required to clinch the purchase of that dream farm in Lincolnshire. To this she had replied with thanks. And after that there had been a lapse of days, and still he had not made good. Phyllis was becoming worried, and said so in six closely written pages.

Mr. Keeble, as he sat in the barber's chair going over this letter in his mind, had groaned in spirit, while Jno. Banks, with gleaming eyes, did practically what he liked with the heliotrope bottle. Not for the first time since the formation of their partnership, Joseph Keeble was tormented with doubts as to his wisdom in intrusting a commission so delicate as the purloining of his wife's diamond necklace to one of his nephew Freddie's known feebleness of intellect. Here, he told himself unhappily, was a job of work which would have tested the combined abilities of a syndicate consisting of Charles Peace and the James brothers, and he had put it in the hands of a young man who in all his life had only once shown genuine inspiration and initiative—on the occasion when he had parted his hair in the middle at a time when all the other members of the Bachelors' Club were brushing it straight back. The more Mr. Keeble thought of Freddie's chances the slimmer they appeared. By the time Jno. Banks had released him from the spotted apron he was thoroughly pessimistic, and as he passed out of the door, "so perfumed that the winds were lovesick with him," his estimate of his colleague's abilities was reduced to a point where he began to doubt whether the stealing of a mere milk can was not beyond his scope. So deeply immersed was he in these gloomy thoughts that Eve had to call his name twice before he came out of them.

"Miss Halliday?" he said apologetically. "I beg your pardon. I was thinking."

Eve, though they had hardly exchanged a word since her arrival at the castle, had taken a liking to Mr. Keeble; and she felt in consequence none of the embarrassment which might have handicapped her in the discussion of an extremely delicate matter with another man. By nature direct and straightforward, she came to the point at once.

"Can you spare me a moment or two, Mr. Keeble?" she said. She glanced at the clock on the church tower and saw that she had ample time before her own appointment. "I want to talk to you about Phyllis."

Mr. Keeble jerked his head back in astonishment and the world became noisome with heliotrope. It was as if the voice of conscience had suddenly addressed him.

"Phyllis!" he gasped, and the letter crackled in his breast pocket.

"Your stepdaughter Phyllis."

"Do you know her?"

"She was my best friend at school. I had tea with her just before I came to the castle."

"Extraordinary!" said Mr. Keeble.

A customer in quest of a shave thrust himself between them and went into the shop. They moved away a few paces.

"Of course, if you say it is none of my business ——"

"My dear young lady — "

"Well, it is my business, because she's my friend," said Eve firmly. "Mr. Keeble, Phyllis told me she had written to you about buying that farm. Why don't you help her?"

The afternoon was warm, but not warm enough to account for the moistness of Mr. Keeble's brow. He drew out a large handkerchief and mopped his forehead. A hunted look was in his eyes. The hand

Continued on Page 68

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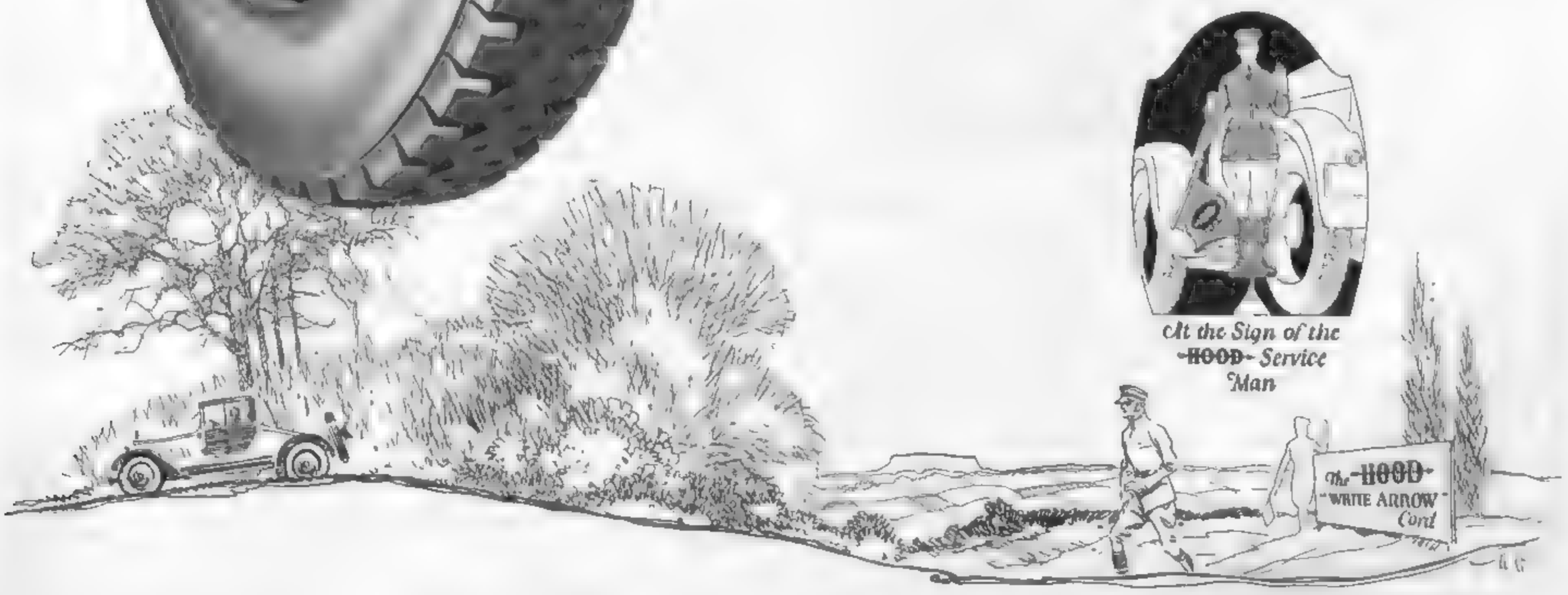

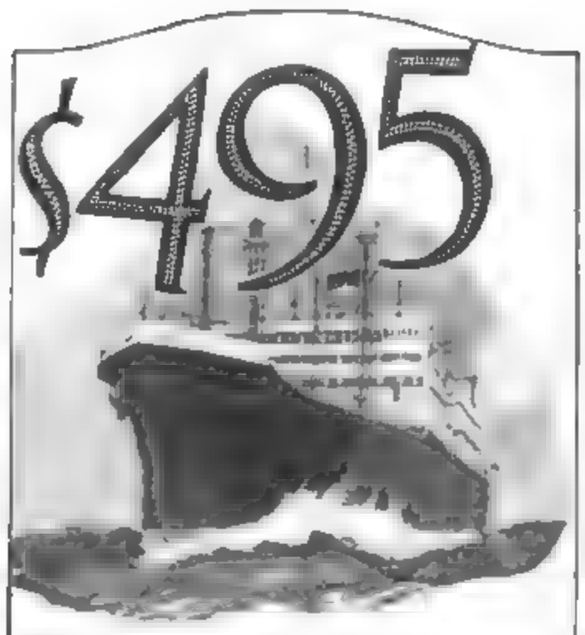

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(Continued from Page 66)

which was not occupied with the handkerchief had sought his pocket and was busy rattling keys.

"I want to help her. I would do anything in the world to help her."

"Then why don't you?"

"I—I am curiously situated."

"Yes; Phyllis told me something about that. I can see that it is a difficult position for you. But, Mr. Keeble, surely, surely if you can manage to give Freddie Threepwood two thousand pounds to start a bookmaker's business ——"

Her words were cut short by a strangled cry from her companion. Sheer panic was in his eyes now, and in his heart an overwhelming regret that he had ever been fool enough to dabble in crime in the company of a mere animated talking machine like his nephew Freddie. This girl knew! And if she knew, how many others knew? The young imbecile had probably babbled his hideous secret into the ears of every human being in the place who would listen to him.

"He told you!" he stammered. "He t-told you!"

"Yes—just now."

"Goosh!" muttered Mr. Keeble brokenly.

Eve stared at him in surprise. She could not understand this emotion. The handkerchief, after a busy session, was lowered now, and he was looking at her imploringly.

"You haven't told anyone?" he croaked hoarsely.

"Of course not. I said I had only heard of it just now."

"You wouldn't tell anyone?"

"Why should I?"

Mr. Keeble's breath, which had seemed to him for a moment gone forever, began to return timidly. Relief for a space held him dumb. What nonsense, he reflected, these newspapers and people talked about the modern girl. It was this very broad-mindedness of hers, to which they objected so absurdly, that made her a creature of such charm. She might behave in certain ways in a fashion that would have shocked her grandmother, but how comforting it was to find her calm and unmoved in the contemplation of another's crime! His heart warmed to Eve.

"You're wonderful!" he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Of course," argued Mr. Keeble, "it isn't really stealing."

"What?"

"I shall buy my wife another necklace."

"You will—what?"

"So everything will be all right. Constance will be perfectly happy, and Phyllis will have her money, and ——"

Something in Eve's astonished gaze seemed to smite Mr. Keeble.

"Don't you know?" he broke off.

"Know? Know what?"

Mr. Keeble perceived that he had wronged Freddie. The young ass had been a fool even to mention the money to this girl, but he had at least, it seemed, stopped short of disclosing the entire plot. An oysterlike reserve came upon him.

"Nothing, nothing," he said hastily. "Forget what I was going to say. Well, I must be going, I must be going."

Eve clutched wildly at his retreating sleeve. Unintelligible though his words had been, one sentence had come home to her, the one about Phyllis having her money.

It was no time for half measures. She grabbed him.

"Mr. Keeble," she cried urgently, "I don't know what you mean; but you were just going to say something which sounded —— Mr. Keeble, do trust me. I'm Phyllis' best friend, and if you've thought out any way of helping her I wish you would tell me. You must tell me; I might be able to help."

Mr. Keeble, as she began her broken speech, had been endeavoring with deprecatory tugs to disengage his coat from her grasp. But now he ceased to struggle. Those doubts of Freddie's efficiency which had troubled him in Jno. Banks' chair still lingered. His opinion that Freddie was but a broken reed had not changed. Indeed, it had grown. He looked at Eve. He looked at her searchingly. Into her pleading eyes he directed a stare that sought to probe her soul, and saw there honesty, sympathy and—better still—intelligence. He might have stood and gazed into Freddie's fishy eyes for weeks without discovering a tithe of such intelligence.

His mind was made up. This girl was an ally; a girl of dash and vigor; a girl worth a thousand Freddies—not, however, reflected Mr. Keeble, that that was saying much. He hesitated no longer.

"It's like this," said Mr. Keeble.

IV

THE information authoritatively conveyed to him during breakfast by Lady Constance, that he was scheduled that night to read select passages from Ralston McTodd's Songs of Squalor to the entire house party assembled in the big drawing-room, had come as a complete surprise to Psmith; and to his fellow guests—such of them as were young and of the soulless sex—as a shock from which they found it hard to rally. True, they had before now gathered in a vague sort of way that he was one of those literary fellows; but so normal and engaging had they found his whole manner and appearance that it had never occurred to them that he concealed anything up his sleeve as lethal as Songs of Squalor. Among these members of the younger set the consensus of opinion was that it was a bit thick, and that at such a price even the lavish hospitality of Blandings was scarcely worth having. Only those who had visited the castle before during the era of her ladyship's flirtation with art could have been described as resigned. These stout hearts argued that while this latest blister was probably going to be pretty bad, he could hardly be worse than the chappie who had lectured on theosophy last November, and must almost of necessity be better than the bird who during the Shiffley race week had attempted in a two-hour discourse to convert them to vegetarianism.

Psmith himself regarded the coming ordeal with equanimity. He was not one of those whom the prospect of speaking in public afflicts with nervous horror. He liked the sound of his own voice, and night when it came found him entirely cheerful. He listened contentedly to the sound of the drawing-room filling up as he strolled on the starlit terrace, smoking a last cigarette before duty called him elsewhere. And when, some few yards away, seated on the terrace wall, gazing out into the velvet darkness, he perceived Eve Halliday, his sense of well-being became acute.

All day he had been conscious of a growing desire for another of those cozy chats with Eve which had done so much to make life agreeable for him during his stay at Blandings. Her prejudice—which he deplored—in favor of doing a certain amount of work to justify her salary had kept him during the morning away from the little room off the library where she was wont to sit cataloguing books; and when he had gone there after lunch he had found it empty. As he approached her now he was thinking pleasantly of all those delightful walks, those excellent driftings on the lake and those cheery conversations which had gone to cement his conviction that of all possible girls she was the only possible one. It seemed to him that in addition to being beautiful she brought out all that was best in him of intellect and soul. That is to say, she let him talk oftener and longer than any girl he had ever known.

It struck him as a little curious that she made no move to greet him. She remained apparently unaware of his approach. And yet the summer night was not of such density as to hide him from view; and, even if she could not see him, she must undoubtedly have heard him; for only a moment before he had tripped with some violence over a large flower pot, one of a row of sixteen which Angus McAllister, doubtless for some good purpose, had placed in the fairway that afternoon.

"A pleasant night," he said, seating himself gracefully beside her on the wall.

She turned her head for a brief instant and, having turned it, looked away again.

"Yes," she said.

Her manner was not effusive, but Psmith persevered.

"The stars," he proceeded, indicating them with a kindly yet not patronizing wave of the hand—"bright, twinkling, and if I may say so—rather neatly arranged. When I was a mere lad someone whose name I cannot recollect taught me which was Orion. Also Mars, Venus and Jupiter. This thoroughly useless chunk of knowledge has, I am happy to say, long since passed from my mind. However, I am in a position to state that that wiggly thing up there a little to the right is King Charles' Wain."

"Yes?"

"Yes, indeed, I assure you." It struck Psmith that astronomy was not gripping his audience, so he tried travel. "I hear," he said, "you went to Market Blandings this afternoon."

"Yes."

"An attractive settlement."

"Yes."

There was a pause. Psmith removed his monocle and polished it thoughtfully. The summer night seemed to him to have taken on a touch of chill.

"What I like about the English rural districts," he went on, "is that when the authorities have finished building a place they stop. Somewhere about the reign of Henry the Eighth, I imagine that the master mason gave the final house a pat with his trowel and said, 'Well, boys, that's Market Blandings.' To which his assistants no doubt assented with many a hearty 'Gramercy!' and 'I'fackins!' these being expletives to which they were much addicted. And they went away and left it, and nobody has touched it since. And I for one thoroughly approve. I think it makes the place soothing. Don't you?"

"Yes."

As far as the darkness would permit, Psmith subjected Eve to an inquiring glance through his monocle. This was a strange new mood in which he had found her. Hitherto, though she had always endeared herself to him by permitting him the major portion of the dialogue, they had usually split conversations on at least a seventy-five-twenty-five basis. And though it gratified Psmith to be allowed to deliver a monologue when talking with most people, he found Eve more companionable when in a slightly chattier vein.

"Are you coming in to hear me read?" he asked.

"No."

It was a change from yes, but that was the best that could be said of it. A good deal of discouragement was always required to damp Psmith, but he could not help feeling a slight diminution of buoyancy. However, he kept on trying.

"You show your usual sterling good sense," he said approvingly. "A scaher method of passing the scented summer night could hardly be hit upon." He abandoned the topic of the reading. It did not grip. That was manifest. It lacked appeal. "I went to Market Blandings this afternoon too," he said. "Comrade Baxter informed me that you had gone thither, so I went after you. Not being able to find you, I turned in for half an hour at the local motion-picture palace. They were showing Episode Eleven of a serial. It concluded with the heroine, kidnaped by Indians, stretched on the sacrificial altar with the high priest making passes at her with a knife. The hero meanwhile had started to climb a rather nasty precipice on his way to the rescue. The final picture was a close-up of his fingers slipping slowly off a rock. Episode Twelve next week."

Eve looked out into the night without speaking.

"I'm afraid it won't end happily," said Psmith with a sigh. "I think he'll save her."

Eve turned on him with a menacing abruptness.

"Shall I tell you why I went to Market Blandings this afternoon?" she said.

"Do," said Psmith cordially. "It is not for me to criticize; but as a matter of fact, I was rather wondering when you were going to begin telling me about all your adventures. I have been monopolizing the conversation."

"I went to meet Cynthia."

Psmith's monocle fell out of his eye and swung jerkily on its cord. He was not easily disconcerted, but this unexpected piece of information, coming on top of her peculiar manner, undoubtedly jarred him. He foresaw difficulties, and once again found himself thinking hard thoughts of this confounded female who kept bobbing up when least expected. How simple life would have been, he mused wistfully, had Ralston McTodd only had the good sense to remain a bachelor.

"Oh, Cynthia?" he said.

"Yes, Cynthia," said Eve.

The inconvenient Mrs. McTodd possessed a Christian name admirably adapted for being hissed between clenched teeth, and Eve hissed it now. It became evident to Psmith that the dear girl was in a condition of hardly suppressed fury and that trouble was coming his way. He braced himself to meet it.

"Directly after we had that talk on the lake, the day I arrived," continued Eve

(Continued on Page 71)

How about

"Give me a Quart of [LIGHT / MEDIUM / HEAVY] Oil"?

Dangerous word juggling. And why.

DO YOU EXPECT economy and protection simply because you ask for a quart of "light" oil—or "medium" oil—or "heavy" oil? If so, you will be interested in these facts:

One well-known "heavy" oil has the same body at 150° F. (average crank-case temperature) as another well-known "light" oil. Two well-known "light" oils are equally far apart in body. Among oils classified as "light," "medium," and "heavy" there exists a wide variation. There is no accepted standard for light, medium and heavy oils.

In asking for "a quart of light oil" you run the risk of getting "light" oil today, "medium" oil next week, and "heavy" oil before the month is out.

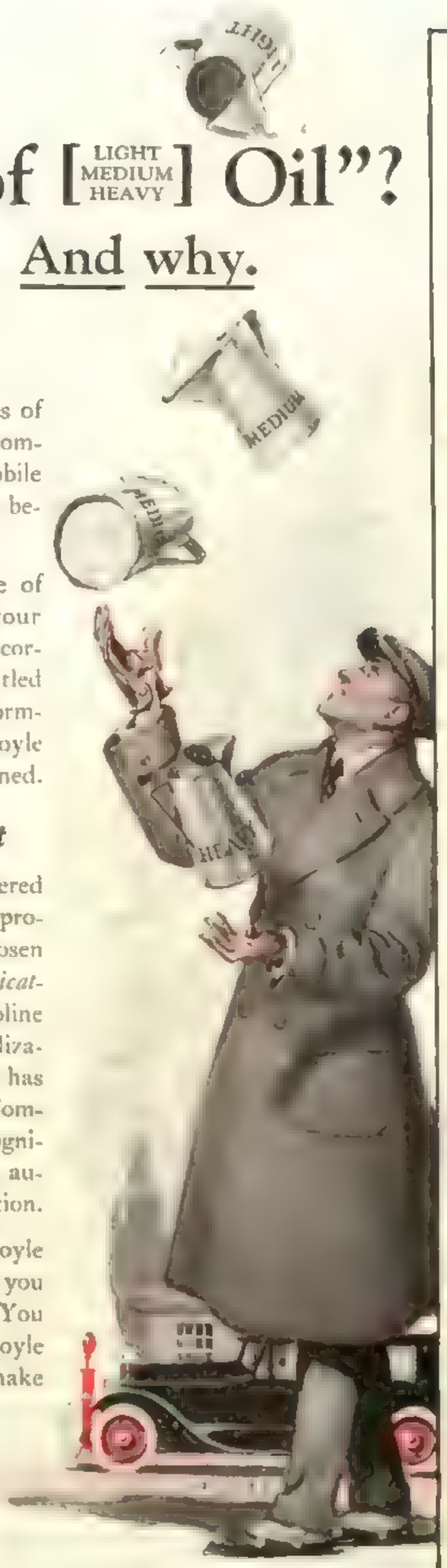
Motorists are waking up to this danger. That is why more automobile owners ask for the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil than for any three other brands of oil combined. And that is why specific grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are recommended by more automobile manufacturers than ever before.

With the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil in your crank-case all doubts as to correctness of body are settled once and for all. The uniformity of each grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil is strictly maintained.

Not a By-product

Unlike 9 out of 10 oils offered you, Gargoyle Mobiloil is produced from crude stocks chosen primarily for their *lubricating* value—not for gasoline yield. This distinct specialization in lubricating oils has won for the Vacuum Oil Company its world-wide recognition as the outstanding authority on correct lubrication.

You will never get Gargoyle Mobiloil economy until you *use* Gargoyle Mobiloil. You cannot expect full Gargoyle Mobiloil results until you make the Chart your guide.



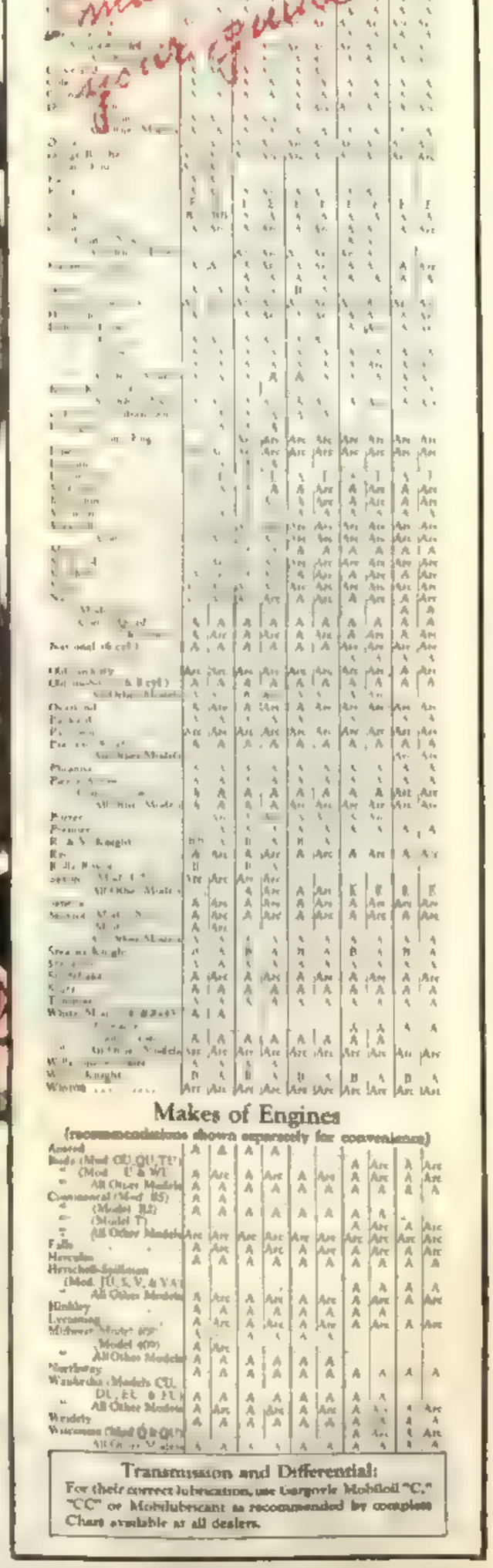


Chart of Recommendations
(Abbreviated Edition)
THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below
How to Read the Chart:
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic
Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be encountered.
This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.
Makes of Engines
(recommendations shown separately for convenience)
Transmission and Differential:
For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Domestic Branches:

New York *(Main Office)*, Pittsburgh, Boston, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Chicago, Minneapolis, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Rochester, Des Moines, Detroit, Kansas City, Kan., Dallas, Oklahoma City

Fair Retail Price—30c a Quart

When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil for less than 30c, he does not make his fair, reasonable profit.

Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil

Prices are slightly higher in Canada, the Southwest, and the Far West.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

GET THIS NEW AND BETTER TIRE

Important improvements make the new Goodyear Cord Tire with the beveled All-Weather Tread especially desirable

Here, in brief form, are the reasons why the new Goodyear Cord Tire with the beveled All-Weather Tread is the greatest tire Goodyear has ever made:

1

The new type tread on this tire is made from an improved rubber compound, extraordinarily dense, tough and long-wearing.

2

This tread is semi-flat instead of round, giving broader road contact and affording increased resistance to wear.

3

The powerful, clean-cut blocks are reinforced at the base by heavy rubber ribs, knitting the whole tread design into a firmer unit and resulting in a smoother-running tire.

4

The blocks which line the tread on either side are beveled at the outer edge, relieving the carcass from vibration as wear proceeds, and resulting in a more even distribution of the load over the carcass, and a better seating of the tire in ruts with consequent less strain in the shoulders of the tire.

5

This new tire has a heavier and tougher sidewall, assuring utmost resistance to curb and rut wear.

6

It has a stronger bead designed to fit more snugly to the rim.

7

The more uniform pressure secured in the double molded process by which it is made insures a better union between the plies of the carcass and between the carcass and the tread.

8

In design, materials and workmanship, the tire is representative of the highest Goodyear standards.

If you are genuinely interested in tire economy you will want this smoother-running, longer-wearing, *improved* Goodyear Cord Tire.

You can get this new tire now from your Goodyear Service Station Dealer.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1923, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

(Continued from Page 68)

tensely, "I wrote to Cynthia, telling her to come here at once and meet me at the Emsworth Arms."

"In the High Street," said Psmith. "I know it. Good beer."

"What?"

"I said they sell good beer."

"Never mind about the beer," cried Eve.

"No; I merely mentioned it in passing."

"At lunch today I got a letter from her saying that she would be there this afternoon, so I hurried off. I wanted"—Eve laughed a hollow, mirthless laugh of a caliber which even the Hon. Freddie Threepwood would have found beyond his powers, and he was a specialist—"I wanted to try to bring you two together. I thought that if I could see her and have a talk with her that you might become reconciled."

Psmith, though obsessed with a disquieting feeling that he was fighting in the last ditch, pulled himself together sufficiently to pat her hand as it lay beside him on the wall like some white and fragile flower.

"That was like you," Psmith murmured. "That was an act worthy of your great heart. But I fear that the rift between Cynthia and myself has reached such dimensions ——"

Eve drew her hand away. She swung round, and the battery of her indignant gaze raked him furiously.

"I saw Cynthia," she said, "and she told me that her husband was in Paris."

"Now how in the world," said Psmith, struggling bravely but with a growing sense that they were coming over the plate a bit too fast for him, "how in the world did she get an idea like that?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"I do, indeed."

"Then I'll tell you. She got the idea because she had had a letter from him, begging her to join him there. She had just finished telling me this when I caught sight of you from the inn window, walking along the High Street. I pointed you out to Cynthia and she said she had never seen you before in her life."

"Women soon forget," sighed Psmith.

"The only excuse I can find for you," stormed Eve in a vibrant undertone necessitated by the fact that somebody had just emerged from the castle door and they no longer had the terrace to themselves, "is that you're mad. When I think of all you said to me about poor Cynthia on the lake that afternoon, when I think of all the sympathy I wasted on you ——"

"Not wasted," corrected Psmith firmly. "It was by no means wasted. It made me love you—if possible—even more."

Eve had supposed that she had embarked on a tirade which would last until she had worked off her indignation and felt composed again, but this extraordinary remark scattered the thread of her harangue so hopelessly that all she could do was to stare at him in amazed silence.

"Womanly intuition," proceeded Psmith gravely, "will have told you long ere this that I love you with a fervor which with my poor vocabulary I cannot hope to express. True, as you are about to say, we have known each other but a short time, as time is measured. But what of that?"

Eve raised her eyebrows. Her voice was cold and hostile.

"After what has happened," she said, "I suppose I ought not to be surprised at finding you capable of anything, but are you really choosing this moment to—to propose to me?"

"To employ a favorite word of your own—yes."

"And you expect me to take you seriously?"

"Assuredly not. I look upon the present disclosure purely as a sighting shot. You may regard it, if you will, as a kind of formal proclamation. I wish simply to go on record as an aspirant to your hand. I want you, if you will be so good, to make a note of my words and give them a thought from time to time. As Comrade Cootes—a young friend of mine whom you have not yet met—would say, chew on them."

"I ——"

"It is possible," continued Psmith, "that black moments will come to you—for they come to all of us, even the sunniest—when you will find yourself saying 'Nobody loves me!' On such occasions I should like you to add, 'No, I am wrong. There is somebody who loves me.' At first, it may be, that reflection will bring but scant balm. Gradually, however, as the days go by and we are constantly together and my nature unfolds itself like the petals of some timid flower beneath the rays of the sun ——"

Eve's eyes opened wider. She had supposed herself incapable of further astonishment, but she saw that she had been mistaken.

"You surely aren't dreaming of staying on here now?" she gasped.

"Most decidedly! Why not?"

"But—but what is to prevent me telling everybody that you are not Mr. McTodd?"

"Your sweet generous nature," said Psmith; "your big heart; your angelic forbearance."

"Oh!"

"Considering that I only came here as McTodd—and if you had seen him you would realize that he is not a person for whom the man of sensibility and refinement would lightly allow himself to be mistaken—I say, considering that I only took on the job of understudy so as to get to the castle and be near you, I hardly think that you will be able to bring yourself to get me slung out. You must try to understand what happened. When Lord Emsworth started chatting with me under the impression that I was Comrade McTodd, I encouraged the mistake purely with kindly intention of putting him at his ease. Even when he informed me that he was expecting me to come down to Blandings with him on the five o'clock train, it never even occurred to me to do so. It was only when I saw you talking to him in the street, and he revealed the fact that you were about to enjoy his hospitality, that I decided that there was no other course open to the man of spirit. Consider! Twice that day you had passed out of my life—may I say taking the sunshine with you?—and I began to fear you might pass out of it forever. So, loath though I was to commit the solecism of planting myself in this happy home under false pretenses, I could see no other way. And here I am!"

"You must be mad!"

"Well, as I was saying, the days will go by; you will have ample opportunity of studying my personality, and it is quite possible that in due season the love of an honest heart may impress you as worth having. I may add that I have loved you since the moment when I saw you sheltering from the rain under that awning in Dover Street, and I recall saying as much to Comrade Walderwick when he was chatting with me some short time later on the subject of his umbrella. I do not press you for an answer now ——"

"I should hope not!"

"I merely say, think it over. It is nothing to cause you mental distress. Other men love you. Freddie Threepwood loves you. Just add me to the list. That is all I ask. Muse on me from time to time. Reflect that I may be an acquired taste. You probably did not like olives the first time you tasted them. Now you probably do. Give me the same chance you would an olive. Consider, also, how little you actually have against me. What, indeed, does it amount to, when you come to examine it narrowly? All you have against me is the fact that I am not Ralston McTodd. Think how comparatively few people are Ralston McTodd. Let your meditations proceed along these lines and ——"

He broke off, for at this moment the individual who had come out of the front door a short while back loomed beside them.

"Everybody is waiting, Mr. McTodd," said the Efficient Baxter. He spoke the name, as always, with a certain sardonic emphasis.

"Of course," said Psmith affably, "of course. I was forgetting. I will get to work at once. You are quite sure you do not wish to hear a scuttleful of modern poetry, Miss Halliday?"

"Quite sure."

"And yet even now, so our genial friend here informs us, a bevy of youth and beauty is crowding the drawing-room, agog for the treat. Well, well! It is these strange clashings of personal taste which constitute what we call life. I think I shall write a poem about it some day. Come, Comrade Baxter, let us be up and doing. I must not disappoint my public."

For some moments after the two had left her—Baxter silent and chilly, Psmith all debonair chumminess, kneading the other's arm and pointing out as they went objects of interest by the wayside—Eve remained on the terrace wall, thinking. She was laughing now, but behind her amusement there was another feeling, and one that perplexed her. A good many men had proposed to her in the course of her career, but none of them had ever left her with this odd feeling of exhilaration. Psmith was different from any other man who had come her way, and difference was a quality which Eve esteemed.

She had just reached the conclusion that life for whatever girl might eventually decide to risk it in Psmith's company would never be dull, when strange doings in her immediate neighborhood roused her from her meditations.

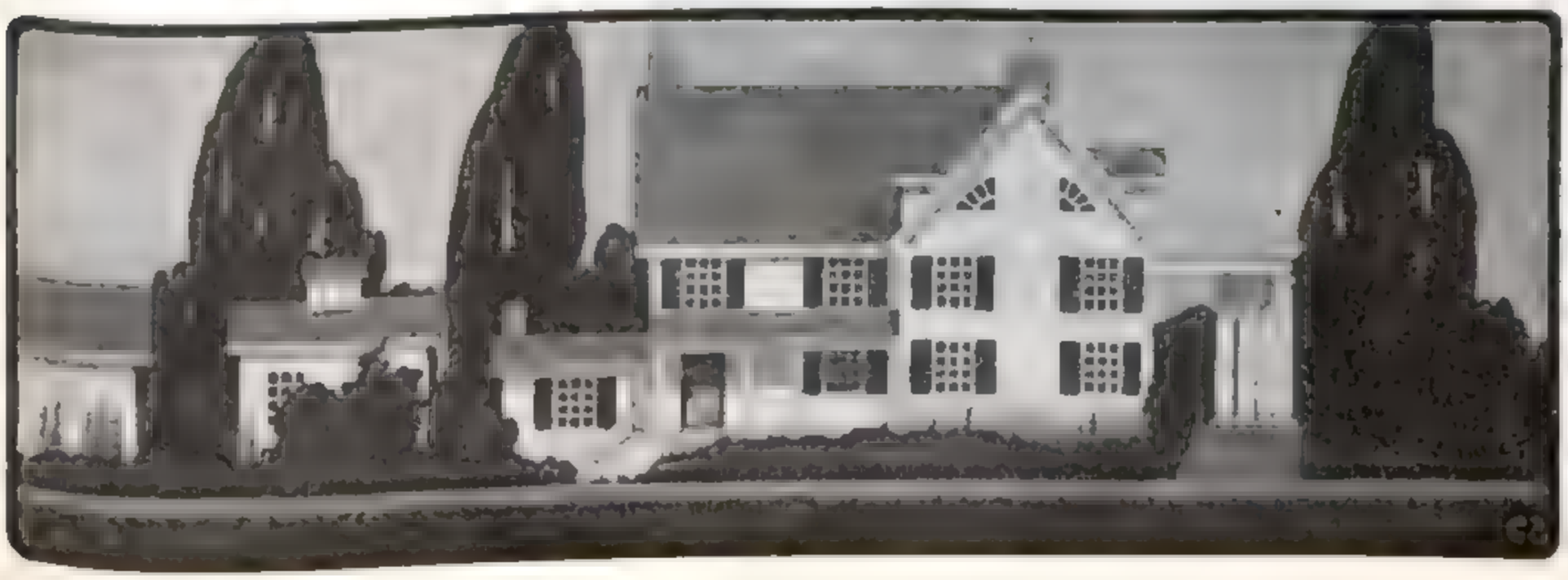
The thing happened as she rose from her seat on the wall and started to cross the terrace on her way to the front door. She had stopped for an instant beneath the huge open window of the drawing-room to listen to what was going on inside. Faintly, with something of the quality of a far-off phonograph, the sound of Psmith reading came to her; and even at this distance there was a composed blandness about his voice which brought a smile to her lips.

And then, with a startling abruptness, the lighted window was dark; and she was aware that all the lighted windows on that side of the castle had suddenly become dark. The lamp that shone over the great door ceased to shine, and above the hubbub of voices in the drawing-room she heard Psmith's patient drawl:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I think the lights have gone out."

The night air was rent by a single piercing scream. Something flashed like a shooting star and fell at her feet; and, stooping, Eve found in her hands Lady Constance Keeble's diamond necklace.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Watch This Column

What Kind of Pictures Do *You* Like?

SCORES of smart people who have read these advertisements are writing and helping me to understand what kind of picture-plays the public most enjoys. I am grateful for the co-operation. Instead of filing these letters, I keep them on my desk where I can refer to them any minute.

* * *

Universal is eager to reach a complete understanding with the public. It wants to please. This isn't mushy sentiment or philanthropic bunk. Call it "selfish interest" and you will be nearer the mark, because if we make pictures the people like, the monetary gain is certain.

* * *

Do you like these single column advertisements? Do you think we ought to use more space? Do you like a synopsis of the plot with each new picture-play we announce, or would you rather see the play without knowing the plot in advance?

* * *

Do you believe the *play* or the *star* is the big thing? Do you believe a good story cast with unknown players is preferable to a cast of known stars and a story written around them to exploit their skill? I would like your views on this important subject.

CHARLES MACK

Meantime, keep watch for "DRIVEN," a Charles Brabin production with a great cast, featuring the brilliant young star, Charles Mack (courtesy D. W. Griffith). I think this picture will prove that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see Universals.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

"Companions of Spring–"

It's the season for pleasure, for color, for the good things of life. People who know the best in sweets will often have a friendly argument as to which is the most attractive package in Whitman's famous Quality Group. But you will never hear any difference of opinion about the *goodness* of the sweets. In all of these packages it is the same *Whitman's*—famous since 1842.

The Sampler—best known of all candy packages—quaint, original, unique in its make-up, the favorites from ten leading packages of Whitman's.

Salmagundi—latest member of the group—luscious chocolates in an art metal box prized as a keepsake as well as for its charming contents.

Pleasure Island—romance in chocolates—pirate's sea-chest freighted with treasure from the Spanish Main—rich booty from the tropic islands.

Fussy Package—for fastidious folks—nuts and nut combinations enriched with Whitman's far-famed chocolate

Super Extra Chocolates—the Standard package of sweets which first made Whitman's reputation—the package which stands for all that is good in candy-making.

Library Package—book-shaped—odd—luxurious—an eloquent volume of sweet thought and good taste.

Seek the Quality Store in your neighborhood which has been selected as Agent for Whitman's Quality Group—usually a drug store.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Also makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

MANAGING MOLLY

Continued from Page 38

of his judgment I O.K'd it for fear the office would think we were afraid to exhibit our goods except under ideal conditions

Molly was in when I phoned her.

"Sam came to life long enough to get us next week," I told her. "The Colossus. They promised him fourth spot or better. A cut, of course; same as the Palace."

"That's all right. Shall we rehearse this week?"

"No, I guess not."

My sister-in-law sang out from the next room, "Ask her if she'd enjoy a home-cooked meal after a season of restaurants."

"Are you engaged for dinner tomorrow night, Your Majesty?"

"Why, I'm rather expecting—that is, I promised Mr. Forsythe——"

"I see. Friday?"

"Well," Molly hesitated. "Mr. Forsythe——"

"Saturday or Sunday?"

"Are you trying to be as——"

"Don't forget I'm rather expecting—that is, I promised the office we'd play our act for them Monday. Will you, Your Majesty?" I kidded.

The answer I got to that was the unmistakable click of a receiver hung on its hook.

Waiting my turn to rehearse the orchestra Monday morning, I tried to cultivate the cheerful, expectant frame of mind the powerful-will and willful-power books talk so much about. Well I knew the quaint habits of the gorillas who infested the gallery at that house Monday afternoons and nights.

Set on the edge of a district known for its auto-repair shops and gangsters, the gallery gods were mostly shop assistants, taxi and truck drivers and freight handlers, black and white. They had their favorites whom they greeted with heavy-handed applause and sent off to rhythmic stamping of heavy-soled shoes. They were equally as emphatic in their disapproval of a turn. Let an act, especially a new or unfamiliar one, lose the gallery's interest, let the personality, the voice or the mannerisms of an actor grate upon the gods near the roof, and said performer was immediately notified by the metallic ring of a penny, thrown from the gallery, landing on the stage. In spite of special police, rigid house rules, refusal of admission to known offenders, the galleryites at the Colossus persevered in the penny-throwing habit, practically unknown in any other first-class theater in the city. The throwing of that first copper always brought a quick decision. If the majority in the gallery agreed with the most impatient member who had tossed the first coin, a deluge of pennies, slugs and nickels would fall from nigger heaven, literally driving the unfortunate actors off the stage.

Nor was that Monday gallery any respecter of personages. I'd been on the bill there when one of the highest-salaried female stars in vaudeville was pennied off ten minutes after a brand-new act had carried their lacerated hearts into the safety of back-stage oblivion. So when I say, waiting to rehearse that morning, that I prayed the strong-arms would remember me and like my partner, I mean I prayed.

I had enough on my mind without meeting Lee Forsythe when I drifted out to kill the hour or two before matinée time.

"What's it all about?" I asked when we'd reached my dressing room, where I took him as the best place to hold the quiet talk he'd postponed so long.

"Miss Wills," he told me. "I'm going to put my cards face up on the table. I wish you'd be equally as candid with me. There's no reason for either of us to get excited or misunderstand each other or to consider it anything but a business proposition between gentlemen."

"Come down to the point."

He faced me squarely.

"How much is Miss Wills' partnership worth to you?"

"What's that?" I asked, paralyzed. "I don't make you."

"The partnership agreement she tells me exists between you—how much would you take for it in actual cash?"

"More than you could pay," I said, wondering what he thought our salary was.

"You're quite mistaken. If I should possibly not have sufficient, I can easily get it."

"Twenty thousand?" I asked, feeling him out.

"I'll give you a certified check for that amount this afternoon, if ——"

"If what?"

Forsythe took a moment to decide on his next lead.

"Stedman, Molly and I were brought up together. She comes of one of the finest families in the South. It was understood for years that she was to become Mrs. Lee Forsythe as soon as she reached her eighteenth year. Six months ago, for no valid reason, she disappeared—left her home."

"Home? Isn't she an orphan?"

"She is. She made her home with—has she never told you?"

"She's never told me anything except she was an orphan, with some money in charge of a guardian."

Forsythe nodded.

"Then all I can say is that she enjoyed as comfortable a home as any girl could desire. Later, much later after leaving, she sent word to her home and to me that she had accepted a theatrical engagement; in what branch of the profession she did not state. I set out to find her."

"Why?"

"First, to ascertain if she were safe—in no danger. Second, to discover who had inveigled her into the step she'd taken, and lastly, to return her to her home and the wedding we'd begun to plan."

"Well," I said, "you found her safe—in no danger. You found I had nothing to do directly with her decision. Now, getting down to the meat of this proposition, how did you find her on the question of retiring into private life as Mrs. Lee Forsythe?"

The big fellow's eyes flickered darkly as he slowly answered, "If you will accept my check for dissolving your partnership she will return home with me."

"I'll have to hear her say it before I believe it," I told him.

"Why? Your association with Miss Wills has been on a purely business basis, hasn't it? Putting it baldly, you value her because she supplies the qualities needed to make your act a success; and that, of course, means financial success. I mean to say there's no personal or sentimental attachment between you, is there?"

"Wouldn't it be nicer to ask Miss Wills that question?"

"I have. She assured me you had made it quite plain to her that vaudeville partners, unless married, usually are careful not to allow any sentiment to interfere with their business."

Recognizing the words as my own, I must have grinned, for Forsythe suddenly steamed up and boiled over.

"Good Lord, it's impossible anything between you and Molly! Dammit, an actor—even if she were to take leave of her senses—you—her family ——"

"Wait a second with that family stuff," I cut in, hard and quick. "There's nothing wrong with my family, even if they did turn out an actor."

"Of course not, but ——"

"They started unloading families in New England before they did in Virginia. Now let's forget all about families and impossibilities and everything except the thing you came here to talk about. You want to know how much I'll take to break my agreement with my partner?"

"Yes."

"I'll tell you—nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Not a thing. If she's the kind to leave me flat, now, after what I've done for her, she's not worth a nickel. Nor would she be worth a jitney to me if she went on working with me against her inclinations. On the other hand, if you're just butting in, misrepresenting things ——"

"I'm not."

"I'm talking now! If she honestly wants to continue working with me, taking the bumps along the road to the success we're bound to make some day, there isn't a certified check in the world big enough to make me break our agreement."

"You'll believe she's disgusted with vaudeville when she sends you word to that effect?" Forsythe asked.

"If she sends it," I said, opening the door for him.

But talking confidently didn't instill any soothing peace or calm within me. Nor did listening to the acts as they followed each other at the matinée that day. It would

"What About the Lining—
Is it Skinner's Satin?"

An important question—and purchasers who know Skinner wearing quality make sure they get Skinner's in buying a suit or overcoat.

Most high grade clothing manufacturers and merchant tailors line their garments with

Skinner's Satin

All-Silk or Cotton-Back

It is the overwhelming choice of those who aim to use the best materials obtainable.

In a ready-to-wear suit or overcoat look for the Skinner label shown below. When ordering from a merchant tailor ask him to show you the satin and

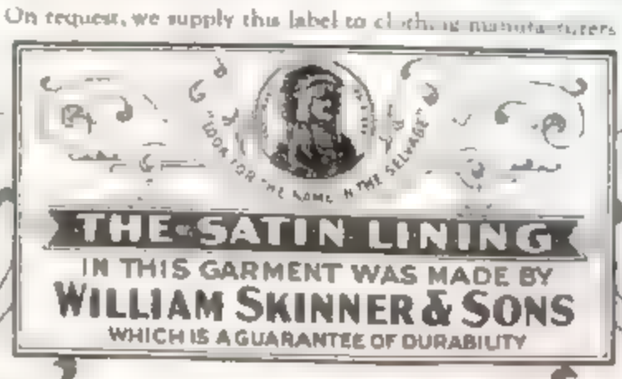
"Look for the Name in the Selvage"

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS

Established 1848 New York Chicago Boston Mills, Holyoke, Mass.

The world's largest manufacturers of silk and satin linings. Also makers of the famous Skinner Serges and Merveilleux and Skinner's Dress Silks—Taffetas and All Silk Satins.

On request, we supply this label to clothing manufacturers


"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"
THE SATIN LINING
IN THIS GARMENT WAS MADE BY
WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS
WHICH IS A GUARANTEE OF DURABILITY

The Latest Design in Alarm Clocks

THEIR qualities are indicated by the name, *Squareclox:* Square in design, in time keeping, in reliability of alarm—Square in price.

Seamless metal case, dull lacquered finish that looks like platinum. Will not tarnish nor show finger marks.

Stand solidly; cannot be easily upset. No feet to scratch furniture or break off. Concealed bell; switch for silencing.

Square Simplex (illustrated above)
"The clock with brains." 5¾" high; 4½" wide. 24 hour alarm dial. Wind time and alarm once a week. Alarm rings at time set (7 to 49 seconds, as desired) stops and automatically resets to ring at same time next day. Radium dial $1.25 extra **$6.00**

Square Racket (Strike and Alarm)
5¾" high; 4¾" wide. Runs thirty hours. *The only alarm clock made striking the hour and half-hour.* Strike can be silenced when desired and will strike correct hour when strike is again in operation. Continuous alarm. Radium dial $1.25 extra. **$5.00**

Square Rally
4¾" high; 3¾" wide. Runs thirty hours. Intermittent alarm. Radium dial $1.00 extra. **$3.00**

Square Pirate
4¾" high; 3¾" wide. Runs thirty hours. Continuous alarm. **$2.50**
For 50c extra the SQUARE PIRATE furnished with enamelled college emblems, in colors of Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Cornell, Columbia, Dartmouth or U. of P. only,—in center of panel. Radium dial $1.00 extra.

Square Rascal (Illustrated below)
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have been funny if so much hadn't depended on our making good. A boy-and-girl acrobatic team opened; second, Keegan and Keegan—Mr. and Mrs.—in a musical act with cornets, trombones, accordions and drums, loud and lowbrow hokum—a riot with the audience; third, a sketch, boy and girl and old man; fourth, Belle Rigler, the house's favorite songster, with her husband at the piano; fifth, Georgie Cassan, the dancer, in a big act with five girls, featuring Toots Twendon, a blonde about Molly's size. Youth, music, costumes, comedy, dancing—with Molly and me expected to follow it all with some more of the same thing!

On we went. Our opening number pulled a little scattering applause. Going into the dialogue, we lost our first three laughs in quick succession.

Notoriously hard, unresponsive were the Monday Colossus audiences, but there was a way to win them if I could get any help from my partner.

Always I kept one eye on her. As the act progressed, slowly and surely I felt her wilting. Every laugh she missed depressed her a bit more. I could see her, baffled, not understanding, grow more hopeless as, missing the supporting enthusiasm of the audience which she'd been used to riding buoyantly upon, she began forcing her smiles, her animation and her voice, destroying her charm. She was game, but she was up against something new to her, a problem she could solve in no one performance nor yet a week of performances.

The second we went into our English impersonation I felt trouble coming. I didn't dare omit entirely the haw-haw, monocled Piccadilly Johnny talk. That would have further upset Molly and hopelessly confused the orchestra. I'd just decided, in a flash, on a big cut in the patter which would abbreviate it to little more than two or three lines, when the dreaded ring of a penny, striking the stage, sent a sudden wave of nausea through my system.

A few of the folks in front who heard it and recognized the sound sniggered. Klink! Another penny tinkled on the brass chain running around the footlight trough. Another laugh.

Without waiting to find out whether the rest of the gallery would follow suit or give us another chance, "Dance!" I told the orchestra leader. In a second I grabbed Molly and swung her into the routine of our exit dance.

For the next fifteen seconds, smiling, I held my breath, waiting for the clatter of a shower of coins. We danced off without another copper falling. The fairly decent round of applause that followed I figured was more a recognition of our quick-wittedness and gameness than anything else. But it gave us a chance to bow.

Reaching for Molly's hand, I saw her walking away from me.

"Come on!" I shouted.

"Go back? Out there?" Molly's eyes flashed angrily through the big tears in them.

"You're not going to let them think you're licked, are you?" I said. "Come on before they stop clapping!"

We stole a second bow.

Then, without a word to a soul, I hurried up to my dressing room, sick. I knew what would happen. That night the bill would be rearranged. Keegan and Keegan, the laughing riot on second that afternoon, would be moved down to the Number-Six spot, and Wills and Stedman would be shoved up into the Number-Two spot vacated by Keegan and Keegan. There was but one way I could prevent it, one way to keep managers and bookers, dropping in through the week to look us over, from seeing us flop miserably on second.

Rushing home as quickly as possible, I got Royalter, the Colossus house manager, on the wire.

"I've some bad news for you, Mr. Royalter. Going down into the subway after the matinée, I tripped and fell all the way down. My left ankle is as big as a barn. I can't stand on it. The doctor says nothing is broken, but it'll be three or four days before I can use it. You'll have to get another act to take our place, I guess."

"Who's your doctor?" Royalter asked.

"Name is Smith—family doctor. Shall I have him send a certificate of sickness to you?" I bluffed.

"Never mind. Sorry you hurt yourself. Thanks for letting me know so promptly."

Next I called up Molly's hotel, leaving a message for her to ring me as soon as she returned. It was only fair to Sam to call his office to give them a chance to offer another of his acts as a substitute for Molly and me. Then I went outside and inhaled deep lungfuls of clean, nontheatrical park ozone.

"Miss Wills called up while you were out," my sister-in-law told me when I came back. "I told her what you'd done."

"What did she say?"

"It was the strangest thing, Chick. All she said was 'Thank you,' in that cool voice of hers, and hung up."

"That's one of her specialties—hanging up telephone receivers," I explained.

But the worst was yet to come. I knew Tuesday noon by the way the phone bell jangled that something unpleasant was about to be poured into my ear.

"You!" It was Sam Kovich, choking with anger. "The guy that wrote show business, eh? Nobody's advice but your own ain't worth asking! Walking off bills ain't nothing in your life ——"

"Oh, can it, Sam! What's a week's salary now compared to a season's work?"

"Where do you get that season's-work stuff? It ain't. Your season is over now. You closed it yesterday when you got temperamental and walked out of the Colossus."

"What are you talking about?" I asked, feeling empty in the middle.

"I had you booked into Baltimore and Washington. Somebody tipped Kelly, who books them two houses, your bum ankle was a frame. Naturally Kelly gets sore and cancels you, saying he don't want no quitters he can't depend on."

"Kelly's only one man, booking two houses. There are plenty of others ——"

"All of which Kelly has seen and talked to about your phony accident. I offered you this morning already to twelve bookers and I can't get you a three-day date even. They say there's been too much walking out by performers who find the going tough, and they're going to make an example of you."

"What do you mean—example?"

"They're going to keep you out of the big houses until you're so anxious to play them you'll open shows if they ask you."

It was a cinch to keep Molly and me dubbing around, playing a three-day date every once in a while, with long lay-offs in between.

"Listen, Sam! Who put Kelly wise?"

"Somebody you had to brag to what a smart trick you played."

"I never yipped to anyone outside of Molly, you and my family," I told him. "I'm going to see Kelly myself. Where can I find him?"

"He lives and eats at the Somerhall."

The Somerhall—Molly's hotel! I got the picture in a flash. Molly and Forsythe, having dinner, talking over what I'd done, Molly sore and Lee not taking my part any; Kelly, at the next table, getting both ears full.

"Listen, Sam, I'm going to ——"

"Don't tell me what you're going to do. I don't care," Sam said savagely. "All my life I been learning vaudeville. And I live to get in Dutch with the office on account of a doll-face jane and a swelled-up, blow-hard hoofer ——"

I saw nineteen shades of red.

"That'll be all of that, Sam. You don't know yet how far in Dutch you are. You started weaning me away from you when you begged me to try to get over with an inexperienced partner on second at the Palace. That last crack of yours finished the job."

Sam's voice was apprehensive as he asked "What do you mean?"

"Take our names off your books, Sam. We're through."

"Through!" he yelled. "You can't do it! I'm ——"

"You're all washed up, Sam. You as good as told me you couldn't book any time for us. That was enough without the personal remark you thought I'd take. You're a lousy guesser, Sam."

"Listen, Chick! You ain't going to hold it against me that I got a little excited? To show I'm your friend, only last Saturday I turned down a thousand dollars cash to take you off my books."

"You what?" I shouted.

"Believe it, that's friendship, ain't it—to turn down a thousand to quit booking you?"

"Who offered it?" I asked. "A guy named Forsythe?"

"That ain't the question, Chick. Listen ——"

"It's cold, Sam. Good-by."

I couldn't cool off. Break us, would they, because I was simply trying to protect our property? Treat us, a new act, like an established, well-known turn? I knew I couldn't win, fighting the office. But I could keep them from kicking us around until they broke our spirit. I could drop out of sight for six months; I could take Molly out around Chicago on the small time ——

But could I? Forsythe had said she was disgusted with vaudeville. I was sure he didn't know enough about the inside of vaudeville to have offered our agent money to quit booking us. Molly must have wised him to that play. And why not? After six months of telling her all I was going to do for us, what had I done? Canceled the hardest house to get into in the United States; set the office against us by walking out of the Colossus; fired the agent who'd kept us working every week possible since we'd been together. Even if she hadn't already made up her mind, wouldn't the prospect of a season of Galesburgs, Sioux Falls and Waterloos decide her that Forsythe, his money and the sunny South were her proper speed?

"Listen, boob," I asked myself, "are you going to take it sitting down or are you going straight to Molly and let her tell you to your face that she's all washed up and on her way to the station? Sure!"

Not wishing to go to her entirely empty-handed, I shot a wire out to Jerry Stimmonds: "How soon and for what salary can you open us Western Variety Circuit?"

Late that afternoon, hanging over the desk of the N. V. A. Club, where I'd asked Jerry to wire his answer, the clerk handed me a telegram.

"You open Grand, Evansville, next Monday. Four weeks to follow. Am arranging further bookings. Salary two twenty-five."

"Any return message?" the clerk asked.

"I'll tell you later," I said, heading toward the Somerhall.

"She's out," the girl at the hotel switchboard informed me. "She left word she was going to the Colossus to pack her theater trunk."

The key box in the Colossus green room showed one key gone—Number Five, Molly's room. There wasn't a sound to break the dead quiet of the darkened theater as I climbed the stairs and walked along the corridor. The door of Room Five was ajar, the room in confusion, costumes dropped, shapeless, on the floor, the trunk drawers half in, half out, sagging forward dejectedly. Huddled in a chair before the make-up shelf, her head buried in the folds of a lacy evening gown, Molly was sobbing heartbrokenly.

I tiptoed away from the door and loudly cleared my throat. Followed the startled scraping of Molly's chair.

"Who's there?" she asked.

"Chick, Your Majesty. May I see you for a couple of minutes?"

"Oh! Just a second, please." A moment later she opened the door. "What is it?" she asked, almost calm and not so almost cordial.

I gave her Jerry's telegram. Knowing the next few minutes would bring complete failure or another chance for success, my throat was dry as ashes.

"What are you going to do about it? It's entirely up to you."

Molly looked at me with hot eyes.

"Oh, it's up to me, is it? Just what do you mean by that?"

"Just what I say, Your Majesty. I've managed to lose about everything except my partner and my ability to absorb punishment. The best I can offer is this telegram. It's only fair to tell you that it's small time—split weeks—three shows or more a day—two, sometimes three towns a week—lots of hard work and travel—and not much money."

Molly, her head bowed, staring unseeing at the slip of yellow paper in her hand, made no reply.

"It'll take six months right out of your young life. It will put you under a nervous strain—and keep you there—that after a month or so will make sharp answers come easy and genuine smiles hard. It will associate you with has-beens and never-will-bes. You'll play to some audiences who won't know what you're talking about and others who won't like you, and you'll be so tired so many times you won't care whether you get over or not. Most of the time you'll be working on your nerve—what's left of

(Continued on Page 76)

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(Continued from Page 74)

it from dirty theaters, rotten orchestras, second-rate hotels, constant travel and loss of sleep. I've been through it and I hate it. So will you. But if you've got the guts to plow through a season of it, you'll be an honest-to-God performer at the finish of it."

Molly's velvety chin hardened.

"You don't think I have the ——"

"I quit guessing about you when you sent Forsythe to me."

"What's that?" Molly cut in like a whiplash.

"You didn't need to offer me money. All you had to do was come clean with me."

"Come clean!" Molly's lip trembled dangerously. "You—you're a fine one to talk of coming clean!"

"I'm not going to let you get away with that, Your Majesty. When haven't I played square with you?"

"Did you think it square or honest to talk to Forsythe instead of coming straight to me? Was it professional to ask him to tell me that you were disappointed in me; that you were afraid to go into the Palace with me; that I'd ruined the act at the Colossus; that any time I wanted to leave you I could; and that I—I"—Molly's voice broke—"I wasn't worth a nickel to you?"

"You—you believed that?" I managed to stammer.

"It's true. Why shouldn't I?"

"So that's the kind of a dirty sneak you think I am!" I said, losing control and not caring. "Did you also believe I took the twenty thousand he offered?"

"Twenty thousand?"

"I suppose you believe Sam pocketed the thousand Forsythe offered him to quit booking us too."

Molly's eyes were actually bulging with bewilderment

"I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about."

"You don't know Forsythe tried to buy your release so you could go back home and marry him?"

"Did he tell you I was going to marry him?" Molly's voice rose near the breaking point.

"He said if I'd release you you would."

"You—you believed it?"

"Why wouldn't I?"

It was Molly's turn to explode.

"So that's the sort of quitter you think I am! After working together all these months, you might at least have asked me

"When?" I cut in. "Just tell me when—with you so dated up with Forsythe."

"Whose fault was that?" Molly sputtered, both little clenched fists planted belligerently on her hips. "When I brazenly asked you on the train if you'd be much in New York you coolly told me you'd come in only for business, didn't you?"

Before I could answer, a voice from below shouted "Miss Wills!"

"In Room Five," Molly called.

"Forsythe?" I asked hopefully.

Molly shook her head

"Mr Forsythe took the noon train back home. Oh, I wish I'd known then what I know now!"

She signed the receipt for a telegram a messenger boy gave her. Merely glancing at it, she gave it to me, saying quietly, "Does this indicate that I planned to quit?" I read:

> Don't understand your wire. Have already wired Chick offer of four weeks, more to follow, opening next week. Am waiting confirmation.
> JERRY STIMMONDS.

"When did you wire Jerry?" I asked, the old brain chasing around in eccentric circles.

"This morning," Molly replied in her polite panning voice, once again sweet mistress of herself and the situation. "That is why Lee went home. He's stubborn, besides being a rough-and-ready liar, but my telegram was the final convincer that I'd meant precisely what I'd told him six months ago."

There were many things I might have said at that second. I looked at Molly. She was tidily folding a costume over a trunk hanger, daintily smoothing out its wrinkles.

"In other words," I decided to say, "you're perfectly willing to small-time it the rest of the season?"

Molly nodded

"If only to prove that I do possess the delicate word you said was necessary to make me an honest-to-God performer."

"I never doubted it. What I ——"

"However," Molly continued evenly, "the harmony which characterizes our work on the stage seems most difficult to attain in the more personal contacts of our association. So in order to spare ourselves unnecessary unpleasantness in the unpleasant months to come, I would suggest that we endeavor to keep our association on a strictly business basis."

"You mean you're going to Carrie Carter me?" I grinned. "Well, have it your own way. Strictly business it is."

"So sweet of you to agree with me so completely," Molly murmured, slamming shut a trunk drawer. "When do we leave for Evansville?"

The Israelites wandered through the wilderness; the Pilgrims crossed the heaving Atlantic; the Continental Army wintered at Valley Forge; and Wills and Stedman played the dumps of the Middle West. Not a big town did we hit for weeks. Not more than three days did we spend in any of the little ones Jerry kept sending us into—at my request. We were hiding out for fair.

"Jerry said he could keep us working for twenty years," Molly yawned one cold morning about three o'clock as we shivered in a drafty station at West Liberty, waiting for a late connection to take us to something worse. "I've played eighteen of them now."

"Forty-six towns in nineteen weeks has been enough, though, Your Majesty," I said. "You've got it."

"I've got the jumps."

Molly pulled her big collar up around her drawn face.

"You've got what we came out here for. I wired Jerry today to put us into the State-Lake, Chicago, as soon as he can—to prove it to everybody, including yourself."

"I think," Molly replied wearily—"I think I'm too tired to care."

"It's been all work and no play; I'll say that."

Molly closed her eyes and leaned her head back against the wall, away from the feeble glare of the single electric light.

"Strictly business; that's the answer in vaudeville; you told me so yourself. How much longer must we wait for that through train, I wonder?"

Sam Kovich was the first man I saw when Molly and I came off after raising a riot Monday afternoon at the State-Lake.

"What have you done to the act, Chick? It's wonderful."

I pointed to Molly.

"The act's the same. It's her."

Sam nodded.

"Listen, folks; I gotta handle you again. I gotta, that's all. You ain't going to have no trouble getting booking from now on. The only question now is money. You know, Chick, I can get you as much, maybe more, as any agent in New York. How about it, folks?"

"How much money can you get us for the Number-Four spot at the Palace, New York?" I asked.

Sam looked keenly at me.

"I wire you before the week is out. I leave for New York tonight, so I say good-by now. And listen, Chick, Miss Wills ain't the only one in this team that has improved. You got a—now—appeal like you never had before."

"Oh," cried Molly, "you noticed it too?"

"Noticed it!" Sam snorted. "Listen! Between you two the audience don't stand a chance. What's the answer?"

"Strictly business," Molly smiled, walking to her dressing room.

I don't remember such an awful much about our opening show at the Palace. Too much happened afterward. But I do recall that, going on fourth, we offered the first comedy of the bill. Sick with nervousness just before going on, even though confident in spite of knowing that the regulars among the Palace Monday audience always made a new act give everything it had, we hadn't been working two minutes before I felt our act would be a push-over. We missed laughs at the beginning—a few; but you'd never know from Molly's gay, smiling demeanor that she'd ever counted on them. She was radiating good will and sisterly love to every human in that house. They couldn't make her mad or scared or anything except glad to be right there playing to them, making friends with them.

When the audience sensed that they couldn't help sensing it any more than they could shake off the attraction of her vivacity and droll mannerisms—the chuckles and the laughs began to ripple and roar continuously. Finishing with our impersonation number, we bowed till we got kinks in our backs. Then, to let the show proceed, I had to make a little speech of thanks

As usual after the act Molly went straight to her dressing room while I collected my change of costume. Lighting a cigarette in my own room, letting down before dressing for the street, it slowly percolated that Wills and Stedman had arrived, had finally landed at the Palace with all four feet.

What a wonderful satisfaction it must be to little Molly Wills, no longer an amateur but a seasoned trouper, who'd stuck everlastingly to the grind until she'd won her success; little Molly Wills, who knew nobody in town to help her celebrate, to share her joy, to congratulate her ——

In one jump I was out in the hall chasing toward her room.

"Come in," she called.

Still in her gorgeous evening gown, she was standing by the window, looking at the naked skeletons of the illuminated signs facing Broadway.

"Well, Chick?"

"Your Majesty, forget the strictly business stuff for a minute and let me be the first to congratulate you. I don't think you realize what a sensation you were today."

"We," Molly corrected.

"No, you. You had everything—and you gave it to them."

"You taught me, Chick."

"All I did was show you the mechanics and draw you out. Anyone could have done that."

"Whether they were interested in me—personally—or not?"

I simply couldn't help it.

"Is there anyone who knows you who isn't interested in you—personally?"

Molly turned her head away.

"I'm sorry," I said. "My brother and sister-in-law are out front this afternoon. I was going to suggest, just in celebration, that we all might have dinner together."

"You"—Molly's voice was hardly more than a whisper; her eyes remained fixed on the electric signs—"you'd prefer that to—to celebrating alone—with me?"

Every nerve in my body suddenly tingled.

"Molly! You mean ——"

Molly swiftly turned, her little hand on her soft bosom, her eyes wide with wonder. And as I looked there came into them the light I'd always hoped but never believed I'd be the first to see there.

"Molly dear!" I took a step toward her.

"No, Chick, please! Wait ——"

"I've waited long enough," I said, not waiting a single second longer.

"Now," I said, as soon as we were able to string words together consecutively, "will you please explain the arctic aloofness under which I've shriveled for months?"

Molly took great pains to tighten the bow of my dress tie.

"It was the remnant of a once proud spirit, young man. As Sam would say, you showed me where I got off at when you bluntly called my attention to Carrie Carter and her partner, unmarried and successful. 'Go and do thou likewise' was the lesson I gleaned." Molly patted the tie carefully. "The conviction was strengthened by your abandoning me to Forsythe without the semblance of a struggle."

"Sweet prevaricator, had I guessed any part of the thoughts in your head, I should have followed that impulse to give Forsythe the bum's rush the first night in Chicago. However, deleting the past and its horrors, let us concentrate on the serious situation that faces us"

"Chick, good gracious, you're not going to talk business to me, are you?" Molly wailed.

"I am," I said, outwardly firm, inwardly quaking like jellied consommé. "Before the week is over our act will be in great demand. But positively, finally and absolutely, there will be no act to supply said demand unless ——"

"Unless?" prompted Molly, not moving a finger.

"I'm not in your class, Your Majesty. I never will be. But I just cannot go on working day after day with you unless—without ——"

"Chick dear, are you trying to ask me to marry you?"

"Trying—I'm forcing you to," I blubbed.

"Well," said Molly judiciously, "that's a lot nicer for me than having to force you, isn't it?"

There was only one answer to that.

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THE SPREAD OF THE FASCIST MOVEMENT IN EUROPE AND MEXICO

(Continued from Page 11)

I confess that I myself was surprised when I learned that the bloodless revolution, which brought Mussolini into power as a supporter of the king, had evolved constructive aims; that at last we had to deal in Italy with a real force, not a passing effervescence of a trifling majority in the chamber; that Mussolini could speak for his country with a compelling voice because he knew that he was in a position to stifle all opponents. If the movement had been confined to Italy it might have been said that it was no more stable than any other current in European affairs, because open defiance of the law invariably brings its own punishment, and action always provokes reaction. But the current has now set strongly to the northward. There are Fascist movements in Poland, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Bavaria and Germany; and now we have the astonishing news that the movement has appeared in Mexico. I think that it has spread a great deal farther than we think; that the return of a conservative government in England and the displacement of Mr. Lloyd George are a manifestation of the same kind of reaction against the forces of disorder that have had their root in the Russian so-called Communists, for Mr. Lloyd George had clung with strange persistence to his project of recognizing the Bolshevik government. How far the Fascist movement is still destined to go cannot now be predicted, but it may be said with some certainty that wherever the Communist movement attempts to rear its head there the Fascisti will be gathered together.

Organization C

Let us look at the Fascist movement in Bavaria and Germany first, because in these countries it may have far-reaching consequences upon the destinies of the world. The monarchist rising known as the Kapp Putsch, which distracted Germany some two years ago, was no sudden movement. It had been planned for quite a long time by a small body known locally as the Organization Consul or the Organization C, presided over by a very able man, one of the Kaiser's naval officers, Ex-Commander Ehrhardt. This secret society was in reality the nucleus of the Fascist movement, but it boded no good to the interests of the Allies. It was not likely that the gang of monarchists in Germany, who had lost everything by the revolution, would long remain quiet. In any other nation they would have been heard of long before. These discontented men consisted in Junker landowners from East Prussia, the old aristocracy of Germany, the dispossessed naval and military officers, and a large number of students and hysterically patriotic women. They blundered into action before they were ready; the country replied by a general strike, and Kapp and all his forces melted into nothing within a week. But they left behind them the Organization C to keep their movement alive, and it betook itself to assassination. Erzberger was its first victim. He was a marked man because he had negotiated the Armistice with Marshal Foch, and a class which was too obtuse to know when it was beaten was not likely to forgive the man who had surrendered it to humiliation.

The next victim was Rathenau, who was probably Germany's foremost economic expert and a man who could ill be spared if they had only known it, but who was hated by them first because he was a Jew and secondly because he had honestly been trying to meet the demand for reparations. Rathenau was the author of an epigram that ought to have been made by a Frenchman: "The Peace of Versailles set out to Europeanize the Balkans, and all it has done is to Balkanize Europe."

It is always a little difficult for one who visits Germany, and knows that propaganda is being sprayed upon him from a hosepipe, to make the proper corrections, but it is certain that the present German Government of the Majority Socialists, which was never firmly in the saddle at any period in its checkered career, goes in mortal fear of another monarchist uprising, not because it believes that monarchism will ultimately be triumphant but because it would give an excuse to the German Communists to become the leaders of a general strike. That, at any rate, is its present frame of mind. The general strike has already proved a powerful and an effective weapon against the return of the monarchist party.

Probably the German Government is unduly fearful about the strength of its Communists. Not many months ago an educated English Communist who had married a German woman of the working classes wrote home to his friends in England, deploring the lack of efficient leadership in the German Communist Party. He said that if the Communists ever came into power their triumph would be very short-lived, because he had not met one of them who had any of the qualities of leadership. If his estimate is correct we may assume that the reign of Communism would be ephemeral, but that in the meantime it may work very great mischief, and it may have to be overturned by a dictatorship of one man. We know the history of what such dictatorships lead to.

Though France does not appear to realize it, there are three Germanys, not one Germany—namely: The monarchists, the present government, and the Communists. It is not true, as the French must know, that any one of these three is arming against the Allies; it is probably true that the monarchists and the Communists are arming against each other. The occasional collections of concealed munitions that have been found were apparently designed for this purpose. The military occupation of the Ruhr will produce a coal famine in Berlin, together with the civil disturbances that invariably follow a coal famine in a restless population, for a mob is always more prone to riot when it is cold than when it is hungry. And so Germany will be fortunate indeed if she gets to the end of the winter without rioting in her capital. And if there is rioting, with all the hatred that has been engendered by the French behind it, there may be incidents in the Ruhr itself that will lead to military reprisals.

France is ridden by that emotion under which the most lawless and senseless acts are always committed—the emotion of fear. Who shall blame her? Has she not, during four years of war, had reason to dread her aggressive neighbor? Has she not graven on her memory the innumerable acts of barbarism that have been twice committed upon her peaceful inhabitants?

Fascisti vs. Communists in Bavaria

Promoters of the Organization C knew that Germany itself was too hot to hold them. They took sanctuary in Munich, where, as was perfectly well known in Berlin, the government writ would not run. It was probably from the nucleus of the Organization C that Hitler and his merry men came into existence. Organization C worked in the dark; Hitler came out into the open and played all the pranks suggested by the light-hearted black-shirts in Italy. For the past two months Ehrhardt has been in prison in Leipsic awaiting trial for the part he took in the Kapp monarchist rising, but in the present temper of the people it is believed that he will be acquitted and will emerge from prison as a national hero. Those portentously serious people, the German Communists, blew away before the Bavarian Fascisti like chaff before the wind. If the Communist Party has any leaders they are generally to be found quarreling about the spoils. It is said that the large sums they received from Russia practically broke them up into warring factions, for when it came to the share out no one thought that he had received enough, and those who received nothing made the wildest accusations of malversation against those who had contrived to steal a little. They have no stomach for fighting, these Communists; they do not at all mind shooting you in the back, provided there is a sporting chance of someone else being arrested for the crime, but when it comes to open violence in the streets the party melts away.

Let us now turn to Bavaria. Ex-King Rupprecht is reported to have said in a private conversation that it was not the Bavarian Communists in Munich and Nuremberg who were keeping him from resuming power; that they were quite a negligible force; but he was not for assuming power until the time was ripe. Probably he meant that he must be called to office by the people and that he must give time for the new Monarchist Fascist Party under Hitler to do its work. If the truth were known Hitler himself is little more than a marionette, dancing to the order of Ehrhardt, and if sometimes he engages in Fascist diversions outside of the Bavarian border it is because the Organization C thinks that Communism is rearing its head too high. What precise moment will be chosen for declaring Rupprecht president of Bavaria, with the ultimate reversion of the kingship, cannot be foretold, but that some plan of the kind is now being worked out is common knowledge throughout Europe. In certain of the German states the government is of so pink a complexion that no request for action against radical agitators is complied with. It is to this kind of state that Hitler's attention has been directed.

We live in strange times. For eighty years democracy has moved forward in a more or less orderly march, tripping here and there, but steadily proceeding to the goal predicted for it by the enthusiasts of its childhood, where there shall be no more autocrats or despots, no more aristocracy or privileged classes, where every child born into the world shall have equal opportunities with every other child.

French Policy

In one of Maeterlinck's most famous fantasy plays, Pelléas and Mélisande, the aged king, who points the moral like the chorus in a Greek tragedy, cries: "If I were God I would be sorry for the hearts of men!" He might have gone on to lament that the one unchanging factor in this changing world is human nature. We may survey the centuries through a glass darkly, since the only view of the centuries that is open to us is through the little window of history, stained by prejudice; and we shall see the same envy, hatred and malice, the same rapacity and greed, the same selfishness in old Babylon, in ancient Egypt, in republican Rome as in the modern world today. It was a misfortune for democracy that it should have been reborn at a period when material discovery was most active in the history of the human race; when medical science and the means of transportation had enormously increased population and wealth; and the fight for existence had changed from a struggle against Nature to a struggle between classes in overcrowded communities. However social his instincts, man was never intended to crowd by the million into a few acres of city—a condition in which only the institution of capital can maintain the equilibrium and the food supply. If human nature were the perfect thing that it is not there might be some hope of realizing the dreams of communal ownership and communal governmental management of industries. As it is, mankind seems doomed to a perpetual struggle between the Have-nots and the Haves, and whenever the Have-nots gain a temporary success the whole community will be consigned to want and famine.

Whatever we may think of Fascist movements in other countries, in Germany it is a very serious menace. Victorious Fascisti would mean the return of Junkerdom with all its abuses. If the choice were to lie between Junkerdom and Communism we might incline towards Communism, for at least that régime would be short-lived. The other might mean the return of militarism with all its disastrous consequences.

The French policy on the Ruhr is a policy of despair. The internal dissensions in Germany would have been the best guaranty for the world that she would not present a solid front at least for a generation. The seizure of part of her territory is welding all classes into one in a common hatred for the French. She is taking with the invader the same steps that she took with the Kapp monarchists, not an armed resistance, which could be crushed at once, but the infinitely more effective method of noncoöperation. Whatever may be the outcome, it is quite certain that France will obtain no material profit and that she will leave Germany a more dangerous, because a more united neighbor than she found her.

(Continued on Page 81)

They Must Get Dirty to Have Real Fun

Let them romp and play as happy children should. After all, it isn't the *clothes* or the *dirt* you care about—it's the *work* and the *expense* of more frequent washings.

And it can all be avoided, if you have a Coffield Electric Washer. It washes so quickly, so thoroughly, so many pieces at a time. Think what it will mean to your peace of mind—clean clothes a-plenty, without worry about the work or the wear and tear.

Coffield dealers have a sales plan with such easy payments that your weekly savings quickly amount to more than the cost.

Write us for the name of nearest Washday Smile Shop.

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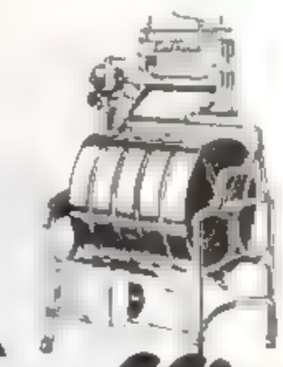
DAYTON, OHIO

Producers of Washday Smiles for 19 years.

Canadian Factory, Hamilton, Ont



Coffield
ELECTRIC
WASHER

Makes the prettiest, cleanest clothes that ever came out of suds

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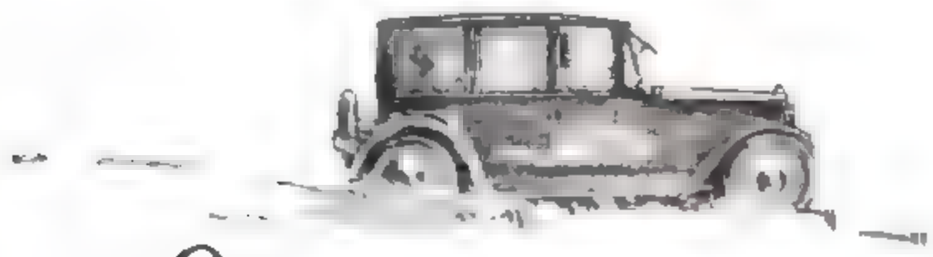


Without advocating any one make of Automobile, it points to a safer way to choose your car

WHAT is the starting point in deciding between the many good cars? When can I afford to buy one? What price can I afford to pay? Which type is the best value for that price? How many cylinders? What type of body? These, and a hundred similar questions crowd upon the man who is thinking of buying a car, a confusion of proofs and claims of merit, of advantages and counter-advantages.

So we, who do not build a car but have studied the merits of many, have prepared a book to help you

We have called it "The Business of Buying a Car." In it are summarized the views of many authorities on various phases of the subject. It deals with the average requirements of the great majority of car owners. It discusses definitely such subjects as the correct relation of first cost to income, the relation of upkeep and depreciation to first cost, and—most important—what you can fairly expect from the manufacturer within your proper price limit.

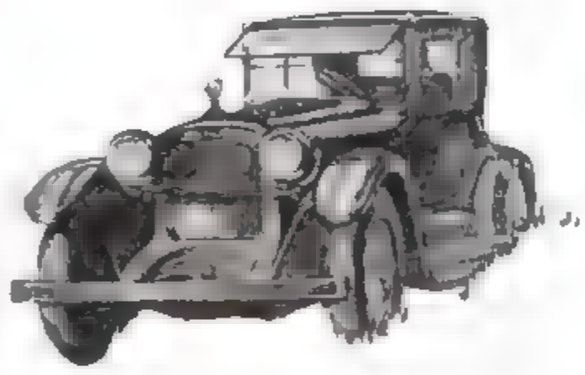
Although it is too valuable for broadcast distribution

This book will be sent to any responsible person who is even thinking of buying a car

In addition to its other helpful features, the book discusses in a simple, direct way the differences between four-cylinder motors and those of more cylinders, and points out specifically the advantage of the new LYCOMING MOTORS over other "fours." Write for your copy; it will be sent promptly.

LYCOMING MOTORS CORPORATION

WILLIAMSPORT PENNSYLVANIA



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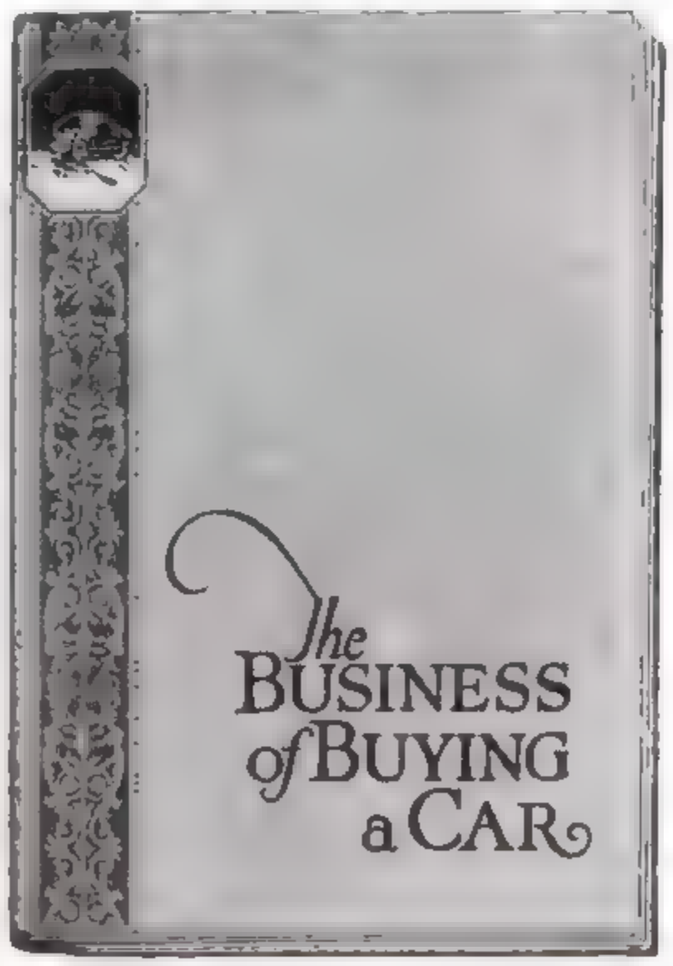


The New LYCOMING Motors

(Continued from Page 79)

Not many months ago one of the magnates of the Ruhr surprised me by saying: "Among responsible Germans there is only one opinion—that Germany must repair the ravages caused by the German invasion of France and Belgium. Our difficulty is that we must obtain credit from the banking houses to do it."

I wonder whether they still hold the same convictions, or whether, in view of French and Belgian action, they will consider the obligation canceled. France has never regarded reparations in the light in which her Allies viewed them. It was not only the money she wanted in order to balance her budget; she wanted the amount to be fixed at such a figure that Germany should be crippled for two generations and possibly disintegrated and rendered innocuous to her neighbors for all time; and so the reparations were fixed at such an amount that even the United States with all its accumulated wealth could not pay except at the cost of crippling its finances and credit for a generation.

The French financiers must know this very well, but they are allured by the prospect of seeing their ancient enemy in the dust. Unhappily, in these days, when economics know no frontiers, the nations cannot pull down one pillar of the structure without bringing down the whole edifice in ruin upon their heads. *Qui vivra verra*—who lives shall see! Historians will have strong things to say about M. Poincaré and his ministry.

In Poland, Rumania and Czecho-Slovakia the Fascisti have a more undivided object. There the Soviet menace hovers always about their heads. Russian propagandists steal into their cities and work among the submerged proletariat. The middle class can never go to bed feeling certain that they will awake to find a stable government in power. They know better than we do, because they are nearer to Russia, that revolutions are achieved by determined minorities working underground and that modern democratic governments are lamentably weak in dealing with the danger. The great French Revolution would not have broken out in 1791 if Louis XVI had mounted his horse and led his troops against the mob; the revolution of 1830 might not have taken place at all if Louis Philippe had spoken two words to his soldiers; the Bolsheviks would not be in power in Russia today had Kerensky been fitted to ride the whirlwind. Just as when the law-abiding public loses confidence in the criminal courts when they are dilatory, Judge Lynch steps in, so the Fascisti spring up to protect society that has lost faith in the courage of its rulers.

Mistakes in Dealing With Reds

One of the strangest obsessions of modern governments is that if a Bolshevik agitator is imprisoned he is converted into a martyr and his cause is strengthened; what happens in fact is that he becomes a very unhappy man because he knows that while he languishes behind the walls one of his rival demagogues will steal his "pitch" and that when he is restored to liberty he will find his occupation gone. He knows only too well that not one of his friends will lift a finger to get him out. The Fascisti of Rumania and those other neighboring states have the experience of Hungary under the brief usurpation of Bela Kun and his Communists too fresh in their memories to take any chances. They remember how easily the gang was scattered when a resolute opposition was organized, they remember the "suicide" of the execrable Szamuely, whom Bela Kun called "my penknife," when his automobile, laden with some of his loot, was stopped on the frontier—a "suicide" so determined that no less than seventeen mortal wounds were afterwards counted in his body! *Sic semper tyrannis.*

And now the Fascisti have crossed the Atlantic. Conceived in jest in the little Mexican town of Jalapa they have been born in all seriousness. There is a strong Bolshevik strain in members of the present Mexican Administration. The middle class of property owners have groaned for the past ten years under what they consider injustices. Branches of the new society sprang up in Tampico, Monterey, Puebla, Guadalajara and Mexico City under the general leadership of a young engineer, Gustavo Sainz de Sicilia. At the present rate of growth the membership of one hundred thousand may be increased to one million in six months' time. The Mexican government still professes to treat the new movement with unconcern, and President Obregon—a name in which his Irish ancestral name of O'Brien is said to be disguised—is inclined to scoff at the idea that it can ever come to a trial of strength with the government. But there is little sound or fury in the movement. Señor Sainz is content to roar like a sucking dove. The movement is not opposed to the government, it is out to fight Bolshevism; there are to be no street parades or demonstrations; the policy is purely constructive. In the meantime it is content to organize against the time when it is ready to lay its demands before the government. Then, and only if the government declines to listen, it will make its power felt. There is one warning note. The Fascisti are quiet, law-abiding people, but if any attempt is made to molest them they are ready to fight. Conditions in Mexico are so different from those in Europe that the experiment should be watched with attention.

Ignorance of History

Meanwhile the rulers of democratic countries might well be required as a condition of office to attend a few history lectures. No earlier than May twenty-fifth last, Mr. Lloyd George drew a parallel in the House of Commons between the French and the Russian revolutions as a reason for giving full diplomatic recognition to the Soviet Government of Russia. He said that the French Revolution had confiscated the land of the great landowners and parceled it out among the peasants, and that was the main reason for the conservatism of the French peasant. And in the House of Commons there was not one member who could tell him that peasant proprietorship on a wide scale was in existence long before the revolution—so much so that when the Trianon was being made the king had to buy out ninety-two of ninety-six small proprietors who owned the land; that only 10 per cent of the land owned by the aristocracy was confiscated, because the owners had fled the country; and that this land was not divided among the peasants but sold to the highest bidder. Nor did any member rise to point out that whereas the French revolutionaries made no change in the economic and property laws of all civilized countries the Russian revolutionaries denounced every right in private property, though they were not able to carry out their communist theory in practice.

The Communist followers of Karl Marx in every country draw their inspiration from Russia, where the government has never been Communist except in name. When that corrupt little oligarchy falls, as it is bound to fall when it loses the support of its armed prætorian guard, they will pass into history like all the other experimenters in Communism. They do not even know that Karl Marx, before he died, in London in 1883, had greatly modified the views expressed in his book. When that happens there will no longer be any excuse for the existence of the Fascisti. They will disappear as a party in every country, but they will leave behind them the memory that the middle class is the real bulwark of civilization and that it can organize and combine whenever its existence is in danger.

CROOKED KEY

(Continued from Page 7)

started when there was this guff in the newspapers—flying squadron from prohibition-enforcement headquarters prowling around here, and so on. You read it. That destroyer down there at the pier is really a rum scout. Whipple's fellows on the inside told him to lay low a bit; wouldn't do to try running anything ashore and shipping it out now. So we're all tied up, you see. Whipple had stuff started from Havana and it just piled up on us.

"We had to take it and pay for it, but we couldn't ship it out. Doc and I had to borrow some more money.

"But we'd have got through fine, even at that. We had the stuff all paid for, piled up out there on Crooked Key, just waiting for this flurry to blow over. We were snug

Tempt Them

To foods they need

If you believe that children need whole grains, why not make whole grains delightful?

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice do that. They are toasted grain bubbles, as flimsy as snowflakes, as flavory as nuts.

They look like tidbits, taste like food confections. Yet they are simply whole grains made easy to digest.

Shot from guns

The grains are steam exploded, shot from guns. In every kernel we create over 100 million explosions.

Every food cell is thus blasted for easy, complete digestion. Every atom is fitted to feed. The process was invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson.

16 food elements

A grain of wheat contains 16 elements, all of them essential. Countless children suffer for the lack of one or more. That's why children should eat whole-grain foods in plenty. They are practically complete foods.

This process makes whole grains wholly digestible. All of the elements can be assimilated.

Then it makes whole grains so tempting that children revel in them—eat them morning, noon and night.

Millions of children are better fed because Puffed Grains were invented. And new delights are given to millions of meals every day.

Puffed Rice

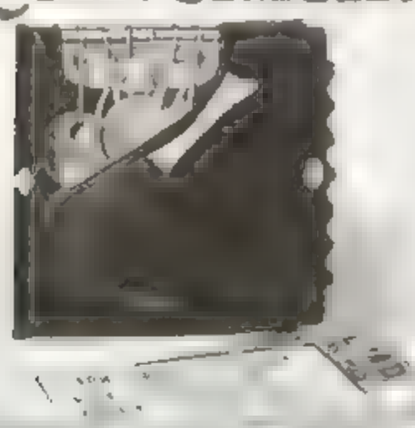
The finest breakfast dainty children ever get. Airy, flimsy bubble grains, with a taste like toasted nuts.

Puffed Wheat

The supreme dish for supper or bedtime. Whole grains puffed to 8 times normal size. Float in bowls of milk.

The Quaker Oats Company

Convenient



THIS special Buxton Keytainer was designed originally to provide a place for your auto license right with your auto keys. If you had one, you had the other.

Then people discovered that this little pocket was the safest place to keep *all* small important papers; lodge cards, railway and Pullman tickets, license cards, theatre tickets, etc.

A BUXTON Keytainer keeps your keys flat, orderly and easy to find. It protects pockets and hand bag linings. Keytainers come in sizes holding 8 to 16 keys; from the plain serviceable type without the pocket at 30c. to the beautiful models in richest leather and fine gold at $11.

All have the patented, revolving, humped hook which prevents the loss of keys and makes them turn easily.

You'll find just the style and price Keytainer that you want.

Dealers: Write for details of $30 introductory assortment

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KEYTAINER
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as a bug in a rug; but then there was some blasted mix-up in Havana. Whipple was to shut off the shipments till this blew over and we could move what we'd got on hand. But there was some fool mix-up over in Havana, for Whipple got a cipher cable this morning saying another boatload is on the way. The boat had already started, you know—can't stop it. It'll be in tonight. Beats the devil!"

He bent forward again, very earnestly.

"It's all touch and go with those pirates, Wally. They won't stand for any foolishness. There are different crowds, you see—competition. They've all got their wires on the inside. When you hear that one crowd got pinched it's ten to one some other crowd stuck the knife in 'em. Whipple broke with the crowd he used to work for. Like as not they're ready to stick a knife in him if he gives 'em a fair opening. He's new in the business on his own hook, you see; got to keep his credit good with the pirates; doesn't dare take any chances with 'em. Of course, this business is all cash down. The net of it is, we've got to dig up fifty thousand cash by night to pay for the cargo that's coming in or there'll be the devil to pay."

Dave looked into his friend's face with the candor of an imperiled child, and dropped his voice a little.

"You see, Wally, I really had no right to borrow that last twenty-five thousand downstairs. I'd borrowed all I was entitled to before. I had to stretch it like the very devil to raise the last twenty-five, supposing it would all straighten out in a week or ten days. I've got fifty thousand cash tied up out there on Crooked Key now. Doc Kauffman's got fifty thousand there. If I should get nipped now it would knock me into a cocked hat. You know how it is; they send a squad here or there and make a lot of flourishes for a couple weeks, then they hop off somewhere else and it all blows over.

"Our game's a cinch soon as this little flurry here blows over and we can ship the stuff. We've got everything set for shipping it and cashing in as soon as the way is clear; got it all fixed everywhere along the line, and our fellows on the inside will give us the tip when it's safe to move it. I wouldn't be coming to you, old man, if I didn't know it was a cinch."

With a businesslike air, Dave went on, "Now, what I propose is this: You stake me to the fifty thousand and get your money back and 100 per cent profit out of the very first stuff that's sold. With tonight's load in, there'll be at the very lowest calculation three hundred thousand dollars net on the key. I mean it'll bring that when it's sold. You get the first crack at it. It's like finding gold dollars for you, and it'll save my hide too," he added with a beautifully frank smile, disclosing even, white teeth.

Very soberly Newton asked him a number of questions, which were frankly answered, and then let the chuckle come to the surface.

"You're a blame fool, Davy, to get mixed up in this. Doc Kauffman's too uncertain a proposition. Whipple's too uncertain a proposition. Probably the risk is only one in fifty, but it's a risk that a man in your position can't afford to take." His face lighted with a smile. "But you're in it now. I'm willing to give you a boost—for auld lang syne. I won't get my name down on Doc Kauffman's books, or Whipple's books, or anybody else's books. And if I won't get down on the books I won't share in the profits. But I'll lend you fifty thousand personally. Understand, Davy, just a personal loan to you. We'll fix it up this way: You turn your equity in Round Bayou over to me. I'll pay you fifty thousand for it, whether it's worth fifty cents or not. That's the official transaction. When you realize on your booze you pay me fifty thousand and take the Round Bayou stuff. That's just between you and me. You don't need to tell anybody where the money came from, especially Doc Kauffman."

"No, I won't," said Dave with an innocent face and a sharp prick of conscience, for already, in his slapdash way, he had told Doc Kauffman that he saw no possible chance of raising the cash unless Wally Newton would stake him to it.

They talked a little further over details of the affair; then handsome, dandified little David went down the one flight of stairs and out on the street with a very bad conscience, reproaching himself. Dog-gone it, he ought to have known that Wally Newton wouldn't want his name mixed up in the affair—oughtn't to have mentioned that name to Doc Kauffman! He had a kind of sneaking feeling, which he abhorred, and was downcast. But who could resist this bland, sun-soaked air? In a moment he bounded up to it. Pshaw! It was all right. Doc Kauffman wouldn't say anything. In a fortnight the whole affair would be over and forgotten. It was bound to be all right! In the leisurely street crowd an unknown pretty girl in a wide straw hat turned smiling blue eyes upon him. He lifted his chin, threw out his chest, swung his walking stick jauntily, stepping in tune with the sunshine. Sure! Everything was bound to be all right!

On Pinellas Street he passed the plain red-brick city hall and crossed the railroad tracks, then turned, following a broken sidewalk along a dusty, unpaved street that paralleled the tracks. Ahead of him, also parallel to the tracks, stood a long shedlike structure, painted yellow, with a big red sign across its gable:

CITRIDOR (GOLD OF CITRUS)
NATURE'S OWN PANACEA

But the yellow walls and red sign were now faded and blistered by the sun, for Citridor was not so much Nature's own panacea as it had been. When Dr. Nathan Kauffman sold his drug store and launched this enterprise it had the brightest prospects, and realized them for a time. Then a brutal Federal Government intervened with the edict that selling 51 per cent of diluted orange juice and 49 per cent of cheap whisky for a patent medicine positively would not do. Since then, for several years, Doctor Kauffman had struggled with only moderate success to establish kickless Citridor as an innocent soda-fountain beverage.

At present the establishment was open as daylight. Anyone might wander through it at will and see the machines squeezing juice out of oranges and grapefruit, and note how the fluid was bottled or run into barrels. In the warehouse stood many barrels, some filled, others empty. Citridor invited inspection, every door wide open. Augustus J. Whipple, whom Doctor Kauffman had appointed general manager, made a point of that. There was nothing in the candid aspect of the establishment to arouse anybody's suspicion—just now. A little later on, when the law-enforcement flurry had blown over, movements of merchandise that were not open to public inspection might occur there at night.

A little private office, back of the public one which extended across the front of the building, might be reached through the public office or through the warehouse. Dave Palmer, swinging his stick, chose to go through the warehouse, and at the door of the private office his conscience gave him one final jab. Dr. Nathan Kauffman and Augustus J. Whipple were waiting for him within.

He gave them a little smile, which no doubt conveyed justifiable pride in his achievement, and announced, "It's settled! I get the cash at three o'clock." But he didn't wish to answer any questions that involved Walter Newton's name, so he added at once, to Whipple, "And now the principal thing is to make sure this doesn't happen again."

"It won't!" said Whipple. "It won't! I'll guarantee it!"

The words and the air carried conviction; they were so mild and friendly; they seemed to lay the speaker's very heart upon the altar as a pledge. Whipple was of the lank Yankee build, with a curly red mustache which, as Newton had observed, looked not unlike a sausage fastened to his wide, homely upper lip. His very homeliness seemed to pledge him to candor and amiability. His lightish blue eyes beamed—a sunny man, not obtrusive, not boisterous, but gently radiating good will to the world.

Doctor Kauffman's harsh voice cut in: "Oughtn't to have happened this time, and wouldn't if it had 'a' been tended to properly!"

He scraped his bearded nether lip vengefully between false teeth—a stumpy, bearlike man; a good deal of coarse, grizzled hair on his face; high and broad cheek bones; obviously a cross-grained, irascible man. True, David Palmer's announcement relieved them of a grueling uncertainty and let them out of a tight corner. But the instant he was out Doctor Kauffman began asking himself how much this help was going to cost them—or him, rather—and how much of the profits their new ally was going to horn in on. Irritating questions.

"'Tain't been managed right anyhow," he declared with a smolder of anger. "I'd never 'a' gone into it if I'd supposed I was going to get tied up this way!"

Bearlike, he seemed itching to claw or bite somebody.

Whipple turned his modest sunniness upon the doctor with the patience of a nurse soothing an ill-tempered child.

"Well, I'm awfully sorry it's turned out this way, Doc. It was something that nobody could foresee. It makes it inconvenient now, but it's bound to come out all to the good in the end." He beamed more brightly. "Why, with this boatload that's coming in tonight ——"

Sunnily he got out a pencil and began figuring profits on the back of an envelope.

IV

ABOUT that time Alice Newton was writing a long letter. Among other things she wrote: "It's so easy to hurt them: they're so helpless. A little thing bowls them over. There's always a terrible injustice in that. What would a fine of a hundred dollars, or a thousand, mean to you or my father? No more than a snap of a finger. But this poor, kind, black Mirandy—why, even a fine of twenty-five dollars means hours over a washtub. Don't you see? Everything comes right out of their lives, right out of their flesh and bones. They have nothing else to pay with.

"Often I've seen their little plans and hopes that they work and contrive and save for—a hundred-mile railroad journey, a day at the county fair, a new calico dress, new shoes for the children, little things like that that make up their joys; but a small fine, a small doctor bill, any small breath that comes along blows it all away. It's so easy to hurt them.

"When they're so helpless and it's so easy to hurt them—well, say you have no protective feeling, no ache to throw a shield in front of them; say you don't have that at all. But not even justice to them! Not even plain, simple, straight-eyed justice! Smashing them for a bottle of gin, and encouraging the strong and the privileged to sell carloads. That's what I care about now—the monstrous injustice; crushing poor Mirandy and her boy and patting this Whipple on the back. You hurt them because it's so easy, like striking a cripple; no come-back. You let Whipple alone because you're afraid. You couldn't stand seeing a man beat little children, could you? I can't stand this, and I'm not going to. Why don't you take somebody of your own size?"

Her pen stopped there as she realized that her feelings, as usual, were running away with her. These words were addressed to a tall, well-built, sandy-haired young man; not a beauty, but with forthright gray eyes and an open, clean, competent air. Of course, he did not personally kick cripples, beat children and oppress the poor. He quite preferred, in fact, to take somebody of his own size. But he was too much of her father's breed—careless of so many things, indifferent to so many things. He would listen most respectfully, and with the finest air of sympathy, when she talked as she was now writing; and the moment her back was turned be engrossed in the pig-iron market and the baseball scores. As to her present occupations, they simply distressed him. This was one important reason why she was down here among her own people instead of in the same latitude with him. She hadn't really said no, but she couldn't yet say yes.

She could write her heart out to him, however, and there was no other way of getting it out. She could not talk any more to her mother, who only wept over the division between father and daughter. Still less could she talk to her father. They had never quarreled. She resolved with all the strength of her will that they never should quarrel if she could help it. She knew that she was a grievous disappointment to him. He wished her to be the charming, popular young lady, displaying the hospitality of his house, leading in society. She had no doubt that her dusky, philanthropic activities caused him much humiliation among his friends. She admitted with a flutter of the heart that he was fine to her in not trying to bully her, respecting her to the extent of letting her go her own way. But at bottom they stood opposed, a silent war between them. She was writing her heart out now because she was at the edge of a fateful decision and had to tell somebody.

(Continued on Page 84)

These shingles can also be obtained in a restful green or rich blue-black.

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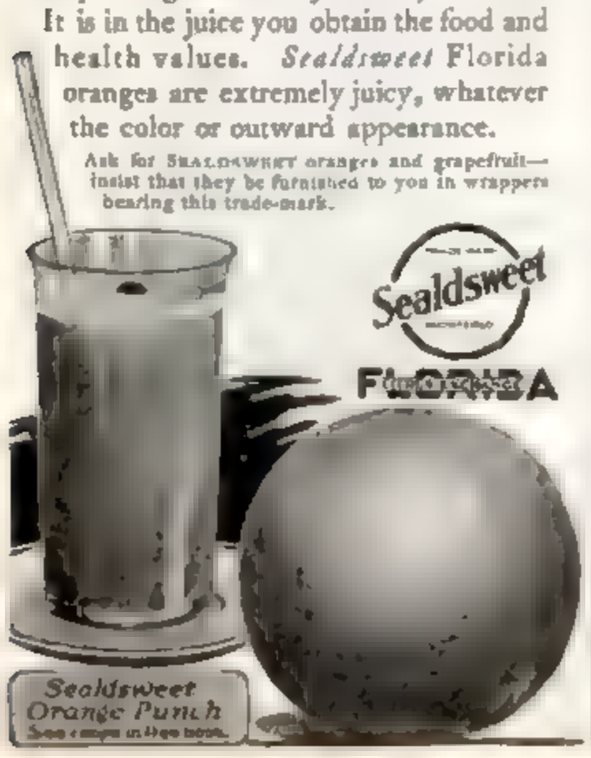

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Mirandy's boy would be tried in county court next morning.

The court room was severely democratic, with plain whitewashed walls and painted pine benches, both having acquired a dingy, besmudged air. Upstairs in the circuit-court room Justice sat in some state, with a fresco on the ceiling and a life-size painting of the blindfolded goddess, with purple robes and sword and scales, in a panel behind the judicial bench. Up there, a dressed-up, Sunday-best Justice; down here a shirt-sleeves, workaday Justice. Judge Spear, a wisp of a man, wore an alpaca jacket, colored shirt and rusty bow tie. In the character of Justice's prime minister there was thin County Attorney Nettleton, with lean face and sloping brow. There were a deputy sheriff, a clerk; and, scattered over the benches, a representation of the sovereign public—spectators, half of them with a loaferish air.

Such a scene had become familiar to Alice Newton; but from a back bench today she looked at it in a new way. Of course, wholesale rum running involved extensive bribery. She had supposed that, in a general way, long before the champagne conversation at her father's table. But that conversation gave it a sharp point. Here in this room was the actual seat of human justice; these men practically embodied law and government in their immediate contact with people. Looking at them, she asked herself a destructive question: "Are you bribed?" She wondered how many other people might be asking a like question, and what that implied in regard to public respect for law and government. But they were beginning.

The trial, it turned out, was short and sharp. Abraham Snow, Sr., aged forty-two, received a brief lecture and a sentence of sixty days in jail. Abraham Snow, Jr., aged eighteen, received a sterner, more extensive lecture and a jail sentence of fifteen days. In pronouncing sentence Judge Spear glanced at the back bench on which Alice Newton sat, with a judicial frown which she interpreted as meaning, "You see, young lady, that you cannot turn Justice from her course. I advise you to stop trying it."

Mirandy, standing at the back of the room, heard the sentence also—in silence, for age-long discipline restrained her from exhibiting unseemly emotions in the presence of a crowd of strange white people. But her fat, black face, mouth open, yearned to the boy in the dock. Her Abey had been branded.

The trial was over a few minutes past ten, and Alice Newton at once left the cubic brick courthouse with its pillared portico and yellow dome. The parked square in which it stood, with half a dozen fine moss-bearded live oaks and subtropic foliage, was attractive enough to the eye, but she had no eye for it. Her first errand took her diagonally through the park and across Sunshine Avenue to the Gulf National Bank. Stinginess, at least, was not one of her father's failings, nor petty tyranny. He put two thousand dollars a year at her disposal, which she was free to spend on good works or good millinery as she chose. Her errand to the bank now was to get a supply of pocket money.

Pushing through the wide screen door, her mind full of the scene in the court room, she mechanically took in the cool, spacious, tile-and-marble interior of the main banking office. A tall, gangling man in a somewhat wrinkled blue suit, who had been leaning over the counter talking in easy familiarity with an assistant cashier, chanced to turn toward the door as she entered. He was middle-aged and by no means handsome, but there was a mellowness in his mild blue eyes, a geniality on his big-nosed, wide-mouthed face. He was not actually smiling, yet he might have been taken as a symbol of the optimistic temper. He saw Alice Newton sweep into the bank and his diffused sunniness at once focused upon her. His indefinite intention to smile warmed into a sultry glow, showing a row of strong teeth under the red mustache that looked not unlike a sausage. He lifted his hat, not merely tipping it, but removing it two feet from his head. There was nothing impudent about it. In all loyal deference he was saluting youth, beauty, wealth, social position as with a salvo of great guns. In fact he said nothing, but his manner had the effect of a broadside.

Miss Newton acknowledged the salute with a brief nod and swept by to the paying teller's window. Like all up-and-coming American towns, Elmersville preserved a democratic tradition. Most of its inhabitants who were able to draw a check in four figures and wore clean linen would naturally soon pick up a speaking or bowing acquaintance with Walter Newton's daughter. By prevailing standards of etiquette, Augustus J. Whipple was quite within his rights in saluting her with a broadside when he encountered her in the bank. All the same, her hot heart flamed afresh. Whipple, the big bootlegger, at large, at ease, beaming at the world, probably his pockets stuffed with money. Back yonder poor Mirandy weeping for her branded son.

Alice got her bank notes at the teller's window and went out on the street, affirming to herself, "No; I'll not stand it." She was affirming it as she drove, rather purblindly, down broad and genial Sunshine Avenue, with its air of a perpetual holiday. The new city park, on filled-in land, lay at the foot of the avenue. She wheeled quite slowly across it, her heart hammering at her ribs. The long pier, projected invitingly over the blue water, lay ahead. She drove out on that. Some bathers sported in the invigorating salt water below her. Many small craft, gasoline and sail, lay in the slips along the cement-walled shore or at anchor in the basin. A string of automobiles, in which hers was one, rolled down one side of the pier and up the other. All had the holiday air. But she was looking ahead.

At the end of the pier lay a low, grim, gray craft, with slim, ominous guns. At its stern a starry emblem fluttered—symbol of the power and sovereignty of the United States of America. Alice had more than a mere speaking acquaintance with Lieutenant Anderson, who commanded this craft. She had danced with him at the yacht club and dined beside him. He himself had told her that the destroyer was now an auxiliary of the customs service. She could speak a dozen words to Lieutenant Anderson and set in motion a power that had brought down great empires. Very simple; only a dozen words.

She drove more slowly, blindly wanting to retard still further the turning wheels beneath her till she could think it out better. The deck of the destroyer, with its slim guns no higher than the pier, lay below her. There were some sailors on it, and some visitors. That was Lieutenant Anderson with a group of them, his back to her. She should stop now. But the wheels beneath her kept revolving at the same slow rate; her hands and feet did not stir; she rolled past the stern with its starry emblem, turned at the end of the pier and rolled shoreward on the other side.

Coward! Coward! Coward! She couldn't do it! Inhibitions paralyzed her. To take up what she had heard at her father's dinner table, in intimate, friendly talk, and go tattling that to an officer of the Government; betraying her father's dinner-table gossip to the law. It would be frightfully bad manners. It would be a gross affront to her father. She couldn't do it. Coward! Coward!

She drove home, her heart aching and stinging, lashing herself for her failure. She continued it through her solitary luncheon. But a spirited horse may go wild under too much lashing. Her father owned the riparian lots in front of the cottage, on the other side of Gulf Boulevard.

A little pier jutted into the shallow water there, with a gay awning over the two benches at its farther end. A small, deckless electric launch lay at the pier. After luncheon Alice changed her dress for gray-blue knickerbockers, jacket and a snug cloth hat. Her fingers trembled a little as she undid the rope that held the launch. Backing away from the pier, she wheeled the launch's prow toward Half Moon Key, which lay north of Three Mile. Half Moon, with a sort of improvised hotel and a dozen shacks, was a resort for enthusiastic amateur fishermen; locally famous, also, for its shore dinners. A young lady of Elmersville might very well be running out there in a launch to arrange a clambake.

Nearing the key, however, she turned and slipped through the pass between Half Moon and Three Mile. The broad Gulf now lay ahead, with no land between her and Mexico. The longer swell of gentle tide rocked her little boat when she turned south again. Now low, densely brushed and smaller Crooked Key lay ahead of her like a thick green mat laid flat on the blue sea. The good cockleshell that bore her slid strongly through the water, bringing that green mat nearer every moment. She slowed, and there was not a sound, the sea rippling silently back from the slim bow.

This was the channel her father had spoken of, easily distinguishable by the darker hue of the water. The knuckle of the key was just ahead, and she shut off the motor, drifting by so close to the tangled brush that with the least effort she could have tossed her hat into it—all eyes and ears too. But there was no sign of a dock, or any sort of landing. The sheer bank at the knuckle rose perhaps two feet above the water, clothed with a thick growth of mesquite and the like. How could a boat deliver a cargo there? Just beyond the knuckle there was, indeed, an opening through the brush, as though a path had once been cut there and was now half grown up again. But even that looked an unlikely place to land a cargo. People might row or sail past there all day without suspecting that the key was put to human use. Not a sign or a sound. In fact it fairly smelled of solitude. Yet her father, who knew, said this key was put to human use.

She turned on the motor, following the shore line south, and felt baffled. The key was only three-quarters of a mile north and south, and narrow east and west like all its fellows. Rounding the southern end, she came up on the Gulf side, farther out now, for on this side the water was very shallow, and a beach of tumbled, shell-strewn sand lay between vegetation and sea. She was still watching and listening.

It taunted her, mocked her. Here was Crooked Key right under her eye and hand, yet with that impenetrable air of innocence. Its very immobility seemed to grin at her. This was not only broad daylight and mid-afternoon, but fleckless, dazzling daylight. Elmersville was just over there, fairly within reach of her hand. If she put on full power a few minutes would bring her home; and Half Moon Key, with its hotel and shacks and fishermen was, so to speak, just around the corner. In short, this was the midst of civilization, with all the security that implied. On the other hand, all that she could see was primitive solitude—this empty green key, the empty sea; overhead buzzards and man-of-war birds in their swallow-tail coats sailed high and indifferent in the blue sea and jungle, untouched by man.

She was spurring herself up: "Why are you such a coward? You brag to yourself about your courage, but you're afraid of some mesquite and cabbage palms! This is only twenty minutes from home!"

She had now sailed quite halfway up the Gulf side of the key. The remainder of the beach on that side was open to her view. She had already sailed along the opposite side, and there was no boat anywhere on the shore. Certainly men couldn't get to an island without a boat. At any rate, here was broad, open sand beach with nothing more formidable than fiddler crabs. Those little pink beasts, sunning themselves on the sand, looked friendly and reassuring. With a sudden dig of the spur, she swung the boat to land. It grated on the wet sand and she climbed out. Pulling the bow of the launch up on the beach got her feet wet, but that did not disturb her. She gave one look up and down, and walked inland.

The vegetation was more open on this side. Crossing the sand she thrust into the brush, winding between head-high clumps of palmetto. Still complete silence, but with the good blue sky above. She went on, with many turnings as the brush grew thicker, and pushed through a screen of small branches, coming out in a little sand-floored clearing with two cabbage palms like exaggerated and bedraggled feather dusters in the middle. She plowed through the loose sand to them, paused and looked around her.

Her knees went weak. All the warm energy flowed swiftly out of her limbs as a great thrust of fear struck through to her heart's core. Back of her, in the clearing, between her and the beach, stood the most fearful thing she had ever seen—a huge negro, very black, barefooted and stripped to the waist, wearing only tattered overalls. His brow was low, his lips thick, and down the left cheek ran a great, ragged welt of an old scar. A mechanical faculty in her eyes took in the breadth of the black chest and the big pads of muscle on his bare arms. She knew that she would be as helpless against him as a baby. He was looking at her.

In the first congealing shock she could not have spoken or cried out. Only a habit

(Continued on Page 87)

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Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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of mind kept her from trying to run. With a purely mechanical action she turned and walked away from him. Nothing happened as she crossed the dozen feet of sand, yet there was a quailing and dying in her nerves which said that destruction was happening; even now its action had begun. Again it was a habit of mind, or an instinct, which kept her from turning her head as she thrust into the brush; but the very marrow in her bones knew that he had started after her. She pushed on, with no idea and no hope, in a sort of paralysis.

But this brush screen was very narrow. In only a minute she was out of it and at the edge of a much larger clear space in the center of the key. The first thing she saw there was two other negroes, also stripped to the waist. She made a dumb little prayer.

Then she saw a stumpy and bearlike white man, with hairy face, sitting on a camp stool under a cabbage palm at her side of the clearing, looking at her. He was Dr. Nathan Kauffman. She ran toward him.

Some other things were registering in her brain. The two negroes over there were pushing a barrel into the underbrush. A number of heavy planks lay in a row, two planks wide, which led from this central clearing to the eastern side, the knuckle of the key. It was like stepping behind the scenes in a theater, when all the make-believe is disclosed at a glance. That row of planks led through the opening in the brush. There was a gangplank lying in the sand. Seen from this side, it was clear that a boat could easily deliver a cargo there. But these things were in little jumbled, mechanical flashes which made no more impression upon her at the moment than the landscape did. For just then how infinitely unimportant rum running seemed!

Doctor Kauffman was on his feet, moving toward her, scraping his nether lip between his teeth, his small eyes boring at her white face. He saw her face clearly; saw her frightened eyes; saw the huge black step out of the brush behind her. His right hand came out of the pocket of his baggy linen coat with a black metal object in it—a white man with a weapon in his hand!

What passed between the two whites passed very swiftly.

"Alone here?" he asked as they came near.

"Yes," she breathed, and a little shiver went through her body.

"A boat?"

She made an assenting motion of her head toward the beach.

He gave a grim little nod, indicating the direction whence she had come, and said, "Go ahead of me."

She turned in her tracks, retracing her steps. The huge black drew aside, for there was a weapon in the white man's hand. With all the tumult that swirled in her brain, finding her way through the brush was bewildering. Kauffman, behind her, gave terse directions. Coming out on the sand, her legs felt leaden and trembly. Then she saw that her boat was adrift, worked loose from its insecure mooring by the gentle action of the tide—or had somebody pushed it adrift?

"I can get it," she said, but there was no strength in her voice.

"I'll get it," Kauffman grunted back. "Come on. Don't stay near the brush." He put his short legs in motion, running over the loose sand. She ran as well as she could. The doctor waded into the shallow water, secured the launch and came back dripping. It took a minute or two, and in that little interval life began mysteriously returning to her. There was no sign of the enemy behind them. She drew a long full breath.

Doctor Kauffman, drenched above his knees, stood between her and the rescued launch and returned the pistol to his coat pocket. His hot little eyes bored at her face.

"Lucky for you I was here," he said in a sort of vengeful taunt. "You wouldn't 'a' got out of it with a whole skin if I hadn't been."

She did not like this stumpy, hairy-faced man with high cheek bones. But he was a white man; he had brought her through; and she had been an utter fool to get into such a situation. She was all humility; he was entitled to insult her if he liked. But for Doctor Kauffman it was an exasperating situation. Of course she had seen at least one barrel and the plank.

"Give me your word of honor 't you won't tell a soul what you've seen here, or that you've ever been here, and 't you won't ever make me any trouble," he demanded harshly.

That blunt demand touched her to the quick. If only he had kept still she would have felt bound by a sense of obligation. But to blurt it out in this uncouth fashion, requiring a bond from her as the price of letting her go, for he still stood significantly between her and the launch. He would make her buy her escape by an explicit pledge of immunity for his rum running. That was a sort of degradation. She looked him steadily in the eye an instant and said slowly, "I will not promise."

As soon as she had said it she felt an uplift. This was the way—to stand firm for her faith, to suffer for it if need be! Once she had said it and felt the uplift, she would scarcely have promised even to save her life

Rather maddening for Doctor Kauffman, as he felt his essential helplessness against her. There she stood—Walter Newton's daughter invisible shields all around her. He couldn't even give her the cursing she deserved; maddening. He raged, "All right! You'll stay here then!"

"I will not promise," she repeated.

"You'll stay here then!" he raged, and turned as though to shove her boat back into the sea. But damnation! What could a man do? The whole town, the whole state, was at her back. Unless he killed her and threw her into the sea, any harm he did her would bring tenfold vengeance on his head. He stopped, his round-shouldered back to her, his bearded face screwed up into a grotesque mask of wrath. But he was by no means ready for murder, and nothing less would serve. Face screwed up, he looked around at her and bleated: "Well, go to hell then! I saved your life! Blab on me if you want to! Your father's money paid for it! You can tell him I said so! He furnished the cash!"

Eying him, she walked past to the launch. Her flesh shrank as her steps brought her within two feet of the hand at his side. She pushed the boat, waded into the shallow water and climbed in, starting the motor. Her fingers were trembling too. Kauffman, on the sand, was glowering at her.

She put her hand to the tiller rope, looked him in the eye and said, "I am going to have your key raided. You can tell my father that if you like."

But when she had got a hundred yards from shore the inner structure of the drama suddenly collapsed. After all, it had ended in a vulgar squabble with a coarse man. Only she hadn't promised. That was the one high point. She had stood firm. His statement that her father had furnished the cash made no impression upon her then—an impudent lie, no doubt. . . . She had not promised!

■

ANGRY and outraged, yet apologetical, too, Dave Palmer took the chair beside Newton's desk, perplexity written large upon him.

"Well, Wally," he began at a loss, "I don't know why the devil I should be coming to you; but I can't think of anything else to do." The puzzled frown which he turned upon his friend seemed to plead for enlightenment. Then he blurted it out helplessly: "Alice has found out about the booze on Crooked Key. She went over there this afternoon in your launch and saw 'em tucking away the last of it in the brush. You see, the boat unloaded last night, as I told you; but they don't want to show a light at night any more'n they have to. So they waited for daylight to cache the stuff." The novelty of that phase of the situation struck him and he exclaimed: "Think of that! Quarter of a million at least warehoused over there in the brush now! It's sure a damn queer business! Doc Kauffman was over there, you see. Of course Alice ran into him and the coons. She told Doc she was going to have the key raided. Doc thinks she meant it." And then—since what else could a rational man do under such ridiculous circumstances?—he laughed ruefully. "There's a situation for you! I don't suppose you can do anything about it if she's made up her mind. But as you've got fifty thousand dollars in it now, and as she's your daughter, it seemed proper to tell you."

Having delivered the news, Dave stared at his friend. He was sufficiently acquainted with Alice Newton to be under no delusion that a mere parental veto would stop her. He was, in fact, one of the two friends to whom Newton had ever spoken openly of the disagreement between himself and his daughter.

That disagreement was a deep sore in his heart, a deep wound to his pride and hope. Now, with Dave Palmer's message, his rebellious daughter flung a challenge square in his face. She was her father's daughter, but with many points of difference. Anger expanded her and contracted him. He drew himself in as a cat crouches, with not an atom of energy to waste in vain gestures and bawling words, but gathering all his force for the one leap and blow. His eyes, fixed on Palmer's face, turned darker, but his facial muscles were immobile. He at once connected this with the talk at his own dinner table. She had delivered the attack out of his own mouth! He couldn't even gossip with a friend in the privacy of his house, it seemed. After a moment he asked with an ominous quietness, "She went over there alone?"

"All alone," Dave replied—more cheerfully, for he felt that Wally Newton was not going to take it lying down.

He repeated such further details as Doc Kauffman had told him, which did not include the detail of Alice's obvious fright at the blacks and the use he had made of it in trying to extort a promise from her. Doctor Kauffman had no pride in that detail.

Newton listened and deliberated a long moment, and remarked dryly and quietly with less outward show of feeling than he might have given in discussing a baseball game: "We must try to beat her to it. Quarter to five now. You better try to move the stuff tonight. If they raid the key you're gone anyhow. They might as well catch you trying to move it as lying still. You can keep a lookout."

"But where the devil could we move it to?" Dave asked blankly. "You see, when they're ready to ship some out they'll run it over here to Doc Kauffman's warehouse and stick it into a carload of Citridor. Do it in a night, you know, and seal the car. But that warehouse is right in the middle of town—just the kind of place they're apt to come poking around any minute; can't have stuff lying there indefinitely. And Whipple's fellows say we mustn't try to ship anything out now."

"Well, that's so," Newton assented, and thought a moment more. "There's the old Shellenberger ice house—big enough, I should say, and out of the way. I own it. Better try that. It's the best bet I think of." His dark eyes shone at Dave. "Of course, we'll give 'em a run for their money. We won't take it lying down. If they get us they've got to hustle."

That was the note! And Dave Palmer got a little thrill when Newton said "we," for it implied that he now allied himself with them. They fell to discussing details.

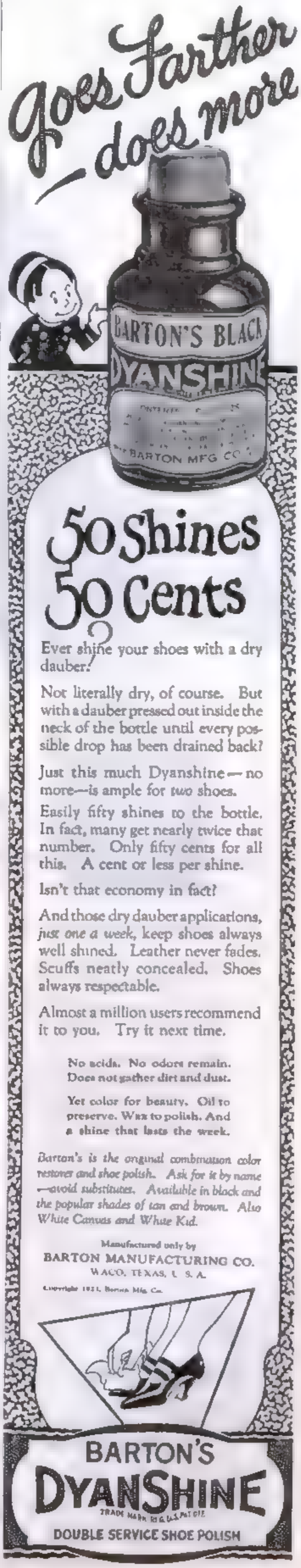
Newton's "we," in fact, was his reaction to Alice's challenge. She had betrayed the friendly talk at his dinner table and thrown a challenge in his face. He proposed to beat her at that game. She would ruin his friend Dave Palmer. He proposed to beat her at that. His deep, still anger brushed aside considerations of prudence. He would lend a hand to this beset friend; his self-respect required it, since the danger came from his rebellious daughter.

He was composed at dinner that evening. Alice, also, was very quiet, wondering if Doctor Kauffman had told him. Naturally he would not mention it if Kauffman had told. The silent war between them had gone beyond the point of parleys. Nor would she have asked a question about it, standing on her pride. In her heart there was always the passionate cry for justice—even-handed justice among men. Twice or thrice their glances met like a clash of swords in the dark. Directly after dinner Newton left the house, saying he was going downtown on business and might not be home until late.

Alice remained at home. She had not yet been to Lieutenant Anderson—still struggling. The law should be for the rich as well as for the poor. The big crime should not go free and prosperous while the petty crime was ground into the earth. Everybody knew the outrageous facts and sat still, grinning, inert as so many lumps of clay, doing nothing. But there was her father. Already they were at war. If she went to Lieutenant Anderson with his dinner-table talk, would that make the war irrevocable? Could she still stay under his roof, sit again at his dinner table? She couldn't decide.

But they piled it up. Three miles out of town one Sam Juniper possessed, under

(Continued on Page 89)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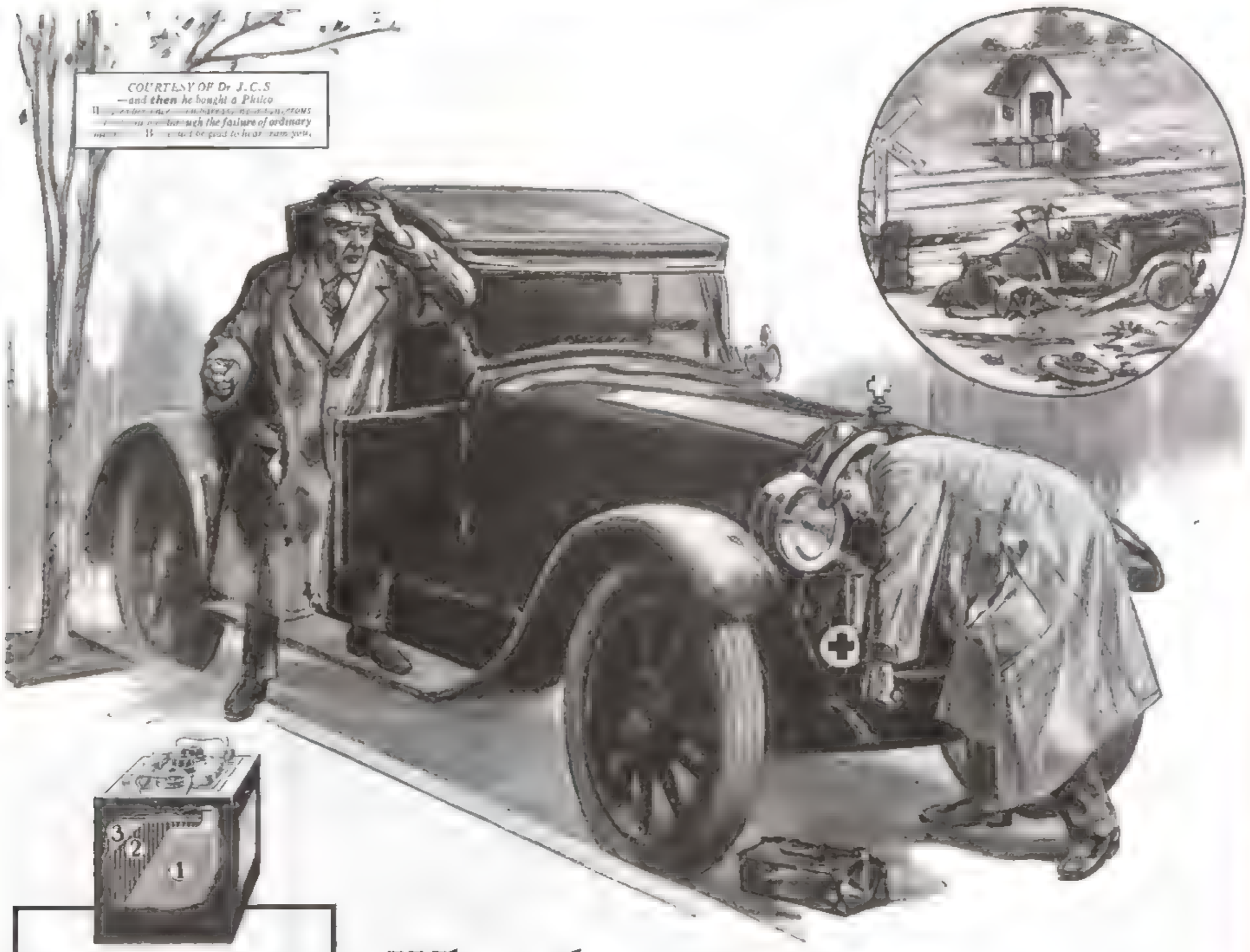

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(Continued from Page 87)

mortgage, a small, unprofitable farm, with a weather-beaten shanty hidden by rank banana plants, and some tumble-down outbuildings; also an overworked slattern wife and three tatterdemalion children. Alice knew the place, because Doctor Lester, who attended an ailing infant there, told her about it. She had taken out some simple baby clothes and tried to impart some simple precepts of infant hygiene. Directly after noon, of the day following her visit to Crooked Key, two deputy sheriffs descended upon Juniper and discovered a rude still in operation. They said the man drew a gun, and one of them shot him. The man himself was saying nothing, being in the city hospital unconscious. His wife said they had no call to shoot him, for she would have persuaded him to put up the gun if they had given her time.

Her statement did not appear in the official report but was made privately to Doctor Lester, who repeated it to Alice Newton. That was about four o'clock in the afternoon. Leaving Doctor Lester's office, she drove over to Sunshine Avenue, and straight down it as fast as the speed laws and traffic permitted; straight across the new city park; straight out to the end of the pier, where she boarded the destroyer and asked for Lieutenant Anderson. When she drove homeward half an hour later she felt much better, as though she had taken a bath after a grimy journey.

At last she had acted! At last they were going to see that not always and forever could there be one law for the poor and another for the rich! That starry emblem at the stern of the destroyer with its slim guns had been dedicated in smoke and blood to justice among men. It was going to vindicate itself now! They should see! She rather exulted in the thought of martyrdom, if she should have to leave her father's house.

True, the dénouement would not be quite so sudden as she had expected. Lieutenant Anderson, it appeared, must make some preparations, wait for orders or for permission. Several hours at least must intervene. But it was coming!

VI

DR. NATHAN KAUFFMAN was wet, dog-tired and full of bile. For many hours his nerves had been stretched like bowstrings and rasped raw. His bones and muscles ached with unwonted physical exertion. For this business of transferring the whisky from Crooked Key to Shellenberger's ice house was not only very hazardous but very laborious. They must work late at night, hardly daring to show a light, their lives in their hands every moment. It was slow and hard and dangerous.

Every person admitted to the enterprise in any capacity was an added risk; so the labor was performed by the three negroes who were already in, and by Whipple and Doctor Kauffman and Kauffman's son. It galled Kauffman that Dave Palmer, the little dude, did no more than stand guard, while Walter Newton stood even farther from personal contact with those heavy wooden cylinders. They figured merely as capitalists, while he was a tugging, sweating proletarian in a front-line trench so far as risk was concerned.

He had been on edge all day long, expecting that raid, for they had been able to move only two-thirds of the stuff the first night. He was still on edge, for although the whisky was moved, they had been driven from the thick safe cover of the key into the comparatively open ground of the old ice house. True, that sun-blistered brown shed with double walls and nearly air-tight doors stood in a little-frequented spot; but it was on the mainland and its isolation invited suspicion—nowhere near so satisfactory a place as the key.

Therefore, rolling homeward at four o'clock of the second night, drenched with salt water and tired enough to drop, the doctor was one hot smother of rage inside. His son, driving the car, was wet and tired, too; but Kauffman cared nothing about that. It was one of the outrages of the situation that he had been obliged to call in his son, every available hand being needed, and his son, after all, being much more dependable than any outsider. The son was thirty-two, and as opposite to his father—taking after his dead mother—as sons often are. He was mild, ineffectual; always a thorn in his truculent father's flesh.

The pair lived this winter at the Newtonia Hotel, the doctor having sold his house. Part of the road thither from the old Shellenberger place was little used and in poor repair, running through scrub timber, all formless and soundless night now except for the noise of the motor and the spreading tunnels of light shed by the car. They turned into a somewhat better road, then into Gulf Boulevard, running through smart, dim, silent Newtonia Bay addition. Only the lounge of the big hotel was lighted. In front of the door Doctor Kauffman got his stiff and aching body out of the car.

"Good night, father," the son's mild, kind voice sounded behind him, for the son would drive the car out to the garage and put it up.

The doctor did not even take the trouble to grunt a reply, but pushed through the big door and dragged his legs across the spacious lounge, quite deserted now, with only three or four lights burning. Of course, the elevator was shut down at this hour; he must climb three long flights of stairs, a crowning outrage.

The bile with which he was bursting had a personal object, for a person had brought all this tribulation upon him; a slender, vivid person in gray-blue knickerbockers and jacket; damn indecent costume for a woman to wear, showing her legs that way! An impudent hat on her glossy hair, she must go sticking her nose into everybody's business, presuming on her father's money and position—ruining a man for an insolent whim.

Doctor Kauffman had detested her before this for her general impudence, and because he suspected that his fool of a son was in love with her. He himself had a contemptuous opinion of his milksop son; yet he resented what he presumed to be Alice Newton's supercilious indifference to the love of Nathan Kauffman's offspring. The Kauffmans weren't good enough for her! And now she was amusing herself by trying to ruin him. Full of venom, he crawled into bed.

Kauffman and son breakfasted late the next morning, and mostly in silence, the doctor feeding himself vigorously and not unlike a cross bear. The son, taller and thinner than his father, had not even a color; his complexion dusty, his eyes an indefinite shade between blue and gray, his very hair neutral. And his clothes expressed a kind of dusty neutrality. Thirty years under his father's rigorous will, whose pressure never relaxed, had reduced his natural tractability to that—like his mother before him—as though he had grown up in a cast-iron mold.

A dingy young man named Judd, who was often to be found hanging around the city hall or on street corners and who had a certain petty usefulness at election time in virtue of which some crumbs were thrown his way, came to the door of the dining room and looked in. His air suggested haste; but he only stood at the doorway looking in until Doctor Kauffman glanced that way. Then Judd made a little motion of his head.

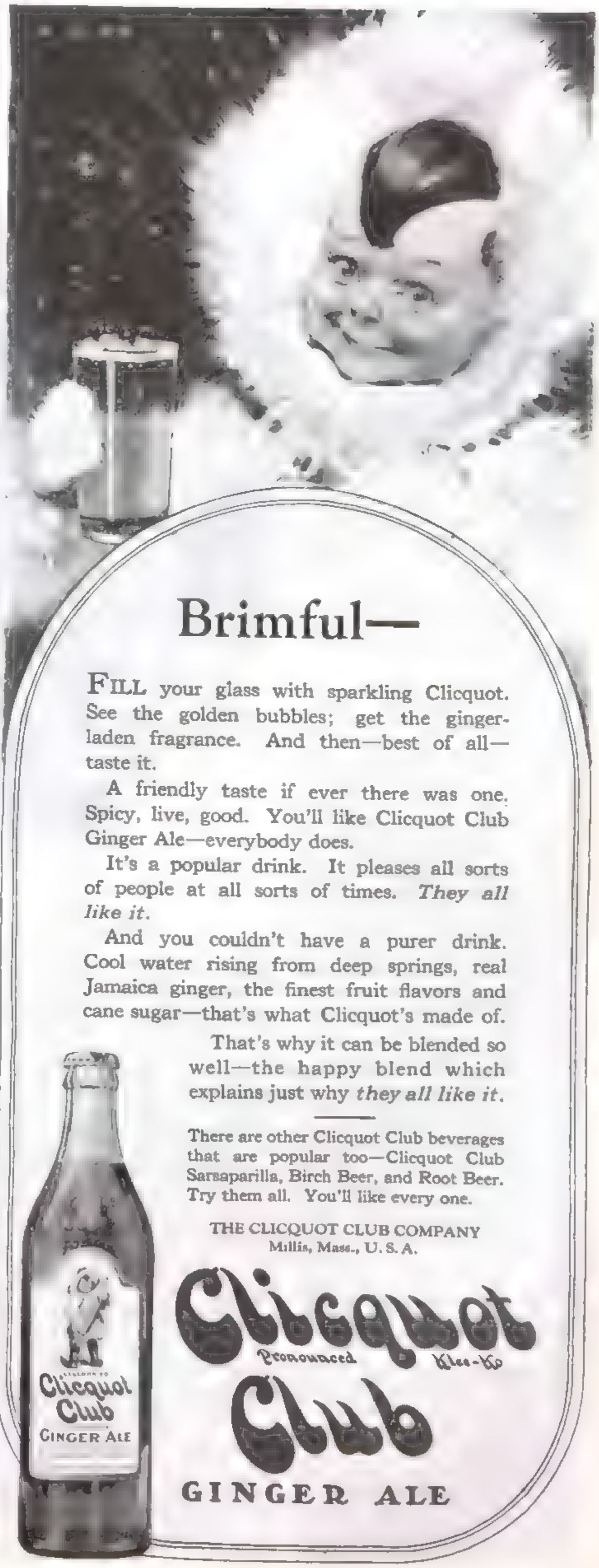
Doctor Kauffman, removing the napkin which was tucked into his shirt collar by one corner, left his breakfast and joined Judd in the lounge.

"They raided Crooked Key this morning," said Judd, speaking confidentially out of the corner of his mouth.

This was about a quarter past nine, and a few minutes later Alice Newton was listening to a telephone call that quickened her heartbeat. With shining eyes—her battle flags broken out, so to speak, and sword in hand—she hastened into jacket and hat and out to the garage. Her eyes were shining as she sped north on Gulf Boulevard. The gay green yacht club, with red roof and wide verandas around all four sides, stood at the farther edge of the city park, next the water. There on the veranda stood Lieutenant Anderson in his uniform, an emblem on his cap, waiting for her. Her heart triumphed at the sight of him. Her country's Navy! There was something they couldn't bribe and wheedle and make a farce of! If there had been time she might have done something equivalent to kneeling and crossing herself before his uniform and the emblem on his cap. As it was, she sprang out of the car and extended her hand, glowing.

The straight, rosy-cheeked, freshly shaved young lieutenant greeted her with the pink of politeness. But there was no glow about him; on the contrary, he looked chapfallen.

Apologetically he began, "Well, we raided the key at daylight and searched it from end to end—a water haul."


Brimful—
FILL your glass with sparkling Clicquot. See the golden bubbles; get the ginger-laden fragrance. And then—best of all—taste it.
A friendly taste if ever there was one. Spicy, live, good. You'll like Clicquot Club Ginger Ale—everybody does.
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In fine, they had descended upon Crooked Key at daylight, and their thorough search had discovered one full bottle of whisky and one bottle half full, and two ragged negroes, popeyed and loose-lipped with fright, who solemnly declared that so far as they knew only those two bottles had ever been on the key. The darky who first got the use of his tongue asserted that he and his friend had been fishing and landed on the key and found the dingy little tent, which the lieutenant could see with his own eyes, and some provisions and two bottles of whisky in it. Having no pressing engagements elsewhere, they had settled down to enjoy themselves as long as the provender lasted. They still had a bottle and a half of the whisky and quite a lot of food. Their skiff had got loose and drifted away.

This story had sounded dubious to Lieutenant Anderson; so the two darkies would be sent up to Tampa and confined a while, to see if a more plausible and significant tale could not be extracted from them. Meanwhile the raid was a water haul, and the lieutenant's troubled air plainly suggested that he was going to look very much like a fool to his superiors, because using a destroyer and its crew in order to bag two ragged negroes and three pints of liquor was a good deal like mobilizing a regiment to apprehend a sneak thief. On the face of it, as had happened many times before in the world's history, a young woman's shiny hair, liquid eyes and eloquent tongue had got a nice blond young man into a mess; that was what his chapfallen manner implied. He was not accusing her; his words were gallantry itself; he was just letting her see where her intervention had landed him.

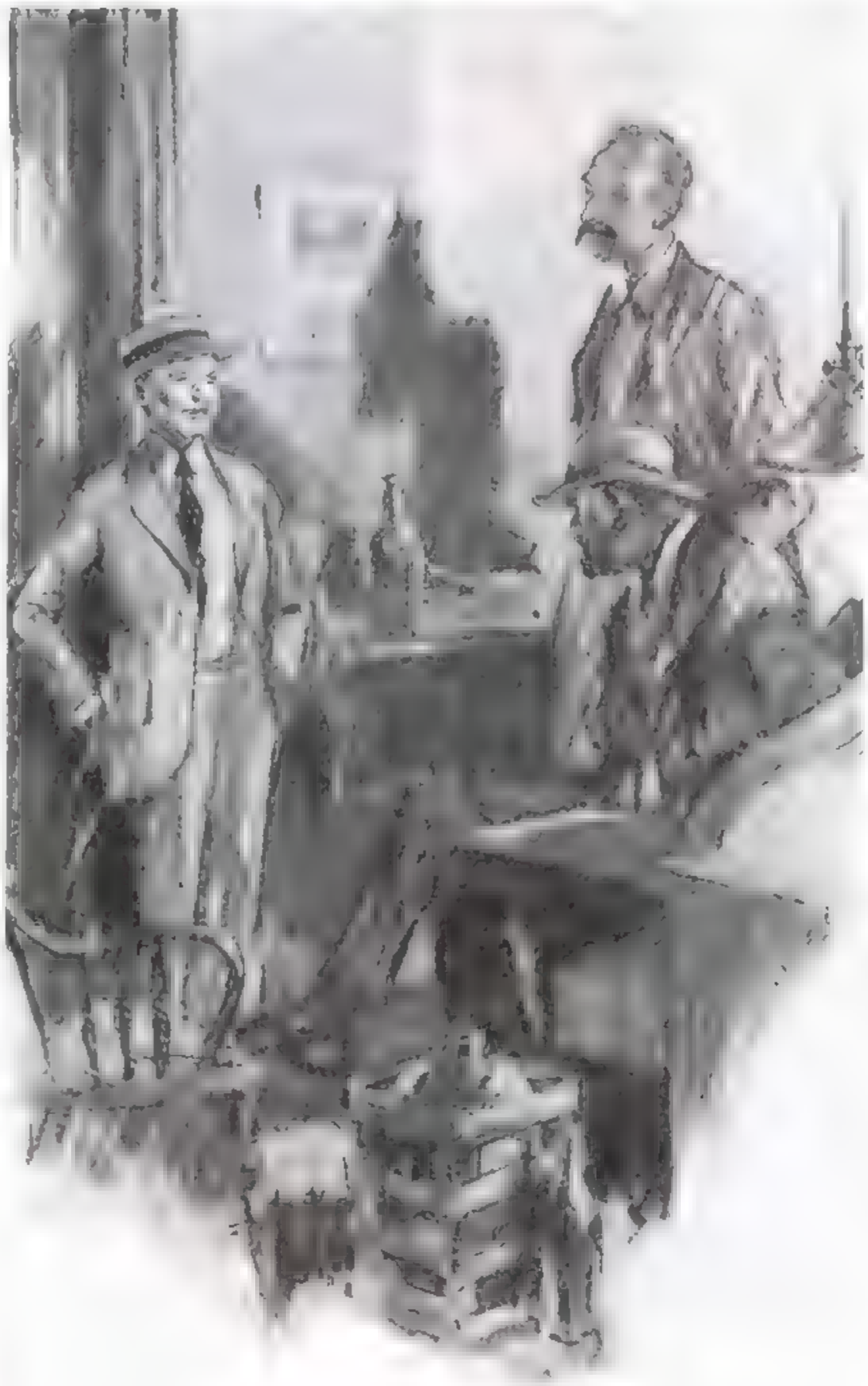
For she had not gone into details with him, had not repeated her father's dinner-table conversation; but had simply told him, with convincing earnestness, that she herself had been on the key and seen the whisky.

Obviously he considered it only fair that she should now go into details; but she could not repeat what her father had said; could only murmur that she was sorry, and was sure the whisky had been there, for she had seen it with her own eyes. All the same, she thought Lieutenant Anderson suspected that she had let her imagination run away with her and stupidly sent him off on a wild-goose chase.

She drove slowly back to Newtonia Bay, mournfully asking Providence if, after all, she deserved quite this. For here was the upshot of her heroic stand: Lieutenant Anderson made a fool of and two more poor negroes locked up, where they would stay until white men got perfectly ready to turn them loose. For them writs of habeas corpus might as well be confined to the moon. They would lie in jail and be questioned, and questioned again, at the white men's leisure. Tragedy she could meet eye to eye, but like all intense persons, she was susceptible to ridicule. This ending of the heroic adventure in mere farce—two more ragged negroes locked up—was crushing. How Whipple and Doctor Kauffman and her father must be laughing at her now!

But Doctor Kauffman, in fact, was not laughing at all. Getting news of the raid from Judd, he was not impressed by its humorous aspects. The manual labor in this rum-running venture had been performed by three blacks. One of them was big Jeff Marsh, who had been in the doctor's employ as general roustabout and chore man at the Citridor plant for ten years. Him the doctor trusted, and he had, therefore, considerable liberty of action. The two others were less known quantities; so by bribes and threats they had been practically kept prisoners on the key since the business began. It was those two who had been bagged in the raid. Would they finally blab? It seemed to Doctor Kauffman that they might, under expert white pressure, and he stood first in the line of fire. So he saw nothing humorous in the result of the raid.

That impudent, slim creature who defied him on the beach had evidently made good her threat and had the key raided. If she kept that up it would be the end of him. He could have howled and torn his beard if that would have done any good. Every cent he had in the world—and more, for he had borrowed—was tied up in that old ice house. Moreover, his liberty was at stake. And here was this girl, showing her legs in gray-blue knickerbockers, taunting him to his face, going ahead with monstrous impudence to ruin and imprison him, laughing at him while she did it. And all for a whim, to amuse herself! Yes, he could have howled and torn his beard.



"It's Settled! I Get the Cask at Three o'Clock"

He had been a druggist before coming to Elmersville, and started there in a modest drug store near the foot of Sunshine Avenue. It was now a deteriorated, second-hand establishment, too far down toward the sea for one thing, the smarter shops having drifted eastward. This drug store, then, had taken on the somewhat seedy and flyblown aspect of defeat. Perhaps it was as indifferent to the Eighteenth Amendment as Walter Newton himself. Doctor Kauffman still patronized it, however, and was on familiar terms with it, going at will into the back room where reserve stocks of drugs were kept and prescriptions compounded, as though he still owned the establishment.

He was now recalling that not many months before he had seen a certain dusty, faded, brown-covered volume in a neglected lower drawer of the old desk in that back room; a volume which he had put there years before when he was the shop's proprietor.

About half past twelve that day a good many people spoke to him, or nodded to him, as his stumpy, round-shouldered figure moved down Sunshine Avenue. They saw just the familiar human shape of Doc Kauffman, bent on some errand or other, with nothing about the shape to give any hint of the extraordinary character of the errand. He turned in at the doorless front of the Eclipse Pharmacy—so he might be after a drink of soda water or some cough drops.

The proprietor was at luncheon, as Kauffman had calculated he would be. There was only one clerk, elderly and half bald, with the slightly flyblown and defeated air of the shop itself. Doctor Kauffman nodded to him and stumped on down the cluttered room with three stained pine tables in the center for serving ice cream and soft drinks. There were no customers at this hour. In the back room Kauffman seated himself at his old desk and got out the dusty old brown volume, consulting the index, turning the long-unused pages, carefully making some notes on a sheet of paper. Having restored the volume to the dusty drawer, he got two empty vials, rinsed them and compounded two prescriptions from the glass jars on the warped shelves. Scraping his nether lip he stumped out with a small glass bottle in either coat pocket. He, also, proposed to act.

VII

ABOUT half past five that afternoon Alice Newton was driving home from Doctor Lester's office, where she had stopped to inquire about Sam Juniper, who was shot when the deputy sheriffs raided his still; also for the melancholy consolation of talking two minutes with the one person in the world who respected her ideas.

She felt beaten—caught in a stupid, tenacious coil of things that there was no way out of; her blows merely rebounded upon herself. In that low state, driving slowly, she turned from Pinellas Street into Sunshine Avenue. In the middle of the street intersection a large red-and-white sign, on a red iron standard, said, No Left-Hand Turns.

A small car, long and badly used, was coming down Pinellas Street too rapidly for that crowded spot. The driver ignored the sign and wheeled sharply left into Sunshine Avenue. Alice saw it out of the corner of her eye and instinctively threw her strength on the foot brake. The other car's momentum caused it to describe a wide arc. A flock of women on the cross walk screamed and scattered just in time. The little car smashed into Alice's vehicle, knocking it against the curb at the corner. There was a crashing and splintering and a hubbub, people shouting and running, a crowd gathering as though by magic.

Alice, shaken but unhurt, recognized the driver of the other car, a big, loose-jointed Swede named Hjelm. He was staring stupidly at her, his mouth open. He started to climb out of his battered car, the crowd spreading around like swarming bees. A policeman, less than half a block away on Pinellas Street, had seen the accident plainly—seen Miss Alice Newton rammed and wrecked by Hjelm. He now bustled through the crowd and seized Hjelm's collar. It was clear enough to Alice that Hjelm's action was simply automatic, an instinctive sense of menace in this swarming crowd, this rude hand on his collar. His fist went out and caught the policeman on the nose. Other hands seized him. There was a brief, confused struggle.

"Oh, stop, stop!" Alice called.

When the little swirl of action cleared up, Hjelm's face was bloodier than the policeman's. Somebody, she was sure, had punched him; also, she was sure that while his arms were held the policeman had hit him with his club. Hjelm was dazed now, his bloody face gaping. And Alice was sure he had been drinking. In fact a moment later somebody triumphantly produced an almost empty whisky bottle from the battered car. It was a clear case. He was marched away, the policeman, besmeared with scarlet, grasping him firmly by the coat collar, part of the crowd following.

The right rear wheel of Alice's car was smashed against the curb, the mud guard wrecked, perhaps an axle bent. She herself was quite unhurt, as she assured many solicitous inquirers. Climbing out of the car to let a friend drive her home, she was aware of being the heroine of an improvised romantic drama, the gentle damsel beset by ruffianly hands. The crowd and the policeman had instantly ranged themselves on her side. That was in the very air of the scene, in the expression of the faces turned toward her, in the many voices that asked if she was hurt, in the angry frown cast at Hjelm. Their emotions flew to her defense against a rowdy assailant.

She was unhappy about that, for this man Hjelm—with whom she had never exchanged a word in her life—was one of her heroes. Six months before he had rescued three girls from the undertow at Half Moon Key, swimming out at an increasing risk to himself each time. He was a sign painter, with a ragtag-and-bobtail little shop on Palmetto Street. Often in driving past she had noticed his gangling, coatless figure, sometimes with a cap stuck defiantly on one side of his tow head. She had gathered the impression that he was a cross-grained, rattle-brained, unpopular citizen, blatantly pro-German in the early years of the World War and given to spouting socialism. All the same, he had brought in those girls. Without ever speaking to him, or particularly wishing to, she had held a sort of affection for him. Of course he had exhibited the grossest recklessness at the street corner. Some of Gus Whipple's whisky, no doubt. She was unhappier than ever. This tough, stupid coil of things seemed to tighten about her.

"Don't bother to drive in," she said to the friend. "Let me out here at the curb."

That was in front of her father's house. The lawn and garden occupied half a block, bounded by Gulf Boulevard on the west and Palm Avenue on the south. The flowery grounds of the Newtonia Hotel, two blocks in extent, began at the farther side of Palm Avenue, with the hotel, of pale yellow stucco, arcaded in Spanish mission style, in the middle. Alighting from the car and looking south, Alice saw two men on the sidewalk at the farther corner of Gulf Boulevard and Palm Avenue, and her nerves tingled. She stood on the sidewalk a moment, staring at those two men after her friend drove away; then walked slowly toward them as though she might be strolling over to the hotel.

One of the men, certainly, was mild, dusty Nathan Kauffman, Jr.—always somewhat shabby and baggy. The other was a big negro, in broken shoes, overalls, calico shirt, tattered coat, shapeless hat. He was very black, his brow was low and there was the welt of a great scar down his left cheek. He stooped a little, listening to the white man, and nodded his big head. Surely that was the negro who had showed

(Continued on Page 95)

Photograph ©

Iowa, for example—

The "Caterpillar's" field of usefulness is by no means limited to road work. There is a "Caterpillar"* of size and capacity for every power need. On farm or ranch, in the mining, oil and lumber industries, for snow removal and other civic work—wherever tractive power and endurance are at a premium, the "Caterpillar"* has no real competitor.*

Determined to put their primary and township dirt roads into usable condition and to keep them so the year round by constant patrol maintenance, numerous Iowa counties have adopted the "Caterpillar"* Tractor as the foundation for their good-roads programs. So fleets of "Caterpillars"* are going into action this Spring throughout the state, grading, ditching and leveling to provide proper drainage and insure continuous traffic.

Poweshiek and Muscatine counties, each with six "Caterpillars,"* Johnson county with five, Iowa and Greene counties with four, Crawford with three, Cass with two, are but typical of the counties and townships in Iowa, as well as other states, which have standardized on "Caterpillars"* as the surest means of making road taxes go furthest.

M. B. O'Rourke, Street Commissioner of Council Bluffs, says: "After investigation we selected the 'Caterpillar'* for grading our dirt streets and alleys. It has such positive traction that it can be operated successfully regardless of soil or weather conditions. We do not believe any other tractor embodies such elements of economy, power and speed."

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Run it with Texaco Gasoline

DOWN that hose is flowing a full measure of power in the form of TEXACO, the volatile gas.

Into that crank-case goes a golden colored stream of clean, clear, full-bodied TEXACO Motor Oil.

This car owner knows that his car will stay in service on the road—instead of killing time in the repair shop.

He knows that this gas and this oil will give him a quiet-running, powerful car, one in which carbon knocks are wholly absent—THAT means no deposit on cylinder walls, piston heads or spark plugs.

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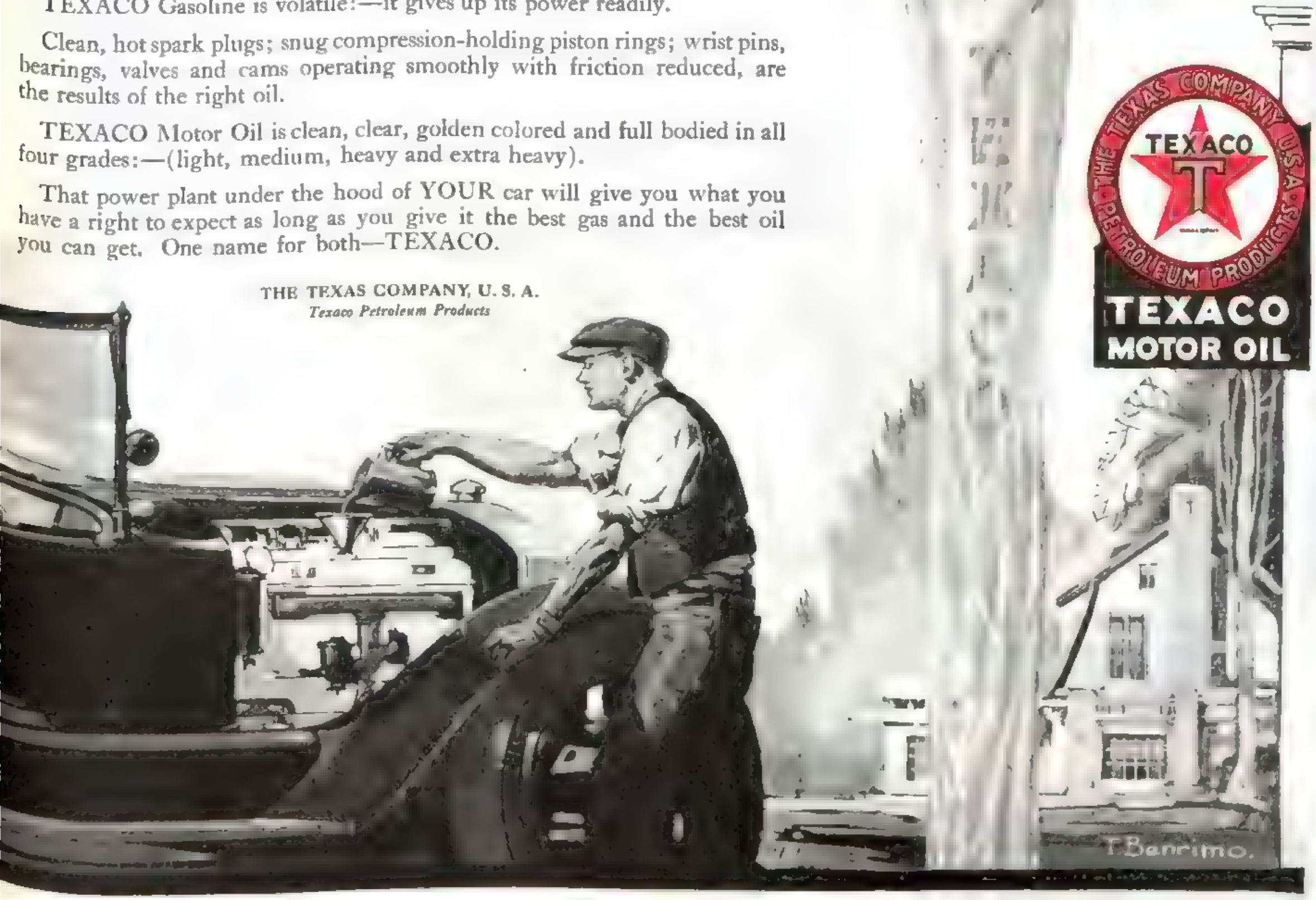

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In this range you are really burning gas

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Just turn the Florence heat regulator and touch a match to the asbestos starting kindler. The only difference, as far as you are concerned, is that instead of paying a gas bill you fill the tank once in a while with the cheapest of fuel—kerosene.

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Step into a nearby hardware or furniture store—light the Florence yourself—notice the large, powerful burners—feel the intense heat that is so easy to regulate. See how simple this stove is to clean, and think how nice it would look and how convenient it would be in your kitchen.

Write for free illustrated booklet.

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More Heat—Less Care

The new type kitchen

Years ago the kitchen was considered just a workshop. But the modern housewife makes her kitchen as livable as any other room in the house. Every attractive accessory that she can possibly afford, now seems necessary.

The Florence indisputably belongs in the Kitchen Beautiful. The mantel back and chimneys are of blue or white lustrous porcelain enamel, and the rest of the stove is finished in a shiny, durable, black baked-on enamel with nickel trim. It is a thoroughly up-to-date and economical range.

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Dept. 506, Gardner, Mass.

Makers of Florence Ranges, Florence Ovens, Florence Tank Water Heaters and Florence Room Heaters

Made and Sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Canada

Continued from Page 90

her what fear meant over on Crooked Key! She moved on toward them with loitering steps. The big black nodded again and turned away without looking toward her, moving east on Palm Avenue with a gait oddly shuffling, yet catlike.

Nathan Kauffman, Jr., had seen her coming and waited for her, a smile on his neutral face—a smile that seemed to ask nothing and expect nothing.

"Who is that big darky, Nat?" she asked at once.

"That's Jeff Marsh," he replied, like a docile child answering the teacher.

"What do you know about him?" she persisted.

Kauffman, Sr., had given his son no details of the affair on the key, and the son replied promptly, "Oh, we're old friends. Jeff's worked for my father eight or ten years, I guess—handy man around the plant; then we used to have him at the house—yardman, chore man, and so on. He's strong as an ox."

"A good darky?"

"Oh, yes, Jeff's a good darky," Kauffman assured her. "You know how they are. I suppose he'd do almost anything father told him to, like a dog and its master. You could trust him anywhere; always good-natured. You've seen him before?"

"I saw him once before," Alice replied thoughtfully. "I wondered—he looks so big and black—and that scar, you know."

Her eyes were following the big, shuffling figure that moved east in the avenue. Kauffman, Jr., smiled.

"Well, Jeff's no beauty; but he's a good darky." A sort of veiled pain appeared in his dull eyes. "My mother was nearly helpless the last six months, you know. Jeff used to pick her up in her chair, carry her around the yard. He was fond of her."

That little speech, and the look, constricted the hearer's heart. In the preceding spring she had spent a good many hours in this man's company—with pity, for she felt him to be a sort of cripple, as though his father kept him visibly bound with ropes. Then she avoided him, for she thought he was falling in love with her, which would be pathetic.

She looked away at retreating Jeff Marsh and murmured, "I'm glad he's a good darky. He's so big and black—I was almost afraid of him." She was wondering whether the son knew anything about Crooked Key and the rum running. . . . "The big oleander must be going to blossom early this year. I'm quite sure I saw a bud yesterday."

She nodded at the tree in the corner of the hotel grounds, whose farthest limbs came nearly to the sidewalk. They stepped over to it, looking for buds, and discussed it casually for a moment, as though that had been her purpose in coming to the corner. Then she said good-by with her brightest smile and turned homeward. Out on the sidewalk she again looked east. Two blocks behind the hotel a street-car line ran north and south. Big Jeff Marsh was boarding a southbound car.

That encounter on Crooked Key had stuck in her mind, with its horrid assault of fear turning her limbs weak and tearing at the core of her heart. She told herself—hours afterwards, reflecting upon it in the security of her father's house—that it was the stuff one read in the newspapers and the stuff one heard which made a black man, encountered under such circumstances, a figure of utter horror. She told herself that very positively. Yet in spite of herself when she shut her eyes and recalled the scene, her blood chilled. But now she was sure that Jeff Marsh was a good darky. She knew that Doctor Kauffman had seen her fear and played upon it in order to extort a pledge from her. Gallant Doctor Kauffman!

But she had something else to think about. They had moved the whisky from Crooked Key. She was sure of that. But where? Why was Jeff Marsh boarding a southbound street car? The car line ran only a mile beyond the hotel, through a sparsely settled district. She was quite certain no colored people lived down there.

Meanwhile, Nathan Kauffman, Jr., following a curving cement walk through the flowery grounds, reached the hotel. His father was sitting in the arcade. Shrubbery obscured the view, but he had been quite sure of the figure in a white skirt which stood beside his son at the corner of the grounds. He wasted no words when his son joined him.

"The Newton girl?"

"Yes," said the son mildly.

"Wha'd she want?"

"Nothing. Looking at the big oleander."

Doctor Kauffman looked hostilely at his son and scraped his nether lip, wishing to say, "Well, she's going to get something she doesn't want pretty soon!"

He was waiting for a favorable opportunity to get his hands on an ornamental perfumery bottle.

VIII

THE following evening, which was Thursday, five men sat in Doctor Kauffman's room at the Newtonia Hotel. The room was only fifteen feet square, with a single bed and bureau, and four of the chairs were close together so the men could talk low. Walter Newton's chair was somewhat apart, at the foot of the bed, but he could hear perfectly.

Doctor Kauffman had closed the door to the bathroom. His son occupied the next bedroom, so there was only the faintest chance of eavesdropping from that side. But why take any chance? The two windows were closed and the curtains down. Already, when Newton came in, led by Dave Palmer, the air smelled strongly of tobacco smoke.

Augustus Whipple, inevitably sunny, yet beaming, as it were, through a cloud, explained it again for Newton's benefit:

"This raid on the key stirred everything up. You see, there are some new people down here now—a flying squadron from headquarters that we've got no string on. In the ordinary course they'd have been about through now, and off to Key West or some other place. That's the way they do it, Mr. Newton—kick up a dust first in one place, then in another. It's something you can't absolutely control; one of the risks of the business, as you might say." He spoke low, a smile always just at the point of breaking through beneath his big red mustache, and in his mild blue eyes, the very image of amiable and candid reasonableness

"Mr. Riordan here had everything fixed far's the regular people are concerned. It was all set to run like clockwork. When these new people came down we had to lay off till the flurry was over. Still, there wouldn't have been any trouble except for this raid on the key. That stirred it all up."

With an unusual gesture Whipple lifted a thumb and finger to comb his big red mustache, looking away from Newton, for this was a delicate point in the narrative.

"You see," he continued, addressing the wall, "it was tipped off to Lieutenant Anderson that there was something on the key, and he raided it." The point was delicate, because everyone in the room knew that Newton's daughter had given the tip. Newton was aware that they knew it, but said nothing, his face immobile, his dark eyes steadily on the speaker. "Anderson got a water haul—couple of coons. But he passed the word along—the tip he'd got. Well, two men took that up. They've been at the coons up in Tampa. Long and short of it is, they've located the stuff in the ice house. Paddy here—Mr. Riordan—has done all he knew to keep 'em quiet; promised 'em they'll get theirs if they'll just hold off a little until we can ship the goods. But they won't listen. I'm sorry Paddy couldn't put it over. It's really in his part of the work, but under the circumstances I don't see's he's so much to blame. It was that tip and the raid on the key that started it all."

The man thus apologized for rubbed a pudgy hand over a bald head, a man above fifty, with a fringe of gray hair around a shiny dome; stout, pink faced, with a mouth as small as a woman's. As a man who views human frailty with kindness, Whipple explained further:

"You see, Mr. Newton, there's a good deal of double-crossing in this business. There's bound to be when you take the nature of the business into consideration. So nobody will trust anybody else. Everybody wants cash in his mitt. They all know Paddy here is a square man. In any other business on earth they'd take his word. But these two birds I speak of won't do it. They serve notice that they've got to have theirs by Saturday at three o'clock or they'll blow us up. That's the long and short of it."

Dave Palmer took a gold cigarette case from his pocket and asked with a brave sportsmanly air, "Suppose we tell 'em to go to the devil?"

But Newton felt there was no conviction behind that brave air; in a poker game he would have played it for a bluff.

Riordan, with pudgy hands folded, explained apologetically: "I would take it for hot air myself, because if they blow us up they'll get nothing; but there's more or less, as you might say, professional jealousy. Pickard and Smith claim they oughta been took care of in the first place. I ain't worked with them because there wasn't any reason to. You gents must see that if you start in to square everybody in the customs service and on the prohibition-enforcement staff on every quart you move you'd have to get a million dollars a case to break even. There's got to be some reason about it. There wasn't any reason for taking care of Pickard and Smith. They're new men and underlings. They'd never 'a' got a smell of what was going on if it hadn't been for that tip and Lieutenant Anderson. They know they've got no real claim. That's what makes it so hard to deal with 'em. They're crazy to get their hands on some cash—may be their last chance. You'd think, first look, 'twouldn't do 'em any good to blow us up. But word gets around on the inside fast enough. Blowing us up will give 'em a reputation. Next time they can say, 'We're the birds that blew up the Elmersville bunch, so you better come across quick before we hand you the same.' See? It works like that." He passed a hand over his shiny head and concluded: "I've got a pretty good experience to go on. If I'd 'a' thought it was a bluff I wouldn't 'a' troubled you gents."

Then Newton spoke.

"How much do they want?"

Regretfully Riordan confessed, "Thirty thousand. It's too much—out of all reason. But there you are."

A constrained silence followed, the others waiting to hear from Newton, who was the only man in the room able to raise thirty thousand cash by Saturday afternoon. But Newton held his tongue.

Whipple broke the unhappy silence by observing thoughtfully: "More than a quarter of a million net in that ice house—good as gold dollars, once this little flurry blows over. Be a shame to see it all slide out of our hands."

Still Newton held his tongue, and after another painful little silence Riordan remarked: "Of course, I'm mighty sorry this has come up. But, you see, I've got to fish or cut bait. If Pickard and Smith are going to blow this up I've got to get out of reach first. I've been in the government service ten years. I don't want to spend the next ten in Atlanta. You can't blame a man for saving his own hide." He rubbed his hands together nervously. "I've got to know where I stand."

Doctor Kauffman tugged viciously at his beard, his hot little eyes on Newton. He was yearning to bawl out, "It was that damned daughter of yours that made this trouble. You ought to put up the thirty thousand out of your own pocket, and apologize to us too!" Everybody obviously was hanging on word from Newton. He let them hang a moment, and then spoke quietly:

"This is Thursday. I'll think it over tomorrow."

Each man, in his way, regretted the postponement, Doctor Kauffman raging inside. But there was a certain finality about the quiet statement. In fact, an instant later, Newton added, "I suppose that's all for this evening," and arose.

He and Dave Palmer left the hotel together, and were silent until they got out on Gulf Boulevard, where Dave's car stood at the curb.

"It's simply hell, Wally," Dave then muttered, frowning into the night in bewildered affliction; "just one thing after another. I'll never forgive myself for getting you into this. But long's you were in I thought you'd better hear the story for yourself."

"You needn't apologize to me, Davy," Newton replied easily. "I'm of age. I needn't have gone in if I didn't want to. No apology coming to me. The question is whether those crooks are bluffing"

"Yes, that's the question," Palmer assented dolorously. "The devil of it is, how are you going to know? If we take it for a bluff and call it, and they blow us up —— It's not only the money, but somebody's liable to get pinched." He added a significant little afterthought: "Of course, the stuff in the ice house is good for it."

It was clear to Newton that he was frightened and wanted the bribe paid.

They were moving slowly along the cement sidewalk toward Palmer's car, Palmer absorbed and miserable. Newton spoke again.

(Continued on Page 97)

For Spring Ask For the New

Zephyr Weight

BERKLEY KNIT TIES

at any quality men's apparel shop.

This new Berkley creation is a close mesh knitted fabric of indescribable beauty. Knitted in the new pastel shadings, plain colors, heathers, bias stripes and fancy figures.

You know that quality predominates in men's departments or haberdasheries where you see displayed Berkley-Knit, "The Tie of a Thousand Knots."

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PHILADELPHIA

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When the world and his wife see your car roll by they judge its value by what they can see. If it has the snappy sheen of youth, it is a good car; if its hide is age-wrinkled and road-dulled—the verdict is best unheard.

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He'll start at the base with a tenacious priming coat over the metal; he'll fill in all the uneven spots, then lay on a heavy ground coat and rub it to a perfectly level surface.

He'll give you a new color if you want it—probably two coats for depth and richness. Then several coats of "rubbing" varnish—properly dried and rubbed with pumice and water to a surface like glass.

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When you get the car back you will have your same fine, familiar performance,—but a CAR! Smooth, brilliant, new—the kind of job that a trained professional can produce.

If you want the finest finish ask for the Murphy Finish. Most good painters will give it to you anyway, because Murphy materials are used in finishing America's highest class cars. They have been standard for generations on the most beautiful surfaces.

We shall be glad to send you samples of the Murphy 1923 Colors together with name and address of nearest painter who specializes on the Murphy Finish.

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Anyone can use it and get fine results. Just wash the car and then flow on Da-cote.

Brush marks and laps disappear as you paint. Takes an afternoon. Dries overnight. And in the morning you have a car that sparkles with a happy new brilliance.

Da-cote is famous Murphy Varnish ground with finest pigments to the consistency of cream. Your dealer has it in black and white and ten popular colors.

(Continued from Page 95)

"This bald-headed chap—Riordan—what do you know about him?"

"Oh, Riordan?" Dave Palmer answered promptly, as though he knew all about him. "He's the inside man, you see." But he added candidly, "Of course, all I really know about him is what Whipple says."

"I thought so," said Newton dryly. "Somehow he doesn't look quite 100 per cent to me. I wouldn't let him change a thousand-dollar bill for me in the dark."

Struck by a new and startling thought, Palmer asked, "You think he may be putting up a job himself?"

"Of course, I don't know," Newton replied. "But he rings a little phony to me. We can wait till tomorrow at any rate."

"Yes," said Dave. "But I don't see how the devil we're to find out whether or not it's a bluff without calling it. And if we do call it and get blown up well, there we are! Doc Kauffman's all boiling over already—afraid somebody else'll find the stuff now."

His lagging footsteps halted and in the dark he looked up at his taller friend.

"Wally, I was an idiot to get into this thing. If I get out with a whole hide—never again! It ain't the business itself, you know. I don't care a whoop about that. I'd rather kick a hole in their blasted law than not. It's the people. Gus Whipple is a decent fellow; but Doc Kauffman is an old rat. I knew that more or less all along, but I never knew it right until I got mixed up with him in this. He's crazy, you know, because Crooked Key was tipped off and raided—sore as an old bear with a burned tail. I had to tell him today to shut up or he couldn't talk to me any more. I wouldn't trust that rat out of sight in some ways. You don't know how ugly he is. . . . Well, I'm in it now; but never again. It doesn't pay to mix up with some people. . . . That stinking old buzzard!"

There was a half-choked anger in Dave's tone. Newton had no doubt that Kauffman had been blackguarding Alice and so stirred Palmer's resentment. Of course, good old Dave would resent that.

But as he walked on home alone Newton could have found it in his heart to blackguard his daughter somewhat himself. She had made all the trouble—obdurate, incorrigible, riding her own headlong way. But he really had something more important than that to think about. In cordial detestation of prohibition, he had sold—or practically leased—Crooked Key to Gus Whipple, caring only to keep his own skirts legally clear. Then, partly in disinterested friendship, but partly also because it tickled him to see prohibition beaten, he had made Dave Palmer a loan. Then his rebellious daughter had intervened, jeopardizing Dave's fortune and even his liberty. That was a challenge flung in his own face, a frontal attack in the silent war between them. He hated to be beaten; he proposed to save Dave. Therefore he had not only lent his ice house but disclosed himself to Kauffman and Whipple as an ally.

So finally he was quite decidedly in the game himself; not for a personal profit, but in it all the same. The contraband whisky was in his ice house. It had been paid for partly with his money. He had just come from a conference of bootleggers at which bribery of two government officers was discussed—the bribe, also, to be paid with his money. Decidedly, he was in it!

Bribery—a dirty business that any decent man hated to touch! Bribing agents of the Government, officers of the United States! He wouldn't have minded putting up more money to buy whisky; but furnishing money for bribes—like sticking your hand in a sewer. He detested that; but what was he going to do?

Hard-headed business calculation had run through the affair. The whisky was good for the fifty thousand dollars he had advanced to Dave Palmer. It was good for this other thirty thousand dollars. But bribery—paid, so to speak, out of his own hand! And then, too, he hated this stand-and-deliver affair—couple of cheap, crooked skates demanding thirty thousand dollars and threatening to blow him up if he didn't hand it over! That stirred his fighting blood. But, again, what was a man to do?

■■

FRIDAY morning, at the unusual hour of half past nine, Alice Newton received a caller—namely, County Attorney Nettleton, whose long face, with sharp nose, high forehead, flowing hair and eyeglasses, wore an expression of the greatest earnestness. He put the case to her with all the eloquence at his command:

"There's no question at all that he was driving very recklessly, Miss Newton. Officer Dixon says he took that corner at something like twenty miles an hour—the busiest corner in town. He's lived here several years. He knows left-hand turns are forbidden on Sunshine Avenue. There's a big, plain sign on the corner. Why, if there'd been any old people or little children on that cross walk he'd have killed somebody sure! And there's no doubt at all that he was drunk!"

The earnest man stooped forward in his chair for greater emphasis.

"This reckless driving takes lives and limbs every day, Miss Newton. It's a great menace, especially with as many old people on the street as we have here. We must do what we can to stop it. We must show 'em it's no joke. They're criminals, every one of 'em, imperiling women and children's lives and limbs. The police make arrests; but if we don't get a conviction in a flagrant case, why it's worse than as though no arrest was made! Hjelm was drunk, Miss Newton—drunk! A man that drives an automobile when he's drunk ought to be punished. We must stop it! It's for the protection of people who can't protect themselves.

"This man Hjelm's a trouble maker anyhow. He's got a shyster police-court lawyer, he demands a jury trial. I know what his line will be. He'll try to discredit the police—Officer Dixon. That's the line this shyster always takes—playing on prejudice against a policeman. You see, I counted on you, Miss Newton. I had no doubt you'd come. I proposed to rest it all on you and Officer Dixon. They can't discredit you, you know. Honestly, truly, sincerely, I think it's your duty to the community to come and testify. Just the plain, unvarnished truth. That's all I'm asking of you—to help us protect people who can't protect themselves; these old people and children who have to use the public streets and whose lives and limbs are in peril from reckless driving. I do honestly think it's your duty to the community."

A few minutes before, answering him on the telephone, she had said she was not coming uptown to testify against Hjelm. But, after all, it did seem her duty to the community; and she went once more to the somewhat besmeared seat of everyday local justice. Hjelm was very sober and depressed this morning. His round blue eyes held dumbly to her face as she testified. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty. The prisoner was sentenced to thirty days in jail.

He was guilty, of course. But three times, each time with lengthening odds against him, he had swum out to drag a girl from the undertow. It was the whisky that was to blame for his reckless driving—Gus Whipple's whisky, very likely.

She now comprehended perfectly why the earnest county attorney wanted her on the witness stand—for the effect that her beauty and style and her father's position would have on the simple-minded jury. Any male bystander might have recited the facts; but she, sitting before them on the witness stand, made the jury dramatize it romantically, just as the crowd had dramatized it at the time of the collision. She was the gentle damsel assailed by ruffian hands. Their chivalry reacted to that in the prompt verdict against Hjelm. With her glossy hair and delicately modeled nose, the astute county attorney had overwhelmed the Swede's tricky little defense. When they wanted to use her good looks in order to send a scrabble-brained, heroic sign painter to jail they put it across! Figuratively, Doctor Kauffman and Augustus Whipple stood by, grinning, amused, secure. They had fooled her to the top of their bent and made her ridiculous; sold their whisky under her nose and snapped their fingers at her!

Going through the courthouse park to her car she bit a little corner of her lip.

She had been thinking all along of big Jeff Marsh, who was evidently Doctor Kauffman's trusty man. Why had he been going south on a street car that had no destination except the place where the tracks stopped? Of course, they had moved the whisky from Crooked Key; but where? She had been thinking about the country to the south, and she thought it over again, driving home. Here was Newtonia Bay addition, with its hotel and smart cottages, occupied by winter residents from the North. Beyond that for a third of a

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Through Asbestos and its allied products
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JOHNS-MANVILLE
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mile the land had been cleared of scrub, second-growth timber and palmetto, for her father was preparing a new addition; they had begun grading and laying out streets. Then there was nearly a mile of thicket—stunted trees and underbrush. Beyond that lay a small clearing where a man named Shellenberger had built a sprawling, unprofitable shore hotel and laid out some lots for cottagers. The venture had been a failure from the start. Two years before this the vacant pine hotel and outbuildings had burned, leaving only a big ice house situated some distance from the hotel. She remembered it perfectly—a dun pine structure like a big shoe box, mostly over the water so that it could be filled from a boat.

She had been up and down the south shore many times in the launch, exploring all its coves. Almost ever since she saw Jeff Marsh board a southbound street car a picture of Shellenberger's had stood out in her memory—a narrow cove, or little bayou, with the charred ruins of the hotel on its northern shore and the dun ice house farther west, all with a background of timber and underbrush. She was quite sure there was no other empty structure on the south shore that could be reached by water, unless one went on down to Hunter's Point or thereabouts. Her father owned Shellenberger's.

She had brushed aside Doctor Kauffman's statement that her father's money paid for the whisky on Crooked Key as a piece of coarse impudence. She couldn't brush aside his ownership of Shellenberger's, however. She knew his contempt for the Eighteenth Amendment; but she couldn't picture him as an actual bootlegger. That wouldn't be like him; he had decenter ways of making money. Yet, suppose the whisky was in Shellenberger's, which he owned? Had his money really paid for it?

Fortunately she was freer than ever now, her mother being away. She could pace the long living room undisturbed, thinking it over. Another tip to Lieutenant Anderson? He might well be skeptical of her tip. But if he proved not to be skeptical, Shellenberger's was her father's property; he would have to answer for that if the whisky was there. And if he was in it her hands were tied.

She went to answer the telephone. It was Doctor Lester speaking. Sam Juniper, the poor white who was shot when the deputy sheriffs raided his little still, had died in the hospital an hour before. Doctor Lester thought she would want to know at once. There was the problem of Juniper's widow and three ragamuffin children. . . .

Kauffman, Whipple and the prosperous rum runners rode ahead in a luxurious and triumphal car, quite at their ease, perfectly secure, smiling at the crowd, which here and there openly applauded them. Behind their car came a monstrous Juggernaut, stained with poor Sam Juniper's blood, wet with poor Mirandy's tears, mangling the lives of little defenseless people who fell under its wheels. One cried for justice and only got a stupid leer in return. One strove for justice and only threw victims under the Juggernaut's wheels. The whole brutal coil of things operated that way. Sitting at the telephone stand, she put her face in her hands. . . . Poor Sam Juniper! His poorer wife and children! It was time one stepped outside the stupid coil of official things and acted alone, in her own right as a justice-loving human being.

Directly after luncheon she put on a raincoat and a cloth hat so undistinguished that at some little distance no one could tell whether the wearer of the garments was male or female. She got an umbrella, a fishing rod and a pair of good field glasses. So equipped, she put off in the launch, running out several hunded yards before turning south. Presently she slowed the motor to its lowest, put up the umbrella, laid the fishing rod over the edge of the boat and focused the field glass. With the umbrella close over her head a person on shore could not tell that she was using field glasses, even if the person himself were using glasses. Slowly, like a fisherman trolling, she drifted past the mouth of the narrow cove which Shellenberger's hotel had faced. The charred ruins of the hotel came into the field of her glasses; then the dun shape of the ice house. It had been filled from the water, so there was a door in the water end, and a narrow platform for men to work on. Big Jeff Marsh was sprawled on the platform with a crooked pole, apparently cut from the dead brush, in his hand, fishing in lazy content. He had something like a half-filled sack at his back; his tattered hat was pulled over his brows. His reclining posture as he leaned against the ice-house wall showed that he had made himself as comfortable as possible for a long stay. A minute later, slowly as the launch moved, the horn of the south shore of the cove cut Jeff from view. Except with a glass, or by going into the cove, no one would have noticed him from the water. She ran on south, waited a quarter of an hour, turned back and drifted past again. Jeff was still fishing, with hardly a change in his posture. She felt an invincible conviction that the whisky was there. She had been fairly positive of it before.

She returned to the house with her conviction, but troubled now about Jeff Marsh. Did he, perhaps, sleep in the ice

He Got Two Empty Vials, Rinsed Them and Compounded Two Prescriptions

house? She knew how such houses were usually built, with double walls and tight doors to keep out the heat—no ventilation; therefore an unlikely place to sleep in. She was troubled also about her father, but he resolved that trouble by telephoning that he would not be home to dinner—an engagement with some men. That helped.

About five o'clock, at the end of the day's work, was the best time for a nonprofessional call on Doctor Lester, and at that hour Alice stepped into his office on Orange Street, in a side room of his residence. Doctor Lester was a ready past middle age, and far from being Elmersville's most prosperous physician. He cared too much about too many other things; or at least that was Alice's version. A small, rather pursy man, with a neatly trimmed gray goatee, bald over the top of his head, greeting her briskly, talking briskly and to the point. She loved him and took every pains to let him know it. For near half an hour they talked, businesslike, about the Juniper family. Doctor Lester had all the economic facts in the case, as nearly as an illiterate woman could give them to him. There was no disparagement in her mentally likening the doctor to a squirrel—small, bright, quick, with brisk little nods as he talked. Neither of them referred to the sentimental or emotional side of the case, naturally they would not. They simply discussed what could be done for the woman and children. The small, gray, bald, squirrel-like physician walked to the office door with her, opening it for her, smiled and nodded adieu. She went out, saying to herself, "Good, just, kind!" If he had been the most prosperous physician in Elmersville she would have loved him less, or perhaps would not have bothered to love him at all.

Driving down Sunshine Avenue on the way home, she saw big Jeff Marsh on a street corner talking to a man of his own race. The sun was setting; evidently he had come uptown for the night. So that difficulty was settled.

She was alone at the dinner table, but by no means lonely. A great adventure in justice sat with her, filling her mind, quickening her pulses; an adventure in justice like Samson's when he pulled down the pillars of the temple. Human company would have been an affliction. When she finished dinner it was half past seven and quite dark. High time!

She went about it swiftly, following the plan she had thought out—upstairs first, where she got a clothes bag into which she stuffed several outworn articles of apparel; then to the kitchen storeroom, where she got a two-quart fruit jar. She left the house by the front door, to avoid the servants, the raincoat which she had worn that afternoon over her arm, clothes bag and fruit jar beneath it. But she slipped around the side way to the garage, where she turned on a light and locked the door behind her. She was busy there hardly five minutes; then turned out the light and hastened to the little pier where the launch lay. A minute later she was putting to sea again under a cloudy sky with a feel of coming rain.

She ran south, inshore, until a dim gap in the thick shadows at her left showed the mouth of the cove on which Shellenberger had built his unfortunate hotel. All was dark and still in there; so dark that she had to turn on the little headlight in order to make a landing. Its rays disclosed the dun shape of the old ice house, extending over the water, standing desolate in a gulf of night; no sound, not even the lap of a wave, for the water was very still, as though it had paused and lay breathless, waiting for the rain. Having got the bearings, she turned off the searchlight and nosed up until the boat bumped gently against one of the barnacle-crusted posts that supported the water end of the ice house. Hand to post, she pushed the boat along shoreward and got out an electric torch. The shore was marshy here, with rank rushes; a very dismal, snaky sort of place in the moist, silent dark. Rope in one hand, flashlight in the other, she climbed out, sinking above her ankles in the ooze, and tied the boat loosely to one of the ice-house shore posts.

She had to wade back then and get her clothes bag, mud and water up to her knees by that time. Bag on shoulder, she struggled ashore again through the weeds, scrambling up the low, jungly bank.

The ice house had been built with a view to filling it from a boat; but there was a door also in the land end, and an inclined plank platform about three feet wide ran up to it. She climbed the platform, put down her bag and took the glass fruit jar from it; then snapped off the flashlight. There had been no rain for a month; the pine structure was dry as tinder. She emptied her clothes bag, containing the old cotton garments and some waste from the garage, against the door and unscrewed the lid of the fruit jar, which then gave off a smell of gasoline. To empty the jar in the middle of the pile of waste and rags, then pull out a little of the waste as a sort of fuse, took only a few seconds. A match spurted. She stooped farther and applied it to the string of waste, which at once flickered up brightly, the flame running toward the gasoline-soaked pile. She ran down the inclined platform, looking back over her shoulder, hastening because in a few seconds flame and gasoline would meet, and it would be well to have her boat untied and get away.

At the foot of the platform, still looking back over her shoulder, she heard something behind her not a definable noise, but rather a rushing motion. Something big and dark was darting up the platform. A fierce, explosive roar of fire sounded by the ice-house door; flame leaped high and broad. In the sudden glare she saw Jeff Marsh, an arm flung over his face, kicking at the burning pile. For a moment he fought it furiously, arm over face, kicking it away from the door, off the platform. The burning mass fell over into the water, where, still afloat, it flamed like a great torch. Jeff was hammering at the door with a big fist and stamping at the dancing flames where the planks were wet with gasoline. The door, two inches thick like the walls, and running in snug grooves, rolled back. Alice saw her father in the open doorway, an electric torch in his hand. At about the same time, for the scene was now lighted, he saw her near the foot of the inclined platform, gaping up at him.

"She set fiah to it," said Jeff Marsh—an unprejudiced statement of fact.

The burning cotton was sinking into the water, its light dying down; but there were still some little tongues of flame near the door where gasoline had run through to the boards. Walter Newton silently helped Jeff stamp them out. Then he came down the platform without looking at his daughter. Passing her as though she had been a post, he waded out through the weeds and mud, scooped water in his hands and threw it on the cotton that still floated. Primordial darkness, save for the flashlight in his hand, re-covered the scene. Again Newton passed his daughter without looking at her, ascended the platform and turned his torch on Jeff Marsh.

The negro's shoulder leaned against the door jamb. His right hand was picking burned cloth away from his leg. In that fantastic dance, while the fire leaped and he kicked at it, Alice had seen him beat his right leg with his hand. Newton's torch now showed that the cheap overalls were half burned off that leg, hanging like a tattered curtain.

"Burn your leg, Jeff?" Newton asked with gentleness such as one might have used toward a child.

"Yas-sah," said Jeff, merely stating the fact. "Reckon Ah better git that shoe off."

The burns extended from thigh to foot. Newton stooped, training his torch on the black flesh.

"We better have that attended to," he said quietly, softly. "I'll take you uptown. Wait till I shut this door." He rolled the door shut behind him.

Now that the excitement was over, outraged flesh asserted itself. Jeff attempted to walk beside Newton down the incline, but at the first step limped so badly that the step was only a stagger, and he nearly fell.

Newton caught his arm to steady him, and directed, "Put your arm over my shoulder, Jeff; lean on me; save that leg. It's only a little way to the car."

Jeff followed the direction, putting a huge bare arm over the white man's shoulder, leaning on him as on a crutch. Alice saw her father bracing himself to sustain the weight. They came slowly down the platform, the negro's ugly face puckered with pain. After the first glance Newton had paid no more attention to his daughter than as though she had been a post; he was not even looking toward her now, and she had not moved or spoken.

Under her eyes this limping black man with puckered face had saved her father's life from her fire. She could hardly have moved or spoken. But as the slow pair came near she made her tongue go. "Let me get somebody, father."

"We'll make it," he answered curtly; "only a couple of hundred feet to the car."

The shell road to Shellenberger's, cheaply made in the first place, was now little used and in very bad condition. Evidently her father had driven down it and his car was near.

Even in making that curt speech he did not look at her, holding his torch down to show the footing immediately ahead of himself and Jeff. He was so near that by taking only a short step she could have reached out and touched him. It seemed that she would die in her tracks unless he looked at her or spoke to her differently.

"I'd like to help," she said, low and stupidly.

(Continued on Page 103)

What causes oil and carbon trouble?

IF there was no such thing as friction, we would have no oil or carbon trouble in motors at all. Friction occurs wherever there is movement of one surface upon another, and with a motor's pistons high-speed movement against the cylinder walls is continuous.

The only way to minimize such friction is by lubrication, which means the interposing of a film of oil between the moving surfaces and thus holding them apart. Not only does this afford freedom of action, but it also reduces heat, the natural consequence of friction.

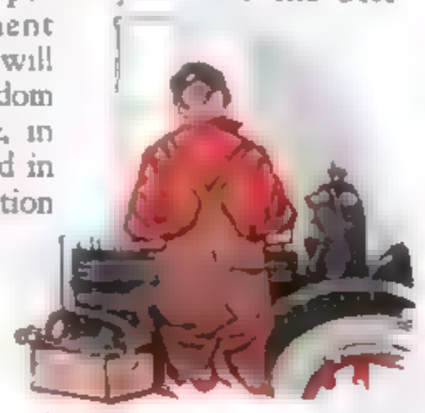
This oil, however, cannot be allowed to go where it pleases, and one of the great problems in a motor is to keep it under proper control—in its proper place, and in proper quantity. Oil and carbon trouble is caused by misplaced oil, chiefly due to faulty functioning of piston rings. These rings are light, springy bands of iron fitted into grooves around the pistons for the purpose of taking up the clearance space between pistons and cylinder walls and preventing leakage of gas and power.

Any imperfection in the piston rings reacts at once on the lubrication. If they bear or press too firmly on the cylinder walls they squeeze out the oil film and friction is inevitable, resulting in overheating, power loss and undue wear. When, due to wear or improper design, they lose fit or contact at any one place or press too lightly, too much oil gathers on the cylinder wall and this surplus oil is drawn or forced up past the rings into the combustion chamber. Naturally, this oil burns under the heat of the explosions and leaves a residue of carbon that coats piston heads, spark plugs, points and valve seats.

This burning of oil is so much pure waste, but waste is not the principal detriment. The carbon deposit becomes incandescent under heat and fires the gas prematurely, not only wasting power, but causing severe strain on all movable parts. The motor's signal of distress is that irritating "knock." Sometimes carbon covers the spark plugs so thickly as to prevent firing altogether. And it causes further power loss by gumming up the valves so that they do not seat properly, which allows gas to blow away.

When none of these symptoms are pronounced you can still tell when oil is being burned, by the smoky exhaust from your car.

Pleasure, comfort and economy demand a remedy—not simply by removing the carbon from time to time, but by removing the cause for misplaced oil. This can easily be done by having the worn and ill-fitting piston rings replaced with McQuay-Norris Piston Rings, scientifically designed and accurately made of exclusive-process Electric Iron to fit every type and model of motor and engine. There is a complete line of them for every price and purpose. The McQuay-Norris Supercyl Ring is a special design for controlling excess oil. When used in combination with McQuay-Norris LEAK-PROOF Rings for compression and power you have the best piston ring equipment that you can buy. It will pay in power, in freedom from carbon trouble, in saving fuel and oil, and in general motor satisfaction for a long, long time.



Sometimes motor wear for various reasons, has resulted in "scored" or "out-of-round" cylinders, which new piston rings alone cannot correct. This calls for reboring or regrinding, after which the new dimensions should be fitted with McQuay-Norris Pistons and Pins and McQuay-Norris Piston Rings. There are competent shops everywhere specializing in reboring and regrinding of cylinders. Ask your repairman.

Any repairman has this complete McQuay-Norris equipment in the correct size for your motor or he can get what you need promptly from his jobber or a McQuay-Norris Service Stock.

Ask us to send you our free booklet, "To Have and to Hold Power." It tells simply and plainly the story of power production in motors. Address Dept. B

McQuay-Norris Manufacturing Company
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Connersville, Ind. Toronto, Canada

McQUAY-NORRIS
PISTON RINGS
PISTONS
PINS

FOR AUTOMOBILES – MOTOR TRUCKS – TRACTORS – STATIONARY GAS, OIL AND STEAM ENGINES – MOTOR BOATS MOTOR CYCLES – AIRPLANES – COMPRESSORS – PUMPS – LOCOMOTIVES – STEAMSHIPS – REFRIGERATING MACHINES.

McQuay-Norris *Wainwright* Pistons and Pins—gray iron pistons as light in weight as safety permits—specially designed for replacements—available in standard sizes and over sizes—also in semi-finished form 75 thousandths over size. Pins of exceptional accuracy. Made of special heat-treated steel.

Pistons and Pins of quality

LEAK-PROOF—Its exclusive two-piece design means equal cylinder-wall pressure at all points. Its greater flexibility means better performance in worn cylinders. Best for all grooves except top, which should have Supercyl. Made of Electric Iron. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.25
In Canada, $1.50

Supercyl—stops oil trouble. Keeps lubricating oil out of combustion chamber. Collects excess oil on each down stroke of piston and empties on each up stroke which ordinary grooved rings cannot do. Made of Electric Iron. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

$1.00
In Canada, $1.25

JIFFY-GRIP—the quick-seating ring with the non-butting joint. "Seats in a Jiffy." Can be fitted closer than the ordinary step-cut rings. Ends cannot butt when fitted tightly as quick seating rings should be. Accurately made of Electric Iron. Each ring packed in glassine envelope. Price per ring—

50c
In Canada, 50c

Snap Rings—of the highest grade. Raised above the average by McQuay-Norris manufacturing methods. Made of Electric Iron. Their use insures all the satisfaction possible for you to get from a plain snap ring. Packed twelve to the carton and rolled in waxed paper. Price per ring—

25c
In Canada, 30c

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The Mark of Quality

The name of Sir Christopher Wren — but he and St. Paul's Cathedral in London are associated with all that is worthiest in English architecture.
While the ashes of the great Lond fire were scarcely cold, Wren set to work to rebuild the
Speaking of his monumental achievement, St. Paul's, he said, "It is the work of the builder to establish a nation, draw commerce and make people love their country."

Fire

Building to an Ideal

AS the stone is shaped to man's enduring use by the master builder, so, in the Firestone Cord, has material been fashioned to contribute to that vital need in human progress — transportation.

And just as Wren, the great architect, toiled over his plans, rejecting even royal opinion if it did not meet his own high standard, so has Firestone maintained quality in the face of all obstacles.

The Firestone ideal of Most Miles per Dollar preceded the actual building of the tire and this vision of what a good tire should be reached its highest fulfillment in the Firestone Cord.

Its acceptance by so great a number of car-owners has come because the *name* it bears is synonymous with quality. But in the last analysis, *results* are the determining factor in any success and the performance of this tire has already made it a dominating influence in the automotive field.

To Firestone builders a tire is much more than a product of rubber and cord—it is an essential in modern social and commercial life, a factor in present-day progress because it facilitates swift, economical transportation.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

The Mark of Quality

Firestone

When Spring hovers 'round the corner

It's "house cleaning" time for 10 million motorists

The first balmy week-end and you are at it! Bill Brown from next door, also with his car still on stilts, drops round to see you. There's something on his mind.

Says Bill—or do you?

"You know—my car costs me so much to run. Last year I laid out over seventy-five dollars for engine repairs alone; and that burned-out bearing half ruined a vacation trip.

"Honestly, I almost dread the thought of starting another round of troubles and bills—and here you are, aching to go. How do you get that way?"

You answer—or does Bill?

"May I make a suggestion? I've watched you when we've been out together. You're a bit careless with your car. You grind your gears and jam down your brakes. You never turn a grease cup; and you haven't drained out the engine oil since you've had the car.

"Between you and me, the main difference between your car and mine today is the oil you use. That's where you got that burned-out bearing.

"I've never used a drop of anything but Veedol; and I have my dealer drain out my oil every 500 miles. High grade oil keeps the whole car sweet. More power, less carbon. More gasoline mileage. I don't know what a repair bill looks like. My car is always ready. Right now I can take the bus out and make Devil's Hill on high.

"Take a tip from me. Use Veedol this season and have your crankcase drained every 500 miles."

Spring is just around the corner. It's "house cleaning" time for 10 million motorists. Have your crankcase drained out and refilled from a sealed 5 gallon can of Veedol Motor Oil. The Veedol in that can will carry you well into the happiest and most economical season you ever had.

TIDE WATER OIL SALES CORPORATION
Chicago NEW YORK San Francisco
Veedol oils and greases are sold throughout the world

Resist deadly heat and friction

VEEDOL

Economy Oils and Greases

(Continued from Page 98)

He did turn his head then, so near that in the marble-white patch of her face he saw her eyes.

"How did you get here?" he asked, the tone so cool and even that it seemed to blot her out.

"The launch," she replied.

"Better go back," he said in the same tone.

Her eyes filled with tears.

"I'm sorry, father," she murmured.

The tears and voice brought to him, from far back, the recollection of a little spitfire, obstinate, loving girl finally giving in and making her submission.

There was a difference in his tone as he repeated "Better go back."

Slowly and blankly she waded back to the launch. Her dull fingers fumbled at the loose knot. The electric torch was in her hand, but she hadn't sufficient energy to turn it on. She got the knot untied, then snapped on the torch to see her way into the boat; but did not lift a leg to climb in. On the contrary she dropped the rope and clapped that hand over her eyes. For a sudden dazzling glow enveloped her and all about, striking on her nerves with the force of a blow over the head, blinding her. For three seconds she did not even comprehend what it was.

But, of course, it was a boat's searchlight, coming into the cove. They were easily near enough to hail her now; and as any notion of trying to escape must obviously be quite out of the question, she climbed into the launch and sat waiting.

The stranger glided near so that the glare of the searchlight passed out of her eyes, and she saw that this was the destroyer's launch, with half a dozen or more men in it, among them gallant young Lieutenant Anderson.

"Good evening, Miss Newton," he said very politely; yet there was something like handcuffs in the politeness.

A man in civilian clothes, with stiff straw hat and heavily wrinkled face, was looking very sharply at her under bushy eyebrows.

He spoke to her, not politely but peremptorily: "Who's been here?"

"Nobody," she replied, looking him in the eye.

"There was a flashlight on shore," he said.

"Mine," she replied, and lifted it so that he could see.

"What are you doing here?"

"Nothing."

She answered his questions steadily, looking straight at him, but listening with all her might and hardly daring to breathe, for she could not remember having heard her father's car start over there in the dark, and she was confused as to how much time had elapsed since she had last seen him. Might he still be over there, delayed, perhaps, by getting Jeff Marsh into the machine? Had he got away?

The man in the boat looked hard at her a moment and said conclusively, "We will ask you to stay a while longer."

He turned his head, speaking under his breath to one of the men. The man in the bow, using his boat hook against the ice-house posts, worked the launch to shore, alongside her smaller craft. Those in it, excepting the one who had been spoken to, climbed out in the water and weeds. Two carried axes and one a crowbar.

She could not see exactly what went on at the shore door of the ice house, but she knew the door was fastened by a stout padlock, for she remembered that her father, after rolling the door shut, had locked it. She heard them chopping and wrenching, and was then sure from the sounds that they had the door open.

A voice said, "Well, there it is!" And another added exultantly, "This is the biggest haul yet!"

At length Lieutenant Anderson came down the inclined platform within sight of her and spoke politely: "We needn't detain you longer, Miss Newton."

She murmured "Thank you."

Her guardian reached over and pushed her launch outward to free it from the weeds. She started the motor, and as soon as she was headed to sea turned it full on. They had discovered the whisky in her father's building. The one overwhelming thought in her mind now was to find him and warn him not to go back there. He had been doing something there; she had interrupted him. Would he go back? It was impossible now to think about justice or retribution or law. All she could think of was her father under arrest, locked up, branded with felony. She had lied to the questioning man in the boat as naturally as she drew breath, and under much the same sort of imperative compulsion.

Her father was taking Jeff Marsh to a doctor. No doubt he would go to Doctor Thatcher, his old friend and their family physician. But would he have time to turn Jeff over to the doctor and return to Shellenberger's? Would he leave Jeff in the doctor's hands and go home?

Her trembling fingers could scarcely wait to knot the rope fastening the launch to the little pier. She ran to the house. But the empty living room, with only one light turned on, mocked her with its stupid immobility.

*

THEY danced at the Newtonia Hotel on Tuesday and Friday evenings. Alice Newton, fleeing from the pier to the house, might almost have caught some preliminary sounds of it, the leisurely tuning of a violin. Entering the hotel fifteen or twenty minutes later, Doctor Kauffman could have no doubt about what was going on, for the rhythmic blare of jazz from the ballroom at the left filled the broad lounge. Doctor Kauffman was wearing a wrinkled light overcoat, his right hand plunged in its capacious pocket. There was a newspaper in the other pocket. He went to the ballroom and looked at the dancers without troubling to take off his hat. Turning away after a few minutes, he stumped leisurely through the lounge, pulled off his overcoat and sat down in a wicker chair against a pillar which commanded a full view of the long desk, with tiers of numbered room boxes behind it and the cashier's wicket at the right. He took the newspaper from his coat then and began reading.

The last thing before dinner he had talked with Dave Palmer, who had just talked with Walter Newton. Palmer was confident that Newton would produce thirty thousand dollars cash before three o'clock the next afternoon. So one crisis in the doctor's affairs was apparently passed. But that did not in the least soften his heart. Passing even this crisis was going to cost him a third of thirty thousand dollars, and never for a moment was he forgetting to whom all this monstrous outrage was due. That insolent slim figure in gray-blue knickerbockers, mocking him, ruining him, laughing at him, ground his heart in rage. He held the newspaper before him like a man reading, but all the while a corner of his eye ranged the desk.

An open wicker basket with two compartments of unequal size stood at the extreme left-hand end of the desk against the wall. Mail for guests who had not arrived was put in that basket—letters in the smaller compartment, packages in the larger. Also the basket was a kind of catchall, guests leaving articles in or near it, to be taken up to their rooms later.

Presently, the coast being quite clear, Doctor Kauffman walked up to that end of the desk, scraping his nether lip between his teeth, and laid his overcoat on it. At a little distance one would have said he was studying the schedules of boat and motor trips which were tacked to the wall. He looked around, took his overcoat on his arm and resumed his study of the schedules. When he moved away toward the elevators there was a parcel in the basket that had not been there before.

It was a stout pasteboard box about six inches long, three wide and two thick, with postage stamps on it which seemed to have been canceled in the post office; but the cancellation was smeared and undecipherable. A typewritten address was pasted on one side: "Miss Alice Newton, Newtonia Hotel, Elmersville, Florida." In due time—doubtless within a few hours—it would be sent over to Newton's cottage.

By that time Alice had telephoned Doctor Thatcher's house, but the doctor had gone out, no one knew where. She asked that he call her up the moment he returned, or as soon as he was heard from. And then, it seemed, there was nothing to do but wait, for she could think of no one besides Doctor Thatcher to whom her father would have taken Jeff, or of any place where she would be likely to find him.

It was going on. Things hostile to her father, ruinous to him, were moving steadily. She could feel that action, like the drawing in of a net which her hand had set. He must be in the net, for her own eyes had seen him in the ice house; but how far in?

She was aware that her feet were wet and muddy. She didn't wish to take any thought of herself then, but at any rate the floors and rugs were to be considered. She went upstairs and changed her clothes, leaving the door open, listening for the telephone. Coming down, she called Doctor Thatcher again; but he had not come in or been heard from. She stretched herself out on a sofa. She herself had done it; her hand had set the net.

There was a car on the gravel roadway; but it stopped beside the house instead of going on to the garage, as her father's car would probably have done. She sprang up, absently biting a corner of her lip, waiting. The doorbell tinkled in the kitchen. When she opened the front door there was something about the man that she vaguely remembered—that round, ruddy face and sandy hair; she had seen him somewhere lately, but had no idea who he was.

The man asked for Mr. Newton. She replied that he was out, she didn't know where. The man studied her a moment, considering, and spoke very significantly: "Will you ask him to come down to Doctor Kauffman's office by the railroad tracks as soon as he comes in? Tell him the United States customs service wants to see him there—the sooner the better."

"I'll tell him," she murmured.

"Thank you," said the man, and touched his hat brim.

The gesture was not gallant; there was no flattery or deference in it. She had a feeling that this man knew exactly what she had been doing. There was something about him like the clank of iron bars. He turned away to his car; she shut the door.

The United States customs service at Doctor Kauffman's office could mean only one thing: the net was drawn in. Kauffman was inside it; the whisky was inside it. . . . Where had she seen this round-faced, sandy-haired man before? Somewhere, certainly, but her memory yielded no clew. She paced the floor and twice or thrice absently felt a sting of tears in her eyes. All that she had seen in rum running before this evening—the insolence, the injustice, the one law for the rich and another for the poor—all that vanished now. She could see nothing except her father under arrest, in the prisoner's dock, his name in the newspapers with disgraceful implications—perhaps in prison. It was her work. . . . She stretched out on the sofa again.

Presently that bell tinkled and she hastened to the door. But it was only a uniformed colored boy from the hotel, cap in hand, showing all his teeth, offering her a pasteboard box, saying something that she only half attended to about its having been directed to the hotel by mistake. She got a coin for him, thanked him absently. Mechanically her eye took in the package with its typewritten address to herself at the hotel. She put it on the nearest table, forgetting it at once, and lay down again.

Every minute seemed to have leaden feet, unable to march. She got up and walked again. Absently noting the pasteboard box, she opened it for something to do. It contained a pretty, slender, beflowered and begilded perfume bottle, a present or a sample. She was so preoccupied that she did not again examine the box in order to see whether or not the sender's name was on it; but turned the bottle around, looking at it stupidly, with the dull mental comment that it was pretty, and then put it down again.

The leaden-footed clock came around to eleven, to a quarter past. . . . There was a car on the roadway, running past the house to the garage. It must be her father. She stood waiting for him, her heart beating thick, her eyes on the door to the back hall. He stepped in, his own cool, sound self, with an odd, faint smile as their eyes met. Her emotion took her to the heart of it without a preface, running to him.

"Will you forgive me, father? I'm sorry—so sorry! Forgive me!"

He looked at her an instant, the odd smile softening, and put his arms around her, saying in her ear, "Be a good girl, kitten. Don't fight your father. We'll get through the rest."

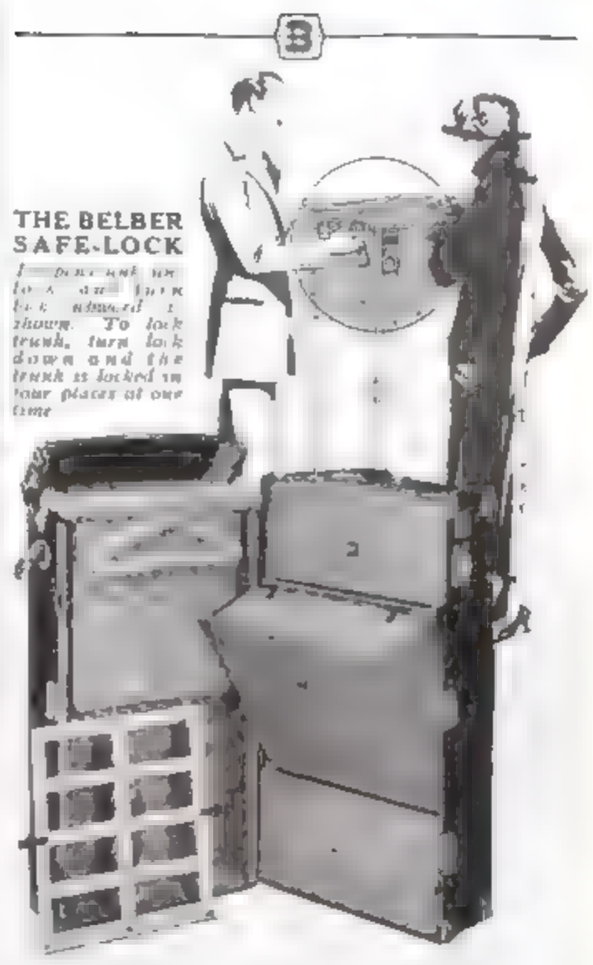
"A man was here for you," she babbled; "a customs officer. They were down at the ice house—officers."

He nodded, looking very sober.

"They found me. Sort of an odd feeling—to be under arrest practically. They found me, and ranged me up with Doc Kauffman and Gus Whipple, where I belonged."

She was aquiver to know; but saw that he was preoccupied, still engaged in thinking it over and straightening it out in his

(Continued on Page 105)



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(Continued from Page 103)

mind. He put an arm around her waist; they went over to the sofa.

"At any rate," he said after a moment, half absently, "I've got an earful. I've been a big fool, honey. I went into it to help out some friends"—he smiled at her rather somberly—"and to block your game when you proposed to ruin 'em—keeping up my end of the family reputation." He gave a doleful, unsuccessful little chuckle. "Maybe you and I both have more fighting blood than sense." He appeared to switch to another subject abruptly. "You toasted Jeff Marsh for fair." But he was smiling a little, not accusing her. "I took him uptown and got Doctor Thatcher. Then I didn't care particularly to come home, where I thought you'd be." Reverting to that state of mind, his arm tightened on her waist. "Let's you and I not fight any more, daughter."

She kissed his cheek and said low, "No, father."

"Well, they picked me up downtown and took me over to Doc Kauffman's office. They'd already gathered in the doctor and Gus Whipple and Dave Palmer. I don't know exactly what's been going on, but apparently they've had somebody at work here for a spell—round-faced man with sandy hair. I remember seeing him once on the street. Looks as though he'd got the lines pretty well in his hands. Probably it would have been all the same even if you hadn't tipped it off to Lieutenant Anderson. Guess they sometimes work under cover even from their own people.

"Naturally I didn't say anything, and nobody else said anything. We just sat and waited, Gus Whipple looking right friendly and cheerful and patient in his mild way; everybody else wound up tight as a clock. We sat and waited.

"Then the boss came in. I don't know yet who he is—man as old as I am, or older; bushy eyebrows, sharp as a trap. He gave us a little lecture, principally looking at me. He said anarchists who went out with bombs and took a sporting chance were pretty respectable chaps alongside men with money and influence who did all they could underhand to thwart prohibition laws because they didn't happen to like the laws. He wanted to know how much our money would be worth if we succeeded in our attempt to advertise that the laws you don't happen to like are only jokes. He said all the reds this side of China couldn't do as much to bring law into contempt as this wholesale rum running did, and the rum running wouldn't last a month if men with money and influence didn't connive at it everywhere. He said that every man who bought a case of contraband whisky knew that some of the money went to bribe officers of the law, and a lot of those men were the first to holler for troops when they wanted the protection of the law. He gave us an earful, daughter.

"He said he'd been in the government service for twenty years, and some of his men had served as long. They hadn't got rich at it and never expected to. But if the Government couldn't find men who would carry on and resist bribes we might as well all take to the bush with stone hatchets. He said his men often worked hard and late, and often risked their limbs and lives for no great pay; and we leading citizens who connived at bootlegging were practically hiring a swarm of bandits to break 'em down by bribery if they could—and shoot 'em in the back in a pinch. That's exactly what it came to, he said; patronizing bootlegging, boosting it along under cover, meant exactly hiring swarms of thugs all over the country to fight officers of law and government. It was a regular guerrilla warfare against law and government, with respectable citizens financing it by buying the booze, or sometimes by lending money and influence and so on to bootleggers. The security for every dollar they had, he said, depended upon law and government; and they were doing all they knew to break both of 'em down.

"You see, he was hot as a hornet, honey. I saw that from the first. Then the reason for it came out. I'd got suspicious of this business myself. It kind of struck me that Gus Whipple was too mild and beamy to be genuine. He was working it so as to get more money in his fist all the time—more stuff coming in that had to be paid for, cash down, and none going out. Last night he made a final strike for thirty thousand dollars. The other chaps didn't have a red cent left, so they came to me. I listened to the story. There was a fat boy named Riordan who pretended to be a government agent. It sounded a bit dubious. I thought it over all day and then went down to the ice house to have a look for myself. That's why I was there when you butted in. I'd tapped four barrels then. The officers saw those tapped barrels and took the hint. They tapped the rest. Nothing but sea water in any of 'em. Gus Whipple and his pal Riordan had pocketed over a hundred thousand dollars for it, perceiving that Kauffman and poor Dave Palmer were easier marks than the bootlegging game.

"Our man wound up his little speech with that statement. Of course he was sore at having got only a water haul. But he pointed out to us that if we'd been swindled, as seemed to be the case, we couldn't go into court and prosecute the swindler without confessing that we'd gone into a conspiracy to smuggle whisky. When he made that point Gus Whipple smiled and I thought Doc Kauffman would throw a fit. They had to hold him while he foamed bad language—and Gus just smiled."

But Alice was interested in her father, and asked quickly, brightening, "Then that's the end of it?"

"I judge so," he replied. "The customs service, with only sea water to go on, probably won't bother any more. Naturally, there'll be no prosecution for fraud in the state courts if I can help it. I don't think Doc Kauffman will have any stomach for it when he reflects that he can't convict Whipple without bringing out evidence that will get him in for more Federal attention. Probably Whipple has picked up his partner-rascal Riordan and is slipping out of town. When we went outside the law we were committed to taking whatever was handed to us. I'm stung fifty thousand dollars that I lent. Getting off cheap, I'll say, considering the fool I made of myself; cheap anyhow, honey, if only you and I stick together and don't fight each other any more."

She tried to tell him then, humbly, how intolerable it had seemed to her, crushing the little culprits and letting the big ones go free and prosperous; how it became unbearable, like looking on while helpless people were ridden down and trampled, until it seemed she must do something.

"Well, maybe we can work together better," he commented.

They stood up and she stepped over to turn out the ceiling light—happy, finally, in the reconciliation with her father. Coming back toward him, she paused at a small table and picked up the pretty bottle which had caught her eye.

"Some one sent me a present or a sample," she said, coming on toward him, the bottle in her right hand while her left hand was busy at the cork. She got the cork out and held the bottle nearly at arm's length, admiring it, saying, "What a pretty bottle!" But the contents of the bottle effervesced strongly, running down on her fingers. The next instant she dropped it, clasping the finger tips of her right hand, looking at her father in astonishment. "It burned!" she said, at a loss.

The bottle, striking a rug, had not broken, but its contents were running out. A pale, wavering, evil shimmer of blue flame appeared over the spreading liquid. Newton stooped, staring at it. A smell of burning wool arose from the rug.

"There's vitriol in that," he said. "How did it get here?" She was still clasping her finger tips and he added, "Get some sweet oil."

When the burned fingers were bound up and the burned rug put out on the terrace they got the pasteboard box out of the wastebasket, examining the typewritten address. She told him a boy had brought it from the hotel.

What Dave Palmer had said out on the sidewalk the evening before, and something that Kauffman had blurted in his rage this evening, came to Newton's mind. If his daughter, uncorking the perfume bottle, had at once put it to her nose, as a person usually does, the foaming contents would have gone into her face. He knew of but one man who had a motive for vengeance upon her and was malignant enough to do that. He stared down at the opened pasteboard box, the significance and bearing of the matter taking shape in his mind.

"That's Doc Kauffman, my fellow bootlegger," he said. "I'm outside the law with him, where he can do this to you—unless I just kill him. This is what there is outside the law—stone hatchets and vitriol. It's poor business, daughter; poor business. I've had enough."

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

The Mad Hatter nodded wearily. "In my second act ——" he began.

"Simonstein did a scene there," continued the Duchess, "representing The Triumph of Fly Paper. It was supposed to be a satire on the Fordney Tariff."

"I once saw a bread-and-butter fly," said Alice hopefully. Up to this juncture no one had noticed her.

"It's ill bread to butter into a conversation," said the Duchess. The entire gathering burst into loud laughter.

"The Duchess is in rare form tonight," said a voice behind Alice, and she could hear the Duchess' retort being repeated in whispers to those who had not heard it. The Red Knight, who had a reputation for bright, snappy epigram, was heard to say, "She's a card, the Duchess."

"I don't think that's so darned good," said Alice as she lighted a cigarette.

"Be clever, sweet maid," said the Mad Hatter, "and let who will be good. That's a line from my new tragedy, F. O. B."

"F. O. B.?" inquired Alice.

"Yes," said the Mad Hatter. "It stands for Monnihan's Indissoluble Protoplasm."

"I don't get you, kid," said Alice.

"The play is symbolic," explained the Duchess. "It's a masterly philippic ——"

"Polemic," said the Mad Hatter.

"—— polemic," continued the Duchess, "against the cost-plus system in the textile industries."

At this point the Red Knight, who appeared to be the host of the occasion, climbed up on a table and rapped for order with a red silk umbrella.

"Mr. C. Alonzo Postlewaite has kindly consented to sing some of his original songs for us."

Mr. C. Alonzo Postlewaite, a short pudgy man with an unkempt black Vandyke beard, seated himself at the piano. He hit the piano keys a few hard wallops with his clenched fists, and then in a high quavering tenor voice sang as follows:

"oh purple sin that round me folds inealculable vistas,
the red cimmerian night sobs in waspish gloom.
vegetables here and there locked in tight embrace.
i care not, i care not, i care not,
and on the other hand
why should it?"

Loud applause followed this song.

"How true, how remorselessly true," murmured the Red Knight.

"How truly remorseless," sighed the Mad Hatter.

"Not enough pep," grumbled the Duchess.

Then Mr. Postlewaite again hit the piano keys a few violent blows.

"My next song is called The Song of the Street Vender," he announced, and in a loud melancholy chant sang this:

"candles, shoe laces, parlor matches,
fly paper, collar buttons,
oh, collar buttons!
oh, fly paper!
and all the latest magazines!

"It reminds me of Baudelaire," said the Red Knight.

"Ah, yes," said the Mad Hatter, "but so much more poignantly passionate."

"The idea was suggested to me," explained Mr. Postlewaite, "by the song of an old impoverished Russian nobleman who used to pass my villa in Flatbush."

Alice put her hand on the Mad Hatter's shoulder. "Don't you miss the old tea party?" she said. "Those dear old safe-and-sane pals of yours, the Dormouse and the March Hare?"

"They had no soul," said the Mad Hatter. "They had no appreciation of Spiritual Things. Come, refreshments are being served."

The Red Knight was passing around a plate of hot frankfurters and rolls.

—*Newman Levy.*

Aviator—"No, There's Nothing Wrong. Miss Brown Has Consented to Marry Me!"

The Rider Magnificent

THOUGH at his back the river ran,
He stood his ground, that dauntless man.
The villain roped him in a rage
And dragged him through the purple sage,
Through slimy mud and dust airhirl
How can he ever save the girl?
And yet he comes up, all serene,
Each hair in place and raiment clean.
How does he make that lightning change?
Do unseen valets haunt the range—
Some airplane haberdasher's shop
Pause in its flight and downward drop
Unwrinkled garments? When can he
Have stopped to shave? How can he be
Unspotted, after all that fuss?
The mystery is too deep for us.

The punchers of the olden time
Had all their share of dirt and grime,
Although, to write the plain truth down,
They all dolled up to go to town.
We're sure they'd view with great amaze
The riders of these latter days,
And wish they, too, had placed more stress
On such sartorial perfectness.

Brave cowboys of the days gone by—
In starry ranges of the sky
Perhaps they watch the birds that stray
Along the shining milky way.
Perchance on steeds they love so well
They ride through fields of asphodel,
And wear, like heroes of the screen,
Immortal shirts, forever clean.

—*Maude Sutton.*

Spring o' the Year

BUT late the ground was white, the skies were leaden,
Old Winter held the earth on icy knees,
But now comes merry March, with cheeks that reddien
And lips that laugh to the heavy southern breeze,
The loud-wing'd bee booms forth to thrust his head in
The lavish cup of the frail anemones,
(I think they have what one might call a cup;
But bees in March? I'd better look it up.)
Now on the greening boughs the larks philander,
The brown bright nightingale is sick with spring,
Sick with the passionate scent of the oleander,
Sick with the dreams the pomegranates bring;
So long as he isn't sick on my veranda
He can be sick with almost anything;
By the glad mavis is the spring announced!
(What is a mavis? How is it pronounced?)

Now, mid the rosy blooms of ampelopsis,
On the lush cowslips feeds the gravid cow.
The shepherd quits his oaten stop and mops his
(Or so at least the poets tell us) brow;
The rustic poet makes a brief synopsis
Of springtide birds and flowers; or anyhow
He ought to do so; but he can't remember
He'll have to write spring poems in December.

—*Morris Bishop.*

Patrolman O'Roon

OH, A JOVIAL cop was Patrolman O'Roon
As he walked up and down on his beat,
And he'd frequently carol a classical tune
In a voice that was mellow and sweet.

Large crowds used to follow O'Roon as he strolled,
And they'd burst into rapturous cheers
As he sang When the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold,
And for encores The Two Grenadiers.

At times he'd recite from the classical bards—
He knew Milton and Shakspere complete—
Or he'd do clever tricks with a hat and some cards
As he strolled up and down on his beat.

All the wives in the neighborhood used to say "Gosh,
But Patrolman O'Roon is a jewl!"
For he'd help with their cooking, their mending and wash,
And he'd dress all the children for school.

One day on his beat—'twas a spring afternoon
He was singing the Lucia Sextet;
Two strangers approached him and said to O'Roon,
"Won't you help us to settle a bet?"

"My name's J. P. Morgan," the first said, polite,
"And my friend Henry Ford here's called Hank,
And we bet General Pershing a million last night
We could break in the National Bank."

"Yes, I've heard of you both," said O'Roon, quite impressed,
"And I'll be very glad to assist,
For I like nothing more than a good-natured jest."
Then he hummed a concerto by Liszt.

Then they jimmied a passageway into the bank
While O'Roon stood on guard at the door,
And he chuckled with glee as he thought of their prank
And he said, "My, won't Pershing be sore!"

Then O'Roon hit the watchman and laid him out cold,
While they blew up the safe with a crash;
And they carried out bundles of greenbacks and gold—
About seventeen million in cash.

Then they said to O'Roon, "We're so glad that we've met,
And we'll see you again very soon,
For you've been awfully decent to help win our bet."
"Not at all," said Patrolman O'Roon.

Then they each shook his hand and they bade him good day,
And they speedily vanished from sight.
In the distance they heard O'Roon singing,
"Oh, say,
Can you see by the dawn's early light——"

—*Newman Levy.*

What's the Use?

HATTIE: Is it true, dear, that you threatened to shoot your husband?

MATTIE: Yes, but I've changed my mind; I haven't a thing to wear at the trial.

Rough Diamonds

REMEMBER, friends, in smiling self-control,
When churlish manners mar the day's effulgence,
That roughness often masks a splendid soul,
And beam upon the boor with bland indulgence.

That crowding, jostling pest, the railway hog
In scientific social nomenclature,
Is altogether lovely to his dog,
Which proves, as all agree, a noble nature.

That lofty clerk whose tongue is like a knife,
Who sneers and scowls and seems inclined to bite you,
Is quite another person with his wife;
His humbleness would certainly delight you.

And he who rolls away a fishy eye
Because your simple question makes him weary,
How he may strive to find the just reply
To fit his own dear offspring's wildest query!

While he who driving on to gain his ends
Will brush you off without the least compunction—
May he not be a joy to all his friends,
Belike the very life of every function?

Then hold in mind the truth that even those
Who bear you down are also men and brothers,
Reflecting, while they tread upon your toes,
How sweet and kind perhaps they are to others.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Bang! Went Another

HISTORY TEACHER: Cyril, what was the Dred Scott decision?

RECENTLY ARRIVED ENGLISH BOY: It must have been to part with a saxpence.

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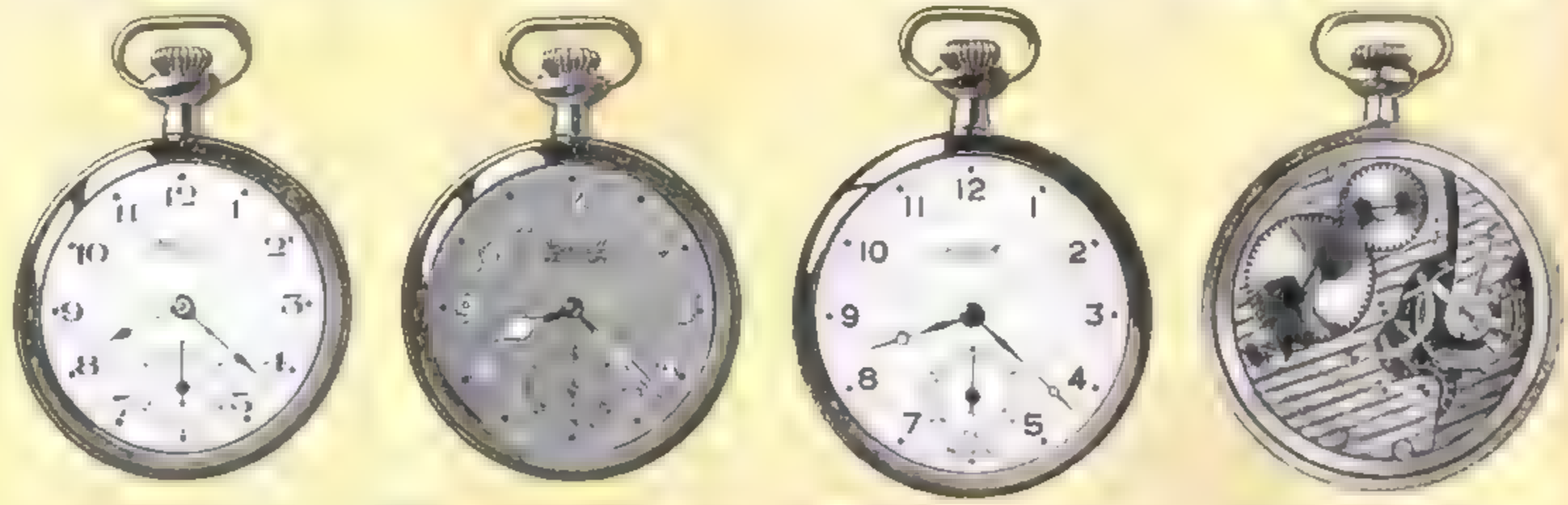

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Plain polished back

Reliance $9.00
Also other designs

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Seventeen years ago we introduced to the American public a new type of interior wall material—which combined economy with marked convenience.

Year after year the demand for this new product increased. Satisfied users told friends about it. Soon it became nationally known. Today it is sold in practically every city, town and hamlet in the United States and Canada. And fourteen foreign nations now buy it.

Over two billion square feet are in present day use—in the bitter cold of the far north; in the hot regions of the south; in the damp sea coast sections and the arid stretches of the southwest. Constant improvement has been made in the quality of Beaver Wall Board, but even today the millions of feet of genuine Beaver Wall Board put up in the early years of our business are still rendering excellent service.

This, in brief, is the story of Beaver Wall Board.

Microscopic view, magnified 200 times, showing long, tough, sinewy VIRGIN SPRUCE FIBRES, the most expensive and finest quality wood pulp material, of which genuine Beaver Wall Board is made.

Uses and Advantages

Beaver Wall Board is the modern interior wall material. It comes in big, sturdy panels 32, 36 or 48 inches wide, and in lengths of 6 to 16 feet. It fits the standard spacing of studding.

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The cost of Beaver Wall Board is low. And the labor cost of applying is likewise very low.

For ceilings and walls in new construction; for reclaiming attics and other idle space in home, factory or office; for covering old, unsightly plaster walls; for summer cottages, garages; in fact, for any purpose where a permanent heat, cold, moisture and sound-proof, fire-resisting inside wall or lining is needed, Beaver Wall Board is the ideal material from every standpoint.

Six Important Features

Six important features explain why Beaver Wall Board is today preferred by those who are careful in the selection of wall board. Each is the result of our long experience in making wall board. And each has a vital part to play:

Genuine Beaver Wall Board is the only wall board made of VIRGIN SPRUCE FIBRE through and through.

Our experience has proved it is the best and strongest material for wall board use. Millions of these long, tough, sinewy, yet light, spruce fibres give to Beaver Wall Board its greatest toughness and durability.

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Due to the use of long, *virgin spruce fibre* it is filled with millions and millions of microscopic "voids" or dead air pockets. And building engineers will tell you that "dead air" is one of the best non-conductors of heat, cold and sound.

The exclusive patented "SEALTITE" Formula, a Beaver development rendering Beaver Wall Board practically immune to climatic or atmospheric action.

Place a piece of Beaver Wall Board over a tumbler of water. Hold tight—then invert glass and board and allow to stand as long as you like. The water will not penetrate the surface.

Genuine Beaver Wall Board is of 26-LAYER CONSTRUCTION.

Laminating several layers of wood together is widely practiced as a means of overcoming warping and buckling. Beaver Wall Board is made up of 26 LAYERS of Virgin Spruce Fibre pressed and laminated into one perfect panel. This is another reason for its durability.

Genuine Beaver Wall Board is kiln dried and seasoned before leaving the factory.

Genuine Beaver Wall Board is rendered practically impervious to moisture or climatic changes by our exclusive, patented *Sealtite Formula.*

This treatment penetrates into the fibre and becomes a part of it, securely sealing both sides of each panel against moisture. It also effects an important saving in decorating costs.

Genuine Beaver Wall Board is especially calendered and primed to produce our Art Mat Surface.

It offers an almost unlimited opportunity for beautiful decoration. No priming is necessary. *Either side may be used.*

The best lumber and building material dealers in all localities sell the *genuine* Beaver Wall Board, or can easily get it for you. Your carpenter can figure costs and apply it.

On request we will send you a sample of Genuine Beaver Wall Board and a booklet that tells all about its uses.

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Experienced builders are showing marked preference for VULCANITE Roofing. They know that VULCANITE is made of honest materials throughout; that it is heavy, rigid, tough and strong; that it will lie flat, even in the heaviest wind; and that it will retain its weather-proof qualities despite summer's heat and winter's freezing. They know that these roofs are not only fire-resisting and proof against all weather conditions, but that they add beauty and attractiveness to any building.

"Hexagon" Slab Shingles give extra thickness over the entire roof and produce a beautiful deep tile effect.

Most experienced builders also know that one of the reasons for this long and satisfactory service is the famous Glendinning Saturation Process. This process dictates the use of only genuine Mexican asphalt and our own make of tough, long fibre, pure rag felt. Under its specifications, the felt is run *three times* through the hot asphalt saturating bath. Then huge steam heated rollers literally "drive in" the excess asphalt. Every tiny niche, crevice and pore is thoroughly and permanently impregnated.

VULCANITE Roofing includes three unusual types of shingles—all patented and all finished in beautiful red or green crushed slate:

"Hexagon" Slab Shingles produce a beautiful, durable, extra thick, fire-resisting roof. Exclusive patented design insures proper laying—also a tight seal, long wear, a deep tile effect and heavy shadow line. They are easy and fast to lay over roof boards or old roofing. Their artistic pattern enhances the beauty of any home.

"Doubletite" Slab Shingles produce a roof not unlike Italian tile. They lay fast and uniformly, and due to design, space automatically. Patented "projection" underlies each slot, giving extra thickness here as well as elsewhere—insures *extra* wear and weather protection. For beauty, fire-resistance, weather protection and long life, "Doubletite" Shingles are an unusual value.

"Self-Spacing" Individual Shingles—popular everywhere because they are laid quickly, look good, last a long time, and are fire-resisting. An exclusive, patented "shoulder" insures *uniform spacing*, fast laying, and *seals* the roof above notch—prevents rain and snow from driving between shingles to roof boards. Gives practically a *triple thick* roof when laid four inches to the weather. An *exclusive* VULCANITE feature.

"Doubletite" Slab Shingles produce an artistic roof that enhances the beauty of any home.

VULCANITE Roofing also comes in roll and ordinary shingle types—for homes, commercial and industrial buildings—in jumbo and standard weights—and in smooth finishes, surfaced with mica, talc and sand; also red and green crushed slate finishes.

Genuine VULCANITE Roofing is made even better, if possible, today than ever before. You can identify the genuine by the name VULCANITE on the label.

Ask your VULCANITE dealer for information—or write us. We will send free samples and booklet upon request.

Beaver Gypsum Wall

If you want *plastered* walls or ceilings, there is a more convenient way than the old-fashioned lath and plaster.

Beaver Gypsum Wall is that way.

Beaver Gypsum Wall comes in large wide panels which can be nailed direct to studding or joists. It is made of purest gypsum plaster, sandwiched between two layers of tough fibre board. Front side specially processed for decoration.

Beaver Gypsum Wall comes ready for immediate decorating. No waiting for plastering to dry. It is fire-resisting and moisture-proof. Can be sawed and nailed like lumber. Saves much labor, time and "muss" as compared with plaster.

Millions of feet of Beaver Gypsum Wall are used annually in new building construction. It is sold by leading dealers in lumber and building supplies.

Upon request, we will send you a sample of Beaver Gypsum Wall with information on "how to use."

THE BEAVER PRODUCTS COMPANY, *Inc.*

Administration Offices: **BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.**

THOROLD, ONT., CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

(1)

The hammer with the wedge that keeps the handle tight

INSTANTLY, with a turn of the Plumb Take-up Wedge, you retighten the handle of the Plumb hammer.

This wonder-working invention forever ends all troubles with loose handles. The cone shape of the wedge expands the handle against all sides of the eye, all the way in. No hammer except a Plumb can have this wedge.

Get the "feel" of the Plumb hammer. See how nicely it is balanced—how easily you can work with it. Note the broad striking face, that makes it easy to hit the nail. The short neck, that gives better control of the face and makes a better balanced tool. The claws—curved to give greater leverage, with shorter, stronger tips; claws that with 50 pounds pull on the handle exert a straight-up pull of 1100 pounds on the nail; knife-edged claws that pull any nail, head or no head, easily and surely.

Forged from Plumb Special Analysis Steel, the Plumb hammer is hardened, toughened and tempered to give it Double Life. The famous Plumb hand-comfort handle fits your hand as if it were made to order for you.

Like a tried and true friend, the Plumb hammer is easily recognized. Look for the red handle and the black head wherever good tools are sold. Let your new hammer be a Plumb and you will realize why carpenters say, "They're Worth More."

Hammer $1.50 (except in Far West and in Canada).

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Factories, Philadelphia and St. Louis Established 1856

The PLUMB All-Work File

(Trade Mark Registered)

You want this file, the handiest ever made. Sharpens knives, edge tools, garden tools, lawn mowers, scythes, etc. Useful in the home, on the car, in the shop and garage.

Two files in one, with forged handle and sheath. Double cut on one side, for fast work; single cut on the other side, for a smooth finish.

With sheath, 35c (except in Far West and in Canada).

Protected against imitation

The color combination of red handle and black head, which distinguishes Plumb tools, is protected against imitation by registration as a trade mark in the United States Patent Office.

A DISCUSSION OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

(Continued from Page 4

outrages against law and order. If those organizations would purge themselves by openly aiding the prosecution of the criminals in their ranks everybody would have a much larger measure of confidence in their declarations of honest and patriotic purpose. As this is unlikely, it is time for the American people to demand that no organization or society, hooded or otherwise, shall presume to take the law into its own hands, and that inefficient and cowardly officials who fail to afford every protection to law-abiding citizens in their homes or in the exercise of their rights shall be removed.

Through the teachings of some of these various groups or societies several hundred men and women, not long ago, in New York City, were induced to sign a pledge never to serve in our Armies in case of war. These queer persons appear willing to accept all the benefits of citizenship while cravenly renouncing its obligations. Their act is an avowal of ingratitude and a declaration of unconcern as to the security and the honor of the country from which they receive protection and to which they owe allegiance. That slackers of this character should retain the right of suffrage is fraught with menace, and no action would seem adequate short of disfranchisement of all who signed such a pledge.

Thus equivocal and unpatriotic sentiments are being implanted in the minds of people all over the country by inimical and destructive influences. Men and women of education and standing often give encouragement to the less well informed by loose criticism and careless speech. The result is that all these different agencies are being used, if not primarily inspired, by organized radicalism; and they all collaborate together, innocently or deliberately, to undermine loyalty, weaken authority and reduce America to a state of administrative inefficiency and military impotency, the designing ones well knowing that if force be once removed as the mainstay of government, that moment will civilization as we find it today vanish into thin air.

Antagonism at Home

Primarily the solution of the problem of defense against enemies from within lies in the upbuilding of sane citizenship, and the Army is doing its part to encourage this work, as will be shown later on. The obligation to assist falls upon every patriotic man and woman in the nation. The slump in patriotism and the consequent increase in the dangerous elements among us must be checked. Looking to the integrity of the country, men and women of whatever station in life must make the sacrifice of time and effort and go into the heart of localities and organizations susceptible to these heresies, and teach, instruct, educate and lead. Wherever necessary, foreign-born citizens, and native-born also, must be taught more clearly to understand and more fully to appreciate our institutions; we must make each of them a real part of America, an active factor of his community. Patriotic leaders of both capital and labor should strive for coöperation and mutual understanding, as both have obligations not only toward each other but toward our common country. They are now antagonistic mainly because paid agitators and false leaders make them so. Every individual, both in his trade or calling and in his civic duty, should try to see how much he can do, not how little. Americans must set up new standards of duty and then live up to them.

Viewing the world conditions in the light of the past few years, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that we can no longer regard with disinterest the gathering clouds of war in several parts of the Northern Hemisphere, even in those regions in which we do not appear to be directly concerned. Although with the utmost desire, fortified by well-established precedent, to remain aloof, we were unavoidably drawn into the World War in defense of civilization and the laws and principles upon which it is founded. In Central Europe relations involving bankruptcy or disintegration, arising out of the world catastrophe, have become critical, while Bolshevic Russia, with her ever-increasing military strength, maintains a menacing attitude. Nor do we find comfort over the prospect in the Near East, where, at the crossroads of the continents, two countries, presumably exhausted by the World War, have continued to fight over questions of age-old religious and political origin. In far-off China the prolonged activities of various contending factions have displaced almost every vestige of stable government. Under these conditions no man is wise enough to foretell what civilization may yet demand of our country. We can face the future with assurance only through a clear consciousness of our own national aims, adherence to our own ideals and through strong and courageous leadership, backed up by sufficient force to make our course effective.

This brings us to a consideration of the military requirements of national defense. Much as we like to think that the day will come when war shall be no more, as we look out upon the nations the prospects for peace do not seem encouraging. And while we have designs on no people and hope that we may not become the object of aggression by others, yet the lessons of history cannot be lightly ignored as to either our external relations or our internal situation. It behooves us therefore to follow that course which our own experience has shown to be the wisest and safest. In other words, we must maintain a reasonable Army and must make preparation against the possibility of war or be false to our obligations to our country and its future. Conforming, then, to our traditions, our forces must be democratic, with nothing savoring of militarism. They must be economically and efficiently administered; of sufficient strength to guarantee the integrity of our frontiers; and so organized as to be capable of rapid expansion into a well-trained and disciplined army of such size as may be needed to bring the war to a victorious conclusion.

The military committees of Congress, under thoughtful and particularly well-informed leadership, made an exhaustive examination of this question immediately after the war, when the humiliation of our lamentable state of unpreparedness in 1917 was still in their minds. The majority of the members of these committees had personally visited the American Expeditionary Forces for observation and study. After hearing the views of many persons, both civilian and military, who were called before the committees, the National Defense Act was passed on June 4, 1920, which established for the first time a definite military policy. It provided for a Regular Army, the National Guard and the Organized Reserves, all to function in time of war as one homogeneous National Army.

Realizing from war experience that the entire industrial resources of the nation must be available for war purposes under a businesslike management, an agency under the Assistant Secretary of War was provided to make plans for their mobilization and coördination in case of necessity. As a superivising authority over all War Department activities, a War Council was created to consist of the Secretary of War, the Assistant Secretary of War, the General of the Armies and the Chief of Staff. This council determines policies, approves plans and gives general directions.

The law contemplates a relatively small regular force, which furnishes the general overhead for the National Army and provides garrisons for our foreign possessions, the remaining force being kept at home for service in the event of civil disturbances, and to conduct the various schools, its most important mission in time of peace being to instruct and train the National Guard and the Organized Reserves. The National Guard of the respective states must maintain order within state limits, but it must also be available for service under the Federal Government when necessary.

The Defensive Force

The Organized Reserves will constitute the larger proportion of the Army for war. Its units will be mere skeletons during peace, composed of trained reserve officers and a few selected noncommissioned officers, assigned to skeleton companies, regiments, brigades and divisions, allotted according to population. In case of war, the Regular Army at home and the National Guard would defend our frontiers, these forces being assigned in time of peace to their respective sectors. The reserves, under their trained officers, would be locally recruited to war strength, and trained and equipped for service. The combined forces then, as a National Army, would be available for any mission that the situation might require.

Attention should be called to the fact that this plan contemplates only a defensive force. It carries no threat of invasion or conquest against any nation. It is an army of the people in the strictest sense, its sole purpose being to maintain the honor and ideals of the republic. To a certain extent the plan follows the Swiss system, except that it is entirely voluntary. Officers and men of both the National Guard and the reserves contribute their services, the pay being negligible as to the individual. They serve from patriotic motives, and only ask approval, encouragement and a certain amount of instruction. Most of them utilize their recreation hours for military training. Such a spirit is most praiseworthy and is a valuable asset to the country.

The plan is economically sound, and makes it possible to maintain a thoroughly organized military system at minimum expense. The permanent personnel

(Continued on Page 113)

President Harding, Secretary Weeks and General Pershing Reviewing the Students of a Civilian Military Training Camp

"I Knew You'd Make Good"

"I ALWAYS felt you had it in you to get ahead. But for a time I was afraid your natural ability would be wasted because you had never trained yourself to do any one thing well. I was afraid you would always be 'a jack of all trades and master of none.'

"But the minute you decided to study in your spare time I knew you'd make good. You seemed more ambitious—more cheerful—more confident of the future. And I knew it wouldn't be long before the firm noticed the improvement in your work.

"Think what this last promotion means! More money—more comforts—more of everything worth while. Tom, those hours you spent on your I. C. S. course were the best investment you ever made."

HOW about *you*? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It depends largely on what you do in spare time.

Opportunity is here—this time in the form of that familiar coupon of the International Correspondence Schools. It may seem like a little thing, but it has been the means of bringing better positions and bigger salaries to thousands of men.

More than 150,000 men are getting ready for promotion right now in the I. C. S. way. Let us tell you what we are doing for them and what we can do for you.

The way to find out is easy. Just mark and mail this coupon. It doesn't cost you a penny or obligate you in any way to do this, but it may be a first step toward a bigger, happier future. *Do it right now!*

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Mechanical Draftsman
Blue Print Reading
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Automobile Work
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Mathematics

Name
Street Address
City State
Occupation

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

The Raleigh Ruff, immense and billowing, made men brave and gay in the 16th and 17th centuries. It was the elaborate fore-runner of the smart modern VAN HEUSEN collar.

The French Revolutionary Stock was as much scarf as it was collar, thus marking an advance over all preceding neckwear. To the gentlemen of 1805 it was what the smart VAN HEUSEN is to the gentlemen of today.

The English Sporting Stock of the middle 19th century was the first move away from elaborateness toward simplicity and smartness—a movement which reached its climax in the VAN HEUSEN collar.

The Evolution of the Collar

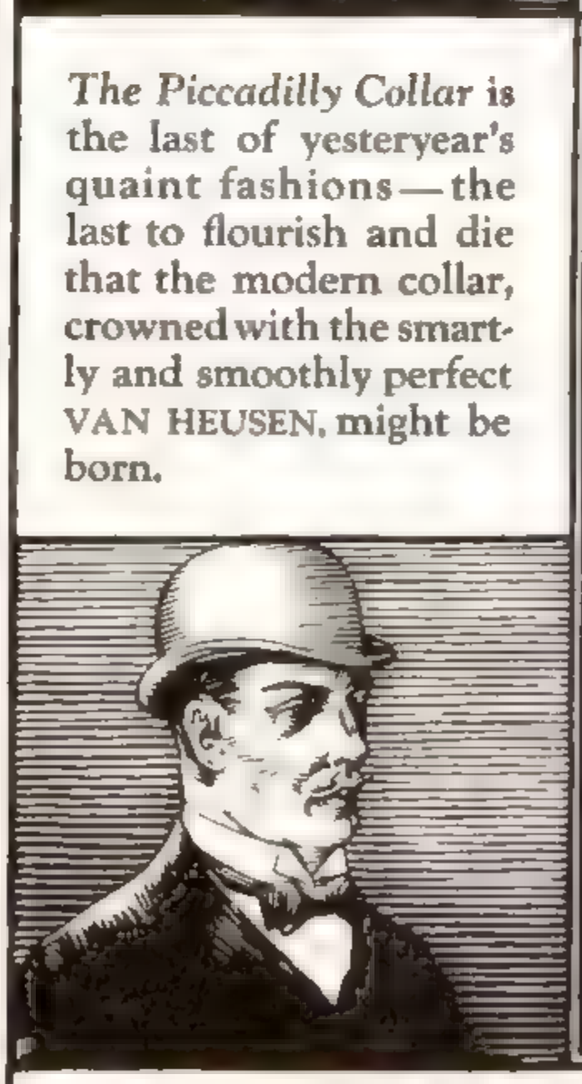
READ ancient books, pore over pictures of the things men wore in the past, and you will realize that the woven and curved perfection of the VAN HEUSEN is no accident. ¶You will understand that today's miracle of smooth comfort and consummate style—the VAN HEUSEN collar—is a development not only of the Phillips-Jones' special giant looms, but of history. ¶That history is pictured briefly here. ¶Fascinating in itself, it is, as well, an explanation of why the VAN HEUSEN is the world's smartest collar.

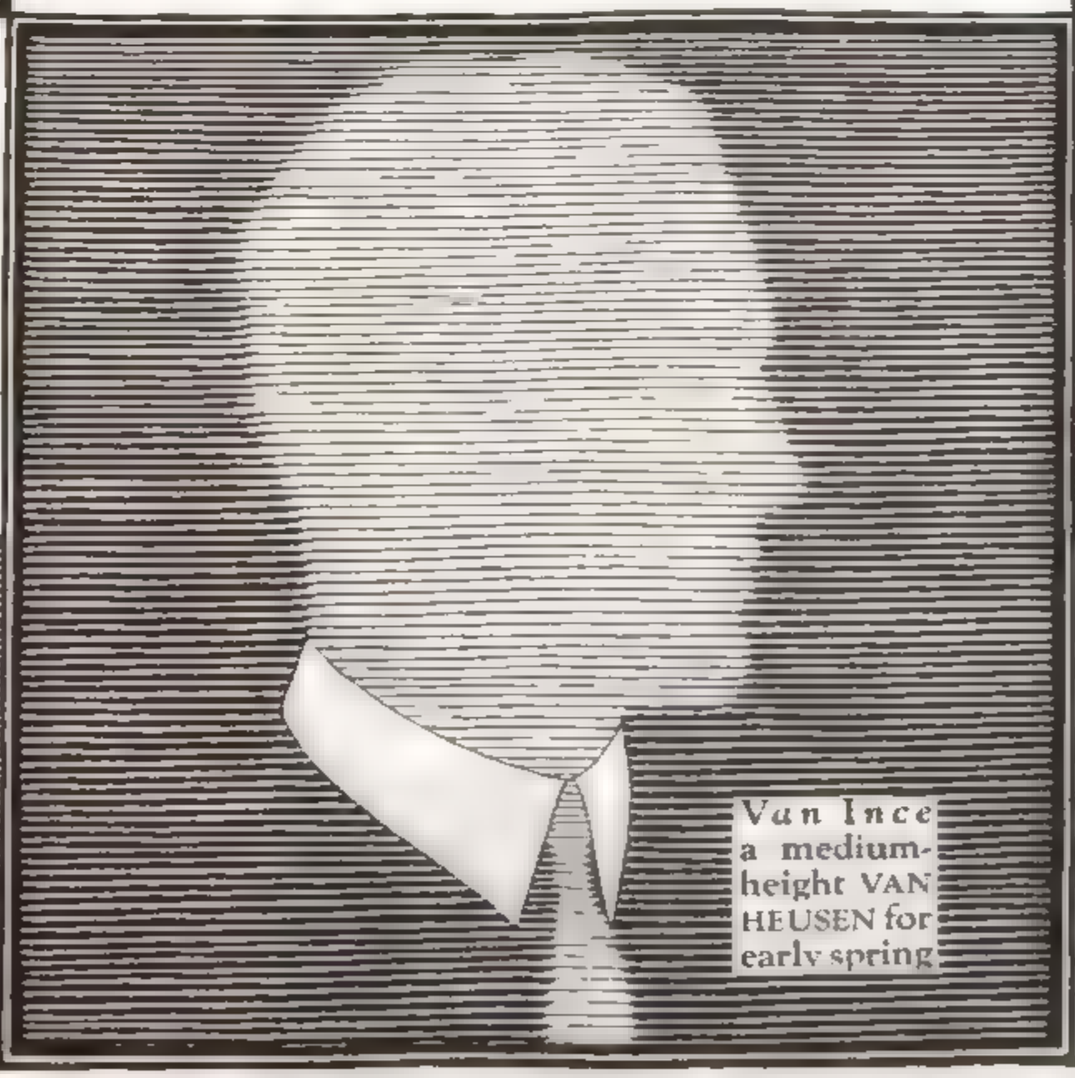
VAN HEUSEN
PATENTED
the World's Smartest COLLAR

PHILLIPS-JONES CORPORATION, *Makers*, 1225 Broadway, N. Y.

The Rolled Collar of Lincoln's early days sacrificed brilliancy to comfort—a sacrifice the genius of the 20th century has made unnecessary for the VAN HEUSEN, which is both comfortable and smart.

The Piccadilly Collar is the last of yesteryear's quaint fashions—the last to flourish and die that the modern collar, crowned with the smartly and smoothly perfect VAN HEUSEN, might be born.





Van Ince a medium-height VAN HEUSEN for early spring

The Pike Collar of the 1870's added a touch of dignity to the collars men had been wearing. That dignity has developed into smart perfection in today's VAN HEUSEN.

VAN HEUSEN
PATENTED
the World's Smartest COLLAR

(Continued from Page 111)

of the Regular Army need only be sufficient to carry out its plainly defined missions and duties. The defense of our shores and frontiers by the land forces would be necessary, during the first weeks of war, in order to release the Navy for more imperative duties. Because of the limited number of combat troops of the Regular Army within continental limits, this defensive force would be composed mostly of National Guard troops. This makes for economy, as the National Guard is maintained much less expensively than the Regular Army, being paid only for the time spent at drill and for the brief period of summer training. Once in the field, and in their assigned places, these troops would proceed with their advanced training as their war-strength quotas joined.

Furthermore, in the organization of the National Army as a whole, we maintain only those units of the Regular Army and National Guard considered necessary to their efficiency on a peace footing, and in addition certain model units for peace training. All other units not necessary in the initial defensive deployment are assigned to the Organized Reserves, to be provided with personnel and trained after the declaration of war. This is advantageous from an economical standpoint, as the Organized Reserves are less expensive in time of peace than either the Regular Army or the National Guard, because the officers, of which it is almost entirely composed, receive no pay except during the occasional period of summer training, which should apply to about one-third of them every year.

The National Defense Act provides that the designations of divisions and smaller separate units organized during the World War shall be perpetuated as far as possible in both the National Guard and the reserve forces. Thus the best traditions and the esprit developed in campaign and battle by these units become an inspiration and a stimulus to the new personnel and the pride of local communities, to be transmitted down to succeeding generations. When practicable, officers are assigned to the same divisions and separate units in which they fought during the World War, which still further gives continuity and local color to these units. Having been previously assigned and in touch with the personnel, the junior officers would conduct the local recruitment of companies, in the event of war, and would train and equip them on home grounds. As these veteran officers must eventually be promoted or pass out of service, vacancies will occur in the lower grades, which will be filled by young men trained in the Reserve Officers Training Corps and in Citizens Military Training Camps. It should be noted here that in the distribution of reserve officers according to population throughout the country the groups will have a certain local importance as centers of patriotic endeavor and corresponding influence for local sanity and stability, adding strength to the position of patriotic ex-service men in the community.

Summer Work in Camp

The Reserve Officers Training Corps is composed of all those students who take the prescribed course of military training in military schools, and in colleges and universities. The courses include both practical drill and theoretical instruction under carefully selected army officers. The young men are provided with uniforms by the Government, are given physical training and are taught discipline and the principles of minor field tactics. This sort of training is especially valuable in that it affords opportunity, under proper supervision, for the development of the very essential qualities of confidence, initiative and leadership. The routine instruction and its practical features prepare these young men to handle and train smaller units.

The Military Training Camps are conducted in each corps area during the summer months, and follow, in a more elementary way, about the same schedule as that prescribed for the Reserve Officers Training Corps. The young men are provided with subsistence, transportation and uniforms by the Government, and are really at no expense whatever in connection with their attendance. A full course of training-camp instruction covers one month for each of three successive summers, at the end of which the student is presumably qualified to undertake the practical duties that fall to noncommissioned officers, or possibly an officer in the National Guard or reserves. The low physical condition and the lack of physical development found among boys of these ages suggests the advisability of extending our facilities for purposes of physical improvement alone.

One often hears objection made to this sort of training on the ground that it encourages a desire for war. Nothing could be farther from the truth, as the training is most democratic. Besides, there is no militaristic caste or class in democratic America, nor is such a thing possible. West Point itself is the most democratic institution in the whole country. The military training of our young men for the World War made them much stronger physically, and they became better citizens, because their experience developed character and confidence and patriotism, but it did not make them bloodthirsty.

Some people of foreign birth say they left the old country to get away from service in the army, and for that reason hold their boys aloof. In reality, this very objection is an argument for giving such boys this training. There can be no better way for foreign boys to learn of America and of the duties and obligations they must assume in this country than to associate in camp with our fine American boys and receive along with them the excellent instruction given.

Following a well-planned course of physical as well as military training, special attention is paid to the instruction of young men in the duties and obligations of citizenship. During the period there is developed respect for authority, a realizing sense of responsibility and a comprehension of the principles of sound government. It may well be said that the War Department, through the Army and its officers, supervises and directs a great national school, with branches throughout the country, in which strong bodies, higher intelligence, determined wills, a deeper patriotism and nobler characters are developed. The demands for military instructors in high schools, especially in the larger cities, have become very insistent, and an expansion should be made in that direction as funds and army personnel become available.

Training for Citizenship

At a conference of educators from the leading colleges and universities called in October by the War Department, the unanimous opinion among them, as expressed in a report of their deliberations, was most favorable to the further extension of mental, moral and physical training for our youth through these agencies, not so much for military reasons or purposes alone, but especially from the standpoint of good health, good citizenship and general worth to society. The following brief quotation from their report will indicate the views of the conference as to preparation of the youth for their work in the world:

> It is our firm conviction that we should seek first and directly to create a citizenship of the youth and of adult men and women, mentally, morally and physically fit to meet the duties of citizenship, which are even greater in peace than in war; that the right solution of the problem of preparedness and national defense is a people mentally alert, morally upright, physically fit; that only from a just solution of the educational, industrial and social questions of the day will we grow to be one united nation, sound in heart and head and hand.

As to training camps, this body of men engaged in the education of our youth stated the object to be:

> To bring together young men of all types, both native and foreign born; to develop closer national and social unity; to teach the privileges, duties and responsibilities of American citizenship; to stimulate the interest of the youth of the country in the importance of military training, as a benefit to the individual taking such training and as an asset vital in the problem of national defense.

Let us now briefly review our situation in 1917 in contrast to that under the present system. First of all, we had only a small Regular Army scattered in groups throughout the country, and the National Guard was only partially organized. The Draft Law had to be hastily drawn and put into execution to meet the demand for men. There were only 14,000 regular and partially trained National Guard officers combined, while 150,000 would be needed. Newly appointed civilian officers had to be given hurried courses and sent to train troops. It was necessary to build cantonments at tremendous expense for the concentration of millions of recruits for instruction. Organization had to be worked

Three Vacation Features

that no other land can boast

FIRST: a long summer of *rainless days*, so each is a day of lazy rest or restful recreation as you choose. Not a moment wasted. Though you stay but a week in Southern California you are practically certain of seven days of interesting activity with which nothing interferes.

Second: a marvellous summer climate—delightful days and cool nights. That is a most amazing fact to many who do not know this land, for many people who have never been here think that Southern California is too warm in summer.

Note the figures of the U. S. Weather Bureau—a forty-four year record of the average mean temperatures in a great central city in this section:

44 Junes, 66 degrees
44 Julys, 70 degrees
44 Augusts, 71 degrees
44 Septembers, 69 degrees

The third distinctive feature of this incomparable summerland is *complete change*—change that brings real rest—the kind you need.

Sport for an Hour or an Entire Day

For here within a radius of two hundred miles of a great, metropolitan city, reached by world-famous motor boulevards, are varied pleasures unmatched by whole continents.

A great desert like Sahara, mountain ranges of great beauty and grandeur, deep placid lakes set in mountain tops. Giant forests and strange geological formations are curiosities that make you forget yourself.

Then there are wide, rolling valleys producing fruit, known everywhere. Interesting cities, progressive, clean and vigorous. The center of the moving picture industry is here, great studios that interest everyone.

Spanish missions, centuries old, are revered for the heroic padres whom they housed in early days. Hundreds of miles of coast line give you the rugged beauty of a rocky shore or the invigorating fun of a sandy beach.

And people are everywhere, hundreds of thousands of them who have come to this famous vacationland for the summer that they know is here.

They bathe in the surf, hike, climb mountains, ride horseback or motor. They fish in mountain streams for game trout or in famous ocean fishing grounds for great fighters of the sea.

Golf courses, some of the most beautiful in all the world, invite the enthusiast every day of his visit. And there are famous hotels and restaurants scattered everywhere—at the beaches, in the cities, amid the orange groves and in the mountains.

Here are new things for every day, whether you stay a week or three months, as many vacationists do.

Complete change—a summer full of the kind of change that revitalizes tired minds and weary bodies, renews your interest and spirit, and sends you back fresh and eager, a new man, a new woman.

Such is Southern California. Come this summer. The trip alone is worth while. On the world's most comfortable trains, you pass through historic sections of the West—sections teeming with stories of bold pioneers who broke the paths for civilization.

You can come if you will, for there are accommodations to fit every pocketbook. **And the special low round trip railroad rates in effect from May to October make it more than ever easy to come *this summer*.**

Any railroad ticket agent will gladly furnish further information. Or mail the coupon below and get our "Southern California Book."

Take this trip now which you have always planned to take sometime. See this land of varied interest. Win new strength and vigor among its myriad pleasures.

All-Year Club of Southern California

Southern California is the new gateway to Hawaii

All-Year Club of Southern California
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Please send me free information about the all-year vacation possibilities in Southern California.

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Rust can Never injure a SANICO

Safe from rust forever—coated inside and out with SANICO Porcelain Enamel, fused to pure iron sheets which are likewise rust proof. Rust can never injure a SANICO. It is the only Porcelain Range with a

25 Year Guarantee

A wonder in the kitchen—makes work much easier to do. A fine baker and cooker. Always looks new. SNOW White, Grey, Azure Blue or Rich Dark Blue stippled Porcelain! Brilliant nickel trim

As Easy to Clean as a China Dish

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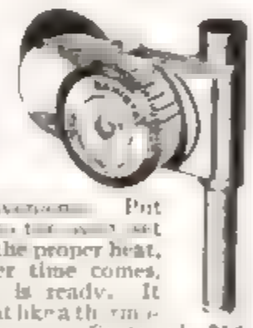
Oven Heat Regulator



How cooking conveniences! Put a roast in the oven, set the regulator at the proper heat, and when dinner time comes, the whole meal is ready. It controls oven heat like a thermostat controls a furnace. Costs only $12 extra

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Geo. L. Nye, President

AMERICAN RANGE & FOUNDRY COMPANY

World's Largest Manufacturers of Porcelain Ranges
Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis

out for all units of our Armies, beginning with our First Division. Welfare workers were required to meet new conditions of life among these men, massed as they were in large camps. In the confusion contingents of men were ordered about like misdirected mail, one group being sent from the Atlantic to the Pacific and almost immediately back again. All railroads were congested by the excessive movements of troops, material and supplies.

As to artillery, there was none to speak of, and the French had to furnish us enough for thirty divisions. One of the first contracts made in France was for $60,000,000 worth of airplanes. Our tanks were obtained from the French, but only in very limited numbers. As to sea transportation, wooden ships were built and condemned, concrete ships were launched and sunk, and steel ships became a question of recklessly paid riveters. Many classes of supplies simply did not exist, as the Allies had already cleaned out our storehouses on long-term contracts before we entered the war. The demand of the Allies had induced the construction of large plants and the development of many necessities, fortunately giving us some advantages at the start. Competition in procurement among different government agencies, even as to labor, became so widespread and so extravagant that it amounted to a scandal. Resolving this chaotic mess into coördinated effort and placing the control of our industrial resources on a business basis must remain a lasting monument to the abilities and the patriotism of our American business men.

The Scramble for Commissions

We shall now try to visualize the almost automatic system recently adopted. The combat elements of the Regular Army and the entire National Guard, in the event of war, take the field immediately, and are disposed along our coasts and frontiers to guarantee the country against invasion. Each of the nine corps-area commanders would order and supervise the mobilization and training of the Organized Reserves in his area. Instead of sending men great distances and herding them into cantonments, possibly under construction, the recruitment and training would be carried out near their homes by efficient local reserve officers, assigned to the respective company and higher units. The men would be quartered in some local building, or might even live at home during the first month or two of their training. Mothers, sisters, friends and sweethearts would be the welfare workers. Local commanders would procure immediate necessities from the home market. Railroads would be free from the burden of concentration of troops for training. As these reserve units qualified, companies and battalions would be assembled with their regiments and later moved to the actual theater of war, where probably for the first time the division to which they belonged would be concentrated. The unseemly scramble for appointments as commissioned officers would be obviated, as only those previously qualified and holding commissions in the National Guard or reserve forces prior to the declaration of war would be employed. Later, vacancies would be filled by promotion from the ranks or from authorized training units at schools and colleges.

Only he who has witnessed the result of throwing half-trained officers and men into battle can fully realize the advantages of this new system. And he who has been directly responsible for the employment of such troops in battle and for final results alone can fully appreciate the wickedness of unpreparedness. The cause of almost every difficulty of the soldier and the Government developed in the World War can be traced directly to our woeful lack of preparation. With the present military system in effective operation in 1914, it is highly probable that its existence would have materially affected our course and no doubt shortened the duration of the war. Indeed it is possible that, with such a standing evidence of American power, the Central Governments might not have ventured the hazard of world conquest. If there is one thing then that we owe to posterity it is to continue no longer our wanton course of neglect, but to transmit the lessons of the war, rationally and concretely applied to an established policy.

The purpose of this article is to outline our military policy for the lay reader, and particularly to interest our people in its support. As originally enacted, the National Defense measure of 1920 provided for a Regular Army of 285,000 men and 18,000 officers. These figures included the necessary number of officers and men to furnish the general overhead for the administration and supply of the entire National Army, the nine corps-area headquarters and the various depots. They also included the details required for the permanent and student personnel at the War College, Army Staff College, and the numerous other essential schools for the special training of officers and soldiers to serve in important positions in the Regular Army and as instructors for the National Guard, the Reserve Corps and with the military training units at the various schools and colleges.

Eight months later, due to the urgent demand for great economies, the Congress reduced the strength of the enlisted personnel to 150,000, which is regarded as the absolute minimum with which the policy for a citizen army can be effectively developed. We now have only 12,000 officers and 125,000 men, and these numbers will continue for the fiscal year ending June, 1924.

The strength of the peace garrisons for Hawaii and the Panama Canal Zone is now below the minimum requirements to make them effective. A degree of preparedness should exist in each place that would insure local peace, and at least compel an enemy to regard an attack as a serious operation. Any other view is erroneous, unwise and unsafe. The garrisons to defend these possessions must come from the Regular Army, as it would be difficult if not impossible to reenforce them in an emergency; so their strength ought to be kept up at least to the minimum determined by our most expert officers.

The Panama Canal is a national asset of vital military and strategic importance and of immense commercial value. Its possession insures the prompt concentration of our fleets in either ocean. Its loss would be a stunning blow to the pride of the American people, and would be a still more serious blow from a military point of view. Hawaii is the key to the Eastern Pacific; and the Island of Oahu, with its naval base, is of paramount importance to the defense of the western coast line from Alaska to Panama. The size of the Hawaiian garrison is determined by the number of troops necessary to protect the entire Island of Oahu against hostile landings.

Inadequate Protection

Deducting the strength of the garrisons necessary for foreign service and various groups of noncombatant staff and supply troops, there remain scattered throughout the United States less than 65,000 combat troops of the Regular Army, or about one soldier to every 2000 inhabitants. This number is quite inadequate to insure domestic tranquillity and at the same time carry out their mission in the organization and training of the citizen army. The apparent saving made by reductions below minimum requirements is very inconsiderable relatively, but it means the difference between the efficient development of our policy and inefficient and halfway measures which in the end mean failure. Yet the political advantage of appearing as an advocate of economy often leads legislators to make radical reductions regardless of vital consequences. It is exactly this attitude that has caused our lack of preparation in the past.

There are other factors of equal importance in national defense. An army must have munitions and almost every other conceivable kind of supplies, and it is immobile without means of transportation. Plans for the procurement or methodical development of all these must be made during peace or else our armies will be unable to function. Certain supplies, such as powder, guns, tanks, airplanes and equipment, are not readily obtainable on short notice. The manufacture of powder, for example, requires highly trained technical personnel and is a long, tedious and hazardous process.

Our possible requirements in these respects caused many manufacturing plants to be erected, but the few which have not already been dismantled and sold are fast falling to ruin. Commercial firms are forced to confine themselves to special production for peaceful purposes. The work at government arsenals has been curtailed, as it is neither necessary nor advisable to maintain all these activities; but manufactures of sufficient volume should be continued to keep a few plants in operation against another day, and to provide employment for scientific experts.

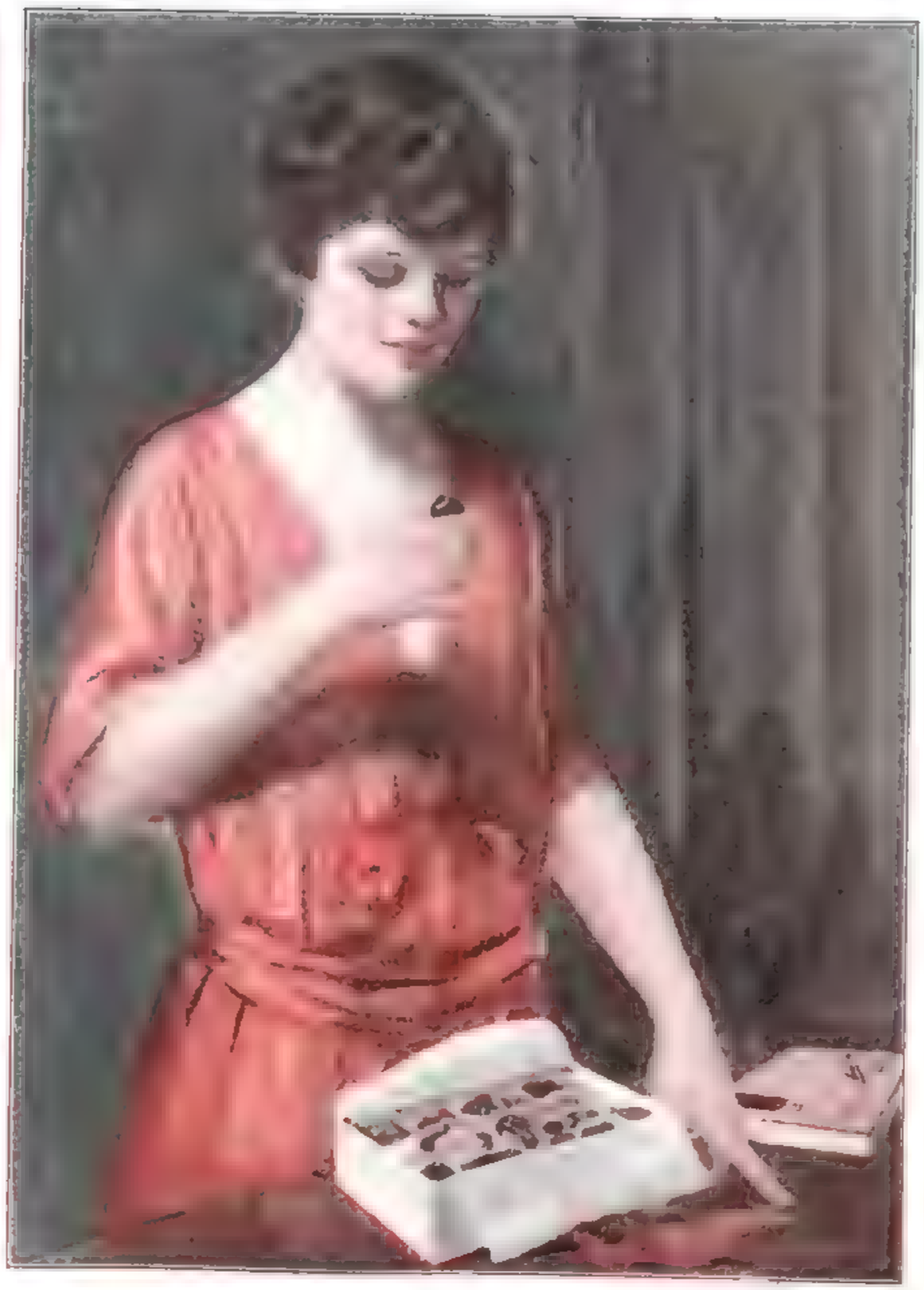
A discussion of the details of coast defense by the different means at the disposal of the Government need not be undertaken here. Suffice it to say they all have their places. As a most important adjunct to any system of national defense, the Navy must be kept up to the full tonnage and personnel permitted by the recent limitation agreement. But the Navy is really useless without a supporting merchant marine. Could anything be more pathetic than the historic cruise of our fleet around the world, supplied by chartered vessels flying British and other foreign flags? We spent billions for the construction of ships during the war, yet more than half our troops were transported in foreign bottoms, most of which were obtained only after the German offensive of March, 1918, had scared the Allies into action. The great merchant fleets built in the enthusiasm of the war are passing, and our exports and our tourists are carried principally in foreign ships. Blindly provincial, we pay for the support of foreign merchant marine, give other nations a mandate over the sea, and still continue to expect this country to occupy a commanding position in the world of trade and other international relations.

Political Tinkering

In the conduct of all our wars, the confusion and the appalling blunders coincident with the raising, organizing and supplying of the armed forces have invariably been due to the lack of foresight of political parties during peace. Although striving to the utmost and with patriotic fervor to meet the responsibility of such a crisis, failures due to past neglect are inevitable, and apparently the party in power must take the blame. Opposing party managers are sure to make political capital out of the situation, unfairly charging failures obviously unavoidable under the circumstances. Public opinion and the mind of the voter are thus wholly confused as to the real issue, which has been in reality the failure of all our political parties to adopt and maintain a practical policy for the national defense in advance of the emergency.

No branch of the public service can be prepared to deliver its maximum effort if subjected to constant tinkering for political advantage. In all questions affecting the nation's readiness to defend its rights and preserve internal order, there should be helpful and united action, and not partisan criticism and factional opposition. It is often difficult to determine the will of our citizens; they can not be expected to possess knowledge of all subjects sufficient to guide and advise their representatives in Congress; but they have the right to expect wise leadership regardless of party, and that policies affecting the destiny of the nation shall be determined only on that basis. The citizens of this country, generally speaking, take a large view of national questions, and they are unwilling that a parsimonious course should be followed which must inevitably cause the lives and savings of an overburdened people to be recklessly squandered later on. As a direct consequence of our unwise pettiness in the years of peace the Government's expenditures in 1918 reached a volume of $2,000,000 an hour.

It is in opposition to fallacious theories which threaten our national life that thoughtful men of every political faith should be bound by the closest ties. The national defense is the business of every citizen—his health, wealth and happiness in greater or less measure depend upon it. We have proved ourselves truly to be a nation of idealists. For the moment we occupy a commanding position and are potentially a great force for the good of all mankind. Wise statesmanship should dictate our policies from a national point of view in order that we may be able to maintain our enviable position among the nations with dignity, confidence and security.



The 3 foolish men and the sophisticated maiden

—a chapter from the book of wisdom

THEY were four young men and the maid was fair.

The first knight brought chocolate creams, which, alas, she had never liked.

The second, nothing daunted, approached with chocolate covered cherries, which she simply abhorred!

The third, with courage deserving of happier fate, pinned his faith to caramels, and went his way sorrowing.

But the fourth was supremely wise in his generation.

He trod the dangerous path armed only with Johnston's Choice Box—an assortment of two-and-twenty delicious chocolates—and these, his words, were sweeter than honey to the wayward maid: "Now you choose the kinds you like best for the next time."

To a tale of valor so richly tempered with discretion there could be but one ending.

Note

In the Johnston Choice box, the name of each piece is printed on a card exactly under each piece. When *she* picks out one she seems to like best, note the name. Then look in the Choice Book (it comes with each box), get the name of the Johnston box made up of *that piece*. Eh Bien!

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When the Lion Hearted king crusaded and gallant Robin Hood inspired honest hearts with courage and black ones with dismay.

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A drama of poetic beauty, surprise, delight, inspiration. Created by Douglas Fairbanks, idealist.

Directed by Allan Dwan

Distribution by
United Artists Corporation

THE RAIN MAKER

(Continued from Page 15)

"Git 'way f'm me! Don't molt yo' goat feathers on dese blue pants else I throws you into dis Grand Cañon so hard you bounces halfway back! Stay heah by de lamp-post whilst I does my work."

The Wildcat returned to his car and resumed his duties.

In Section 7, which had sheltered a late sleeper, reaching over to unhook the berth hammock, the Wildcat's gaze swept the wide domain that stretched away to the distant horizon. A moment only did he indulge in this idle survey.

Three or four hundred feet away, trotting rapidly out of the picture, he saw a goat from whose neck dragged the frayed end of a clothesline tether. The fleeing animal won his instant and undivided attention. He grabbed for his cap, and then under his breath he showered down a covey of whispered oaths calculated to singe the wool on any truant mascot.

The Wildcat swung down from his car and started across country in pursuit of the trotting goat. In an open forest of young pines he gained a hundred feet on his prey; but at the far edge of the timber, where the country afforded the goat a distinct view of her pursuer, she accelerated her pace and widened the distance between herself and the Wildcat.

Now the Wildcat's ambition changed from a casual desire to catch Lily to a determined resolve to overtake the trotting animal even though the capture be the last act of a misspent life.

"How come dat fool goat got de ramblin' craze so sudden? Lily neveh run 'way befo'; mebbe dat mascot done et somethin'!"

Ahead of him he flung a clatter of outdoor profanity which glanced harmlessly from the trotting goat. After the first mile the country changed again from the clearing to an open wooded territory broken by little stretches of desert and scarred by eroded gullies.

At noon the chase had slowed to a three-mile walk, accelerated by occasional bursts of speed when the Wildcat's prey seemed almost within his grasp. These spurts of energy were duplicated by the wary four-legged leader of the chase until, at two o'clock, the goat halted at a little spring long enough to quench her growing thirst and to nip a mouthful of succulent grass. Then, when the Wildcat came upon her, she resumed her flight alone, while her thirsty pursuer indulged his own craving for cold-water refreshment.

At early evening the three-mile gait had slowed down to a languid prowl which afforded the Wildcat plenty of opportunity to realize the great fatigue which had settled upon him. His feet had begun to hurt him early in the afternoon, and this discomfort had served to intensify his dogged resolve to overtake the truant goat. Earlier in the afternoon, when the distance between the goat and her pursuer had narrowed to a feasible throwing range, the Wildcat had reënforced his recurring outbursts of epithets with an occasional barrage of projectiles—a technical error, because it served only to increase the interval between pursuer and pursued.

Through the long afternoon the Wildcat had traveled with the sun at his back, and now suddenly he realized that the troubled day was fast drawing to a close. At this hour, to the hunter, there came a conviction of the utter futility of the chase. Footsore and weary, suffering from a thirst which had burned steadily since mid-afternoon, he barked a final malediction toward the distant goat; and then, in a changed and broken tone, he croaked a fervent supplication to the absent goddess of his fortunes.

"Lady Luck, whah at is you? Rally round yo' sidetracked niggeh whut done strayed f'm de fold! Ise A. W. O. L. a day's walk f'm whah I wuz, an' whah I is ain't no place. Rally round an' git me some place."

The side-tracked son of the desert paused in his march to continue his address to his unseen protector. He looked about him as he mumbled his prayer to Lady Luck, and almost immediately he realized that his entreaty had not been in vain. In a narrow gully to his left, nestling intimately among the rock fragments which lined the sloping ground, he saw a little house whose walls of stone, laid up in adobe mud, conveyed a message of hope almost as real as the structure before him. He started toward the little house. His two-mile mope increased to a fast walk.

"Hot dam! Whah dey is a house de chances is dey is folks. Lady Luck sho' done some quick listenin'!"

When he was yet a hundred feet from the house some quick intuition told him that the house was deserted, but this disappointment was rendered negative by the sight of those things which at the moment he most desired. Arranged about a strange design drawn with red corn meal, upon a white cotton cloth that lay spread upon the ground before the house, were five earthenware dishes and five water jars. Each of the earthenware dishes was piled high with a stack of thin cakes made of corn meal. Each of the five water jars was more than half full of clear water.

The Wildcat sampled the first jar of water; and finding it as excellent as any drink he had ever tasted, he indulged himself in a preliminary quart. He reached for one of the corn cakes and bit into it. He found it delicious and real, and in a moment, drinking heavily and feasting upon the timely repast which Lady Luck's bounty had provided, the cares of the day faded with the setting sun.

For a while, until half a dozen of the corn cakes had been consumed, he ate steadily, and then his banquet was interrupted by a realization of the lowered temperature that had come at the end of the day.

"Got me all het up walkin'. Now dat us is rested an' rallied round dese heah rations, mebbe us betteh build a fire to keep warm wid!"

He walked to a little pine tree which grew on the slope of the gully and returned a moment later carrying in his arms a cargo of broken branches and pitch-incrusted cones. He lighted a fire in front of his banquet board, and when he had warmed himself he made a second journey to the source of fuel, returning this time with some larger limbs of the tree.

"Ain't no use tryin' to heat up de whole outdo's," he reflected. "I ain't seed such a grand stone house since us leaves de A. E. F. Wid a good fire goin' inside, an' plenty corn bread an' wateh, I guess mebbe Ol' Man Trouble retreats back to whah de devil keeps him penned up whilst Lady Luck is rallyin' round."

He selected an armful of small pine branches. Carrying these and a cargo of larger limbs from the pine tree, he clawed a blazing torch from the crackling fire and walked through the low entrance of the little stone house.

At the portal, with the wavering flames of his torch illuminating the interior of the place, he halted and began an impetuous retreat which lasted until reason overcame the panic which his discovery of the interior decoration had excited.

"Huh! Dat ain't no voodoo! Nuthin' but a old scarecrow wid a featheh vest. Ain't nuthin' but a ol' false-face dummy like whut chilluns scares you wid on Hollereens!"

The scarecrow, standing against the wall with arms extended, was of wood, shaped in a rude representation of a human being. About the figure's waist was a colored kilt adorned with eagle feathers. From its pigmented face rude crescent eyes, incised in the wood, leered down upon a necklace of knotted string embellished with alternate colored pebbles and fragments of shells.

To the Wildcat had come a growing indifference towards the manikin.

"Laff yo' hair plumb off, old voodoo! De main thing us uses you fo' is to keep dis fire goin' in case I runs out of dis noble pitch wood. Does you behave yo'self, I leaves you standin' agin de wall so you kin watch me eat some mo' of dat gran' corn pone whut Lady Luck booned me wid."

After his second attack upon the rations provided by the unknown agent of Lady Luck, the Wildcat curled himself up before the embers of the fire which burned on the earthen floor of the little stone house and set about enjoying his lodging for the night. The image of the crescent-eyed face of the manikin against the wall, impotent while reason enlightened the Wildcat's waking hours, persisted in some mirrored area of the sleeping Wildcat's subconsciousness.

An hour or two before dawn the sleeper suffered his first trampling under the hoofs of a galloping nightmare. The steed of darkness was followed by a quick succession of its fellows. When the stampede was at its height, the Wildcat, writhing and moaning in his sleep, was tortured with visions of galloping goats and giant painted dolls who hurled him, time and again, over the edge of an abyss from whose elastic floor, carpeted with corn cakes bigger than base drums, he rebounded higher each succeeding time, until from a slippery perch on the thin edge of a cloud he saw below him the illimitable reaches of the Grand Cañon.

At dawn, when these phantoms of the night should have faded in the light of day, to the Wildcat, half awakened by the chill of the hour, came the vague realization that the manikin which had stood against the wall had changed its position and had become possessed of life.

Framed in the lighted doorway of the house, gesticulating wildly and muttering uncanny syllables of the witches' code, danced the painted figure of the enlivened demon. Headdress and necklaces clinked in time with the tinkle of a bandoleer of shells which lay across his chest. Anklets of netted rope, plaited moccasins of colored rushes, armlets of silver and a gaudy woven kilt completed the vivid costume of the dancer.

In ten seconds, fully awake and relying implicitly on the one effective antidote for localized disturbances, the Wildcat galloped past the snarling dancer and tore up the steep bank of the ravine at a pace compared to which the average cyclone was but the gentle air of a summer morning.

Now, in pursuit, the demon of the dawn accelerated the Wildcat's gait with a series of bloodcurdling yells. The Wildcat leaned heavily on supplication and breathed a quick prayer to Lady Luck.

"Lawd, whah at is you, Lady Luck? Dem corn cakes wuz nuthin' but dat devil's bait! Heah I is on de barb hook an' headed fo' hell! Ise a lost nigger 'less you heads me round whilst my hind laigs is still agile. Us kain't outrun no devil!"

In spite of his statement to Lady Luck concerning his lack of running ability, the Wildcat managed to widen the distance between himself and his pursuer, until he slacked up his killing pace in a sudden burst of relief inspired by the sight of a group of buildings clustered at the base of a rocky butte which lifted from the level country surrounding the theater of his predicament.

Straight for these buildings, running now with the voodoo devil a hundred feet behind him, confident that defense against the pursuing fiend would come from the human occupants of the buildings, the Wildcat galloped the last length of his way to life and liberty. To his ears, when he had fairly gained the shadow of the first outlying structure, came the sweet consolation of human voices intoning the soothing measures of a hymn. An exclamation of gratitude welled from the fugitive's heart.

"Praise de Lawd! Us is found some folks whut's revivalin' demselves wid a camp meetin'!" He slacked his pace to something slower than that of an overdue jack rabbit. "Don't aim to bust up no camp meetin'!"

All that he aimed to do at the moment was to retain enough momentum to take him to the mourners' bench. He rounded the corner of the building in time to realize that his aim was bad. In spite of the emergency application of nonskid technic which governed his galloping hind legs, his momentum was sufficient to carry him through a collision shared by one of the participating members of the singing band and to land him between two crow-hopping lines of celebrants adorned with costumes more picturesque and terrifying than the one worn by his pursuer.

The chant of the dancing crew changed its tempo and lifted in a series of wild yells almost as fervent as the Wildcat's regret at having backslid from the country of his youth where salvation was free.

At the moment he felt that he needed salvation and lots of it, and this statement was the theme of his appeal to the unseen goddess of his fortunes.

"Lady Luck, betteh come an' git me befo' us is got by dese voodoo folks! Lawd, gosh—git away, snakes!"

With his brake shoes screeching on a red-hot rail, he detoured around a small shelter of cottonwood boughs under which, writhing actively under the gentle blows of an

(Continued on Page 120)

going to New York?

A Personal Word From Arthur L. Lee

[illegible] you are looking forward to [illegible] and that is just the [illegible] that now pervades the [illegible]

[illegible] will write to personally the requirements of your [illegible] will see that you are [illegible]

[illegible] the hotel has undergone [illegible] to make the [illegible] stay, both in and [illegible] a series of pleasant [illegible] their courteous, [illegible]

The McAlpin equipment, furnishings and cuisine are reputed to be [illegible], if equalled, by any [illegible]

But aside from [illegible] there is any detail, great or small, in which I can help during your stay, I [illegible] and I shall [illegible] to be [illegible] with you in person at a host with his guest rather than a manager with his patron.

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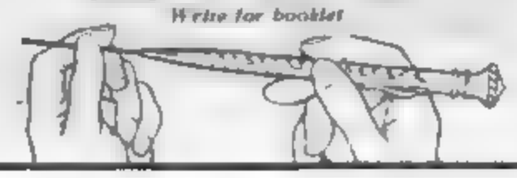

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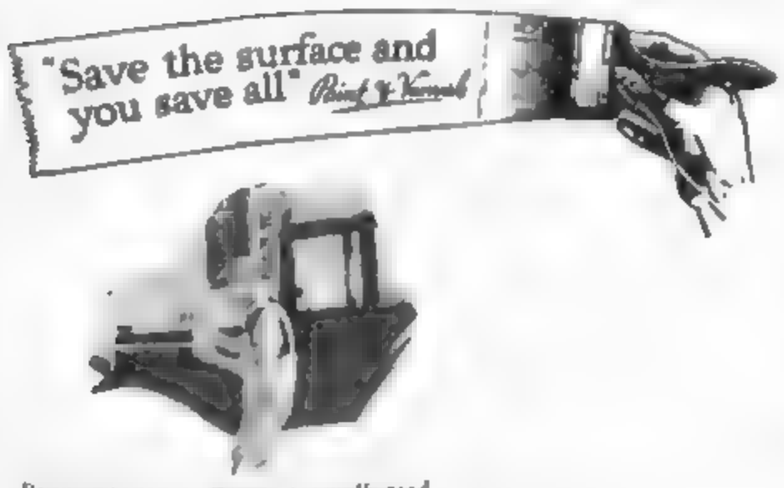

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(Continued from Page 117)

eagle-feather whip wielded by a snake herder, there appeared to be all the rattlers and bull snakes in the world.

Halted now, the Wildcat cast a supplicating look at the two lines of decorated dancers swarming about him, but here he found nothing of comfort. As an added touch of horror some of these church folks were festooned with live snakes which dangled from their mouths. This was the Wildcat's zero hour. He realized that he was Old Man Trouble's twin.

Shielding his eyes with his arms to shut out the vision of a dozen snake-bearing figures which leaped toward him, he fell, howling, to the ground. In seventy seconds which seemed as many years to Lady Luck's maudlin orphan, he was rudely removed from the scene by four carriers.

Unable to do aught except yell at the top of his lungs and sag down until he scraped the ground, he was dragged through the doorway of a small building made of rock and mud. A heavy door of poles, lashed with rawhide, closed between the Wildcat and what he had mistaken for a revival meeting. In this temporary sanctuary the raveled threads of reason were spliced in time to induce the more acute terror of anticipation.

On the dancing field the painted figures resumed their interrupted program, and presently the low chanting, timed to the crow-hopping movement of the dance, had become a chorus of howls that served to confirm the Wildcat's conviction of disaster. Each of the dancing figures broke from the line of his fellows and gyrated to the snake reservoir, whence, escorted by two snakeless members of his kind, he traveled the track of terror between the two ranks of participating howlers.

The Wildcat shut his eyes against the scene, and kept them shut until a cessation in the clamor gave him courage to open them. In the central space he saw the snakes thrown together on a carpet of corn meal which had been cast upon the ground, and then from the scrambling herd of painted demons single figures emerged bearing the snake prize which they had won from the writhing aggregation of the reptiles.

Convinced now that the rites which he had witnessed were preliminary to some final ceremony which would cost him lots of life, liberty and personal blood, the hopeless victim of events resigned to the clutching demons of despair and lay inert upon the earthen floor of his prison. He closed his eyes and indulged himself in a three-minute retrospection. He included a whispered recital of his craving for revenge.

"Wuz us headed fo' heaven 'stead of hell, de fust thing us craves would be dat penned-up Lily varmint an' a oak barrel stave. Whilst I had de strength I sho' would unravel dat mascot goat till dey wasn't 'nuff left to bait a minny hook."

For a little while he prowled in the sweet fields of Eden, enjoying a revengeful mood whose intensity erased from his mind some of the sharper details inspired by his predicament. Then, abruptly, when the sun-drenched skies were darkened with lowering clouds as black as his immediate future, the cloak of despair was once more whirled about his cowering form. Nature, angered, had turned against him. Green lightning speared the horizon. The silence which had fallen over the crazy folks' revival meeting was shattered by a tremendous crash of thunder.

Alternating then, lighting their victim's canvas of life and battering his soul with the gnarled bludgeon of sonorous fulminations, the impassioned deities of lightning and thunder staged their terrific show. The black flood of the resultant cloudburst came as a curtain to the rain god's drama.

In the furious waters which launched from the darkened skies, standing bedraggled in the arena which had so lately been the scene of their wild rites, from his confining cell the Wildcat saw a dozen of the decorated dancers segmented in the circle of a conference whose fervor left them unmindful of the slashing rain. While he observed the group it seemed to him that various figures pointed at times toward his prison, and then, to an accompaniment of nodding heads which suggested an agreement on some mutual project, the group started toward him. This was the moment when the dancing devils would wreak their vengeance upon Lady Luck's orphan.

"Chances is dem boys craves to barbecue me! I ain't done nuthin', but befo' dey gits me I aims to!"

In desperation he looked about him for a weapon. His search was interrupted by the opening door, and once more struggling in the clutches of half a dozen captors, the Wildcat was shifted around from where he was at to some place else from which Lady Luck was A. W. O. L. a million miles.

Haled forth from his prison into the pouring rain, trembling more violently than the thunder-shaken earth, the victim of events was hauled through the doorway of a larger building. From the group of his captors one member stepped forth and spoke quietly to the assemblage. The speaker's words, delivered in an even tone, were gibberish to the captive Wildcat; but from their modulated measures Old Man Trouble's twin derived his first faint spark of hope.

"Mebbe dey ain't gwine to eat me. Mebbe all dey does is hang me. Sho' be glad to git hanged."

At the moment heaven had nothing so tempting to offer the Wildcat as a good and substantial county jail.

"Wisht us had 'cumulated me a good lifelong sentence in de penotenchary when I wuz a boy! All I'd ask wuz furlough 'nuf to drag out an' bust dat mascot Lily into Hamburger goat!"

His spasm of desire was interrupted by the speaker who had addressed the quiet audience. That individual reached deeply into a buckskin pouch and withdrew his hand. In his grasp were three silver rings and two heavy bracelets of the same metal, set thickly with stones as blue as the skies had been before the thunderstorm. The speaker held this jewelry up so that all his auditors might see, and from the assemblage came vociferous expressions of approval. He turned to the Wildcat and in serviceable English he delivered a presentation speech excellent for its brevity.

"All pueblo, Walpi, Mishongi, Oribi, Snake people, Antelope people—all dance for rain. Eight day rain gods tell my people no. Rattlesnake in kesi no good. Priest in kiva no make rain. You come, Black Cloud Face, bring rain! Rain make corn. Now everybody eat!"

The speaker extended the rings and the bracelets with a quick gesture. The Wildcat jumped back.

"Git away, boy! Everybody ain't gwine to eat me! Nobody gwine to tame me into no tenderloin banquit. Ise tough bull meat an' I aims to beller. Go 'long, boy!"

Before any human-barbecue business commenced the Wildcat aimed to mingle where the fighting was thickest.

The gift bearer, sensing the Wildcat's lack of understanding, tried different tactics.

"We like you ——" he began.

"Mebbe you prefers me boiled wid yams," the Wildcat interrupted, "but, boy, 'less you kin outrun a cyclone ——"

The gift bearer ignored the Wildcat's interruption.

"We like you," he continued. "You bring rain. We give you present. Good ring. Good bracelet." He removed the gaudy blanket from around his shoulders and laid it at the Wildcat's feet. "Chief's blanket. When rain stop you ride mule to railroad. You work railroad. I know your railroad coat with silver buttons. We like you. You bring rain. We good friend to Black Cloud Face!"

The speaker held out his hand to the Wildcat.

The word "friend" put a different definition on the verb of admiration. Liking folks was all right as long as the cannibalistic intent was absent. The Wildcat accepted the turquoise rings and bracelets, and then with a sudden confidence in his luck he shook hands with his new friend.

"Sho us is friends," he conceded. "Right now is when us needs a friend. You means dat yaller an' bull blood blanket is fo' me?"

"Good friend, your present."

The Wildcat shook hands again, and this time violence marked the fervor of his relief.

"Hot dam, old paint face! Us tells de world us is friends! Sho' is a noble blanket. Us thanks you each an' all fo' it an' fo' de jew'lry. Always did like blue-rock rings—blue an' red! I sees de rain is slackin' up. Whut wuz dat you sez 'bout ridin' me back to de railroad on a mule?"

The reply to the Wildcat's question was delivered in action.

Five minutes later, escorted by two smiling guides, traveling under sunlit skies which now were emptied of their flood, the Wildcat began his return to the railroad terminal at the Grand Cañon from which he had been lured by the fleeing goat.

Setting pritty under the colored mantle of rank which he wore about his shoulders, the Wildcat urged his flop-eared mount to a pace which taxed the ability of the guides trotting along in front of him. His goal was reached in the late afternoon of the eventful day. He wasted little time in the ceremony of farewells with his guides.

"Ise much obliged to you boys, an' does you eveh git to Memphis, Ten-o-see, whah I aims to locate f'm now on, I shows you round. Dis land is built big, but does I neveh leave de railroad again de chances is us complains few an' seldom. So long, an' does you come to Memphis put yo' pants on befo' de police gits you!"

On a sidetrack, due out at 7:45 P.M., the Wildcat found his deserted car; and now, except for his longing for an opportunity to chastise his truant mascot goat, his cup of happiness included no flavor of discontent.

"De chances is dat po' li'l' ramblin' Lily is lost permanent out whah de jack rabbits gits so lonely dey 'filiates wid de hoot owls. Po' li'l' Lily! I takes back whut I sez 'bout beatin' dat fragile fool. Don't see how kin I thrive none 'less I travels wid dat li'l' goat. Seems kinda lonely in dis ol' car—kinda lonesome whaheveh us travels widout Lily."

The melancholy moment inspired by the fate of the mascot gave place to a mood of utter forgiveness for all of Lily's past offenses, and then midway of a mumbled recital of his errors of impetuous judgment he was interrupted by a faint bleat which came from the direction of the station platform where he had parked the goat on the previous morning. Suddenly rigid, listening so hard his ears waved, again he heard Lily's voice. The mascot's call galvanized her master into instant activity. He raced down the length of the aisle and leaped to the ground, galloping toward the post where Lily had been hitched. To his eager eyes Lady Luck revealed the answer to his supplication.

Nibbling heartily on the wooden post to which she had been tied during the long night, Lily had waited patiently throughout the dragging hours until the moment should come when her master might see fit to shower down the delayed blessings of food and drink.

"Hot dam, goat! Me an' Lady Luck meets you wid a brass band! I done you wrong. Yo' dog-gone twin like to led me plumb to hell. Come 'long heah wid yo' old Wilecat whilst us 'cumulates de best rations whut money kin buy fo' yo' pus-sonal insides!"

"Bla-a-a!"

The warmth of Lily's greeting included some added tenor of gratitude for the prospect of freedom and a square meal. The Wildcat understood his mascot's language.

"Me an' you both!" he affirmed. "Me an' you both—'ceptin' Ise twicet as glad to be heah as you is to see me. An' leave me tell you one thing: Does you eveh fool me again, lookin' like yo' prodigal twin, I aims to knock you nine miles f'm nach'ral. Double-time dem laigs till us 'cumulates yo' banquit!"

This kitchen designed by J. Harold Grissel of Philadelphia, Pa.

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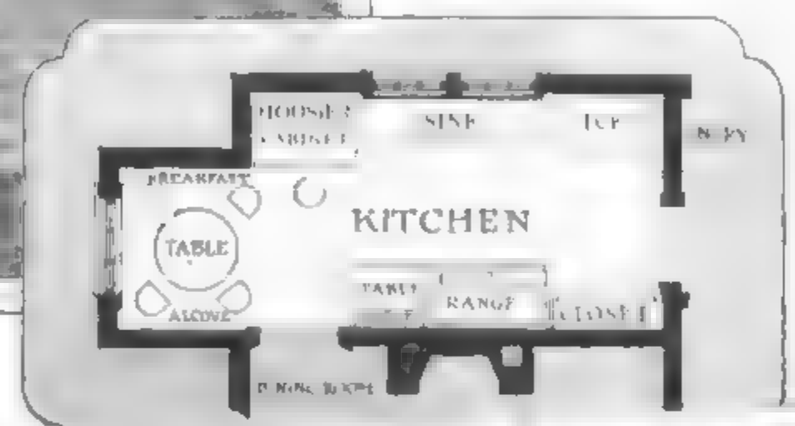

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THE average woman has no idea of the amount of unnecessary work caused by the arrangement of her kitchen. But when she gets a HOOSIER in her kitchen, she soon realizes that she has been wasting time and strength—and can both see and *feel* the difference.

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If you were to dream of creating for your kitchen a magical fixture which would give you a work-shop as convenient as any ever designed

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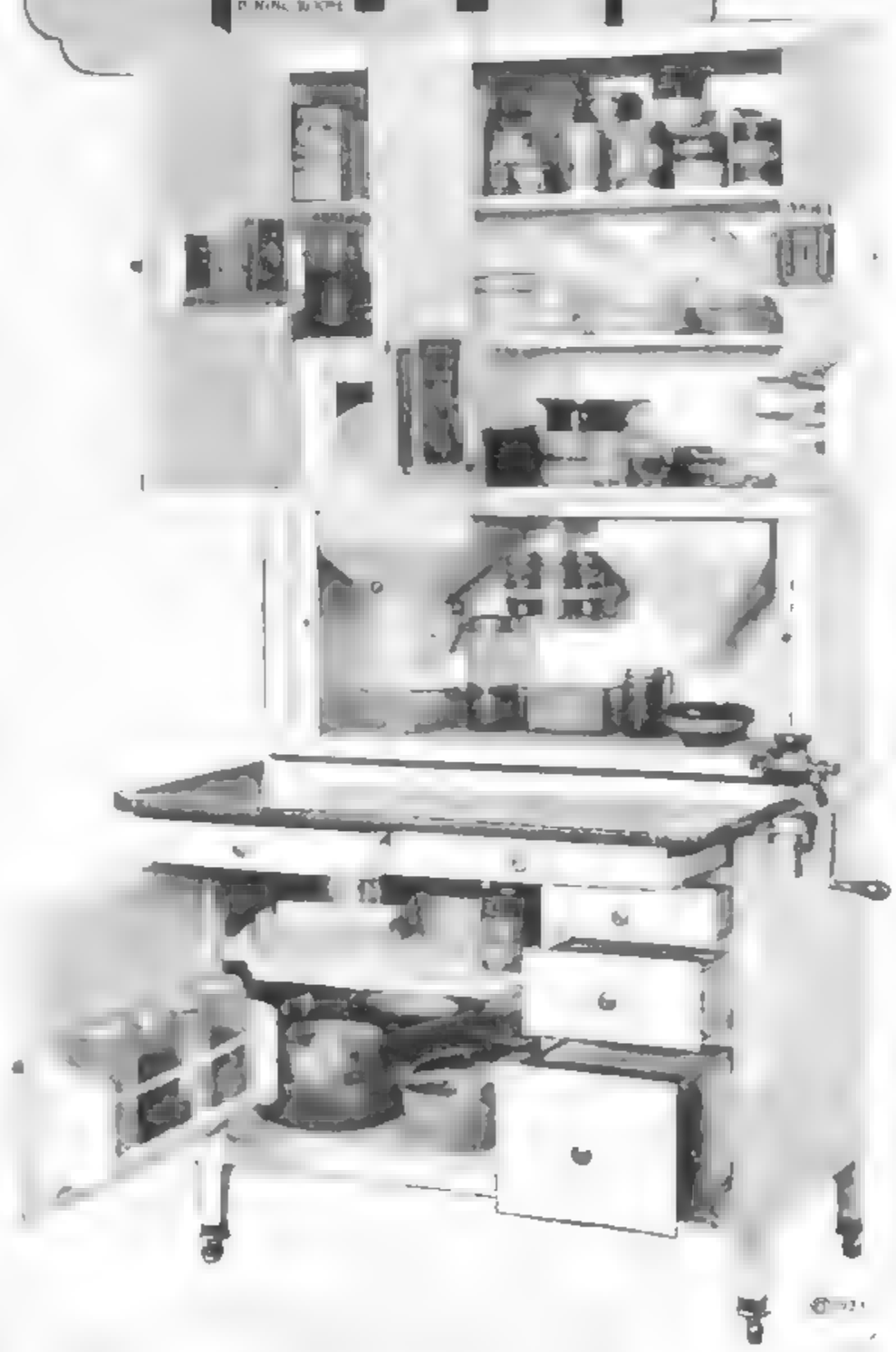

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DURING 1922 the women of America clearly established their preference for the Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner.

Authoritative records indicate that during the year there were approximately 70 different "makes" of electric cleaners offered for sale. *Yet American women, during 1922, purchased one Eureka for every four electric cleaners of the other 69 "makes" combined!* By so doing they not only made 1922 the largest and most successful year in the Eureka's long and successful history, but at the same time established the Eureka, we believe, in a position of undisputable leadership in the entire electric cleaner industry!

In rapid, thorough cleaning, in uninterrupted service, in freedom from attention, the new Eureka model represents the highest development of vacuum cleaner design and manufacture. Our nearest dealer will be pleased to favor you with a thorough, free demonstration in your own home. Write us for his name.

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"IT GETS THE DIRT"

THE ONWARD YEARS

(Continued from Page 17)

"Rice always reminds me," she said. "Our trying to pretend we weren't on a honeymoon, and the way it pattered out of your clothes and my hair when I did it that night."

"I did it," he corrected her.

"You brushed it, Edward."

"Yes, you're right. I brushed it."

"Such a pretty room we had, but there were lumps in the bed."

"I don't remember that," said he.

Four pieces of stamp paper holding in place a photograph of the Times' birth column in miniature:

Jessica, wife of Albert Edward Freemantle, of a daughter.

And opposing it a memorial card and a picture of a tiny headstone with illegible lettering.

"I saw in the paper only yesterday," said Edward Freemantle, "that there is another outbreak of scarlet fever in several districts."

Jessica nodded. That cloud—that tragedy which had shaken the walls of their small kingdom—was too remote for tears. Tears belong to happy, not to sad memories.

She turned another page and shook her head at the portrait of a comfortable-looking man who wore the apron and jewelry of a Mason. There was something glassy in his eye. He looked well fed and a shade too self-important.

"I never can think of that as being you," said Jessica with a small sniff, "all dressed up so!"

He frowned and said, "It's a marvelous institution."

"For men. Women don't think so."

"They know nothing about it, my dear."

"Then you can't wonder they don't like it," said she.

It was an old argument. Mr. Freemantle cherished the one secret of his life unshared by his wife.

She tossed her small white head.

"Those evenings I had to spend alone."

"But the knowledge one was doing good to people ought ——"

"What good?" she asked for the millionth time.

"You know I cannot tell you that, my dear." The same provoking answer.

"As if I couldn't make you tell if I wanted to," she said with that old smile of hers.

Another page opened and flicked past. Mr. Freemantle put up a hand.

"Take them as they come," he said. "Turn it back. Good or bad, it was part of the way we traveled."

An officer in the uniform of a lancer regiment, tall, good-looking, with an air.

"I often wonder you left it with the rest, Edward."

"I was fond of him."

"I suppose I ought to have torn it up. I meant to."

"It would have been a pity," he said. "We owe him some thanks, Jess."

She put her hand into his.

"You're a good man. I like you."

"He stirred up the broth of our life," said Edward Freemantle.

Routine, routine—punctual meals, regular habits, a train faithfully caught at the same moment each day, an extra inch on the waistcoat year by year. Time running away from youth, and youth a neglected figure on a hill. Turn the pages quickly, and on the changing of the faces before you, mark the curves of time and the footprints of the onward years. See how the addition goes. Simple, callow, merry, alert, ardent, electric, amiable, substantial, important, inflated, and then that unvarying stolid complacent look that never changes as the hair that frames its wearer's face thins and whitens. Reconstruct what follows from the likeness upon the page. It is easy enough if you see clearly and read the inevitables. Three portraits will suffice to tell this simple tale—three, with perhaps a fourth to supply the local color.

The fourth is a hospital nurse with a tight alpaca coat and a small hat that looks like half a pie tied with broad ribbons beneath her chin. She is standing by the iron gate of a house with a portico. Edward's house.

And the latest of Edward—solemn, somber, correct. He wears one glove and carries the other. He has no book, for he is occupied with himself—he is self-complete—he has acquired the bravery of self-confidence and no longer fears the eye of the camera. He knows that in the photograph as in life he will come out well

Captain Carlton Meakin, of the lancers, we know already and have admired the dash, the air—the something gallant in his bearing.

And Jessica? It would seem less a portrait of Jessica than of a riddle. She is still young, even though the bonnet of the period takes from her youth. Yet it would seem absurd that a bonnet could ring so great a change. Plainly something is missing—something vital, personal. The look! That's the solution. The look has vanished—replaced by faint showings of disappointment, of perplexity, and a hint of loneliness

In Edward reposed the comfortable assurance that all that could be done had been done. Everywhere his thoroughness had been exhibited. To the suggestion that the operation should be performed at a nursing home he returned a firm refusal. He himself removed the pictures from the spare room and had broken the glass of the Castle of Chillon while so doing. He himself supervised the taking down of the curtains and the papering, on the outside, of the lower panes of the windows. He had seen to it, when the carpet was taken up, that the charwoman scrubbed the boards as she had never scrubbed before. With his own hands he lighted the fumigating cartridges, and with his own hands sprayed the walls with disinfectant so thoroughly that the roses in the little baskets wept pink tears all over the blue trellis.

After that he had a sensible chop, having so placed himself at the table that he could observe the labors of the men who were laying straw outside the house. During the afternoon he took a wise walk, and those few friends he chanced to encounter were filled with admiration at his demeanor.

The specialist—the only one who could be intrusted to perform so delicate an operation with any hope of success—would not arrive from Edinburgh, whence he had been summoned by telegram, until five P.M. By 5:15, in accordance with Edward's instruction, vessels containing boiling water and the spirit lamps were to be placed in the spare room, and then Jessica would be brought to it, and then, so far as his—Edward's—work was concerned, nothing remained to be done.

It was astonishing how coolly and with what discrimination he had acted. He could not avoid a feeling of self-satisfaction. Never for an instant had he allowed emotion, sentiment or nervousness to mar his efficiency. He had even complained about the want of crispness in his breakfast bacon as was his usual custom. He had saved up the Times to read while the operation was being performed. No man could have displayed more excellent forethought.

But at a quarter to five he began to feel rather funny. He was not sure whether it was anything to do with being hungry, for the sensation attacked him low down with a feeling of emptiness. As a remedial measure he ate three biscuits from the canister of polished walnut wood. There was not enough moisture in his mouth to wet them down, so he poured out a little water from the frosted glass jug and drank it. Somehow he still felt funny.

It was then ten minutes to five. He had not intended to do so, but he mounted the stairs to Jessica's room to assure her all was in order

Jessica looked at him gravely when he came in, but said nothing. The nurse was knitting. Edward had some difficulty in finding anything to say, so he cleared his throat, interested himself in the pictures and ran a third finger along the mantelpiece for dust.

Jessica said, "Your collar is sticking up at the back."

"Really?" said Edward, and put the matter right.

Then some more silence.

Then: "Will he be here soon?"

"At five, yes. Everything's ready."

"Oh!"

"I think you'll find it all quite comfortable."

"Yes."

Another silence. Presently "Do you remember that snowball?" Jessica asked.

(Continued on Page 125)

"Topkis is a big dollar's worth!"

"I WISH every dollar I spend would bring me as much value as the dollar I spend for a Topkis Athletic Union Suit. My expenses would be cut in half.

"When I put my dollar on the counter and say 'Topkis' I get better fabric, more comfortable fit, longer wear—than two dollars will buy in most other kinds."

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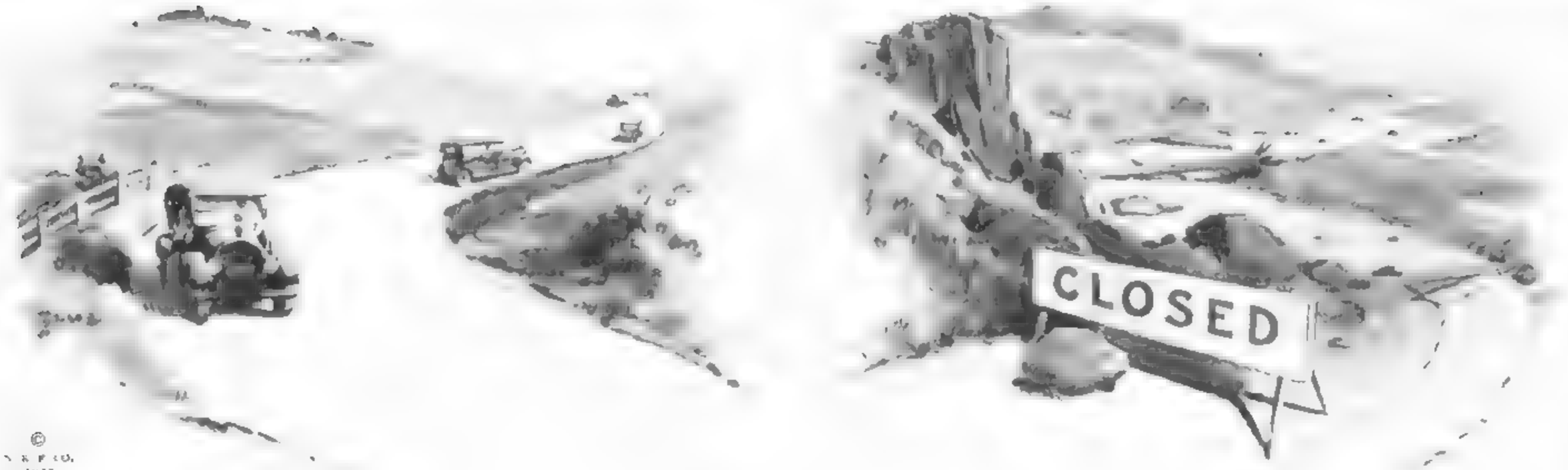

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Your Five Miles of Pores

Are They Open Roads, or Closed?

END on end your millions of pores would make a pipe line five miles long. Are they *open* roads or *closed?* Are they carrying their normal traffic, or is the "closed" sign diverting it to other channels and so causing congestion and lowered vitality? In other words, are you *really* clean or only *nearly* clean?

Real cleanliness is *pore-deep* cleanliness. And pore-deep cleanliness demands a soap which will not leave behind a residue to clog the skin. For this reason more and more people everywhere are adopting *American white cleanliness* which calls for *white* soap, a soap that soothes as well as invigorates, a soap which makes every pore an *open road* to health.

So, the ever-growing demand is for Fairy—*the whitest soap in the world*—soap in its purest form. In America's foremost baths, clubs and athletic institutions—*wherever cleanliness is a business*—there you will find Fairy Soap. There may be "prettier" soaps. There may be "smellier" soaps; but when it comes to honest-to-goodness, deep-down cleanliness, the call is for Fairy. It comes clean, it looks clean, it is clean through and through, and it does a clean job.

Entrust your skin to Fairy. It works no harm—it does great good. It *more* than cleans; it helps the body *breathe*. And every *clean*-thinking man or woman knows how essential that is to well-being. Its shape is handy. It floats. It gives instantly a wealth of cleansing, quick-rinsing lather. It wears without waste to a thin wafer. It is a really-clean soap for really-clean people.

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Yours very truly,
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL
Director

FAIRY SOAP

HELPS THE BODY BREATHE

(Continued from Page 123)

"Snowball?"

"The one you threw at me."

"I threw at you?"

"Yes. Edward, is it snowing now?"

"No, my dear."

"I wish it would; then perhaps you could get some and throw one at me now."

Edward glanced at the nurse and shook his head.

"I wouldn't worry over these things, Jessica," he said. Then as an afterthought: "When you're well again we must choose a new wall paper for the spare room. The disinfectant has made the color run."

"Yes," said Jessica, "people throwing snowballs."

Edward kissed her forehead and went out of the room.

And presently the operation began.

It would take three hours, the surgeon said. Three hours! After an age Edward looked at the clock. He could not believe that only three minutes had passed since the closing of the door upstairs. There must be something wrong with the clock, he thought; but when he listened it was still tick-tacking to its accustomed measure. He returned to the leather armchair and opened the Times. There was a leading article on agricultural conditions. He had to focus his attention upon it. Here was the result:

"If we compare the harvests of —— If we compare the harvests of —— If we compare the harvests of "

The line went round and round. He could not get past it to the next.

In the room overhead footsteps went to and fro.

"If we compare the harvests of ——"

Someone was mounting the front steps. Edward went out into the hall in time to open the door before the knocker sounded.

On the threshold stood Captain Carlton Meakin.

Edward blinked at him.

"Of course!" he said "You were not aware. My wife unhappily ——"

"I've just heard," said Meakin. "Heard accidentally. My God, Freemantle, why wasn't I told?"

Edward stared at Meakin in astonishment as, unmvited, he strode into the hall and pitched hat and gloves on a console table.

"The operation has begun," he whispered. "At a time like this visitors ——"

"Visitors!" snorted Meakin, and marched into the dining room with Edward following.

"Now tell me everything—what the surgeon said, her chance, the seriousness of it."

"It is very serious," Edward announced gravely, for Meakin's excitement had sobered and perplexed him. "In the circumstances I should be glad if ——"

"No, no! I must stay. Can't be got rid of like that."

"Meakin!"

"Sorry. I hardly know what I'm saying. The shock of it—and —— How long before we get news?"

"We!"

"You, then. What's a word matter?"

"They will take three hours."

"Three! And is he up to it—a first-rate man—this surgeon—is he any good?"

"He is the finest surgeon in England today," Edward replied with much injury. "And may I say I regard that question as ——"

"Oh, yes," said Meakin, moving his head from side to side. Without invitation he poured himself out a glass of water and drank it at a gulp. That done, he fixed Edward with a pair of very pale blue eyes. "What were you doing before I came in?" he demanded.

"May I point out ——"

"What were you doing, man?"

He spoke in the voice of one accustomed to command.

Edward drew himself up and replied, "Since you ask, I was reading the Times"

Meakin jerked up his head with an exclamation of disgust.

"Were you so?" he said. "Were you so?"

"How dare you!" cried Edward, suddenly blazing up. "By what possible right do you criticize? D'you imagine I have not suffered enough today without putting up with impertinent interrogations from ——"

Meakin nodded.

"You're right," he said. "I'm behaving like a cad—outsider. I beg your pardon. I'm sorry; only ——" The sentence was left unfinished.

"In an ordeal of this kind—when a man has done everything in the world to neglect no single precaution—it's intolerable to ——"

"I know. I beg your pardon."

"I can't understand ——"

"It was unforgivable."

"Coming here and ——"

"I've no excuse."

"It's—er ——"

From above came the sound of a voice imperatively demanding something, the name of which failed to penetrate through floor and ceiling. Edward stopped talking and winced nervously, half turned toward the door and with an effort halted. Meakin put out a hand and took him gently by the arm.

"Is that ——"

Edward nodded.

"Just above."

Meakin licked his dry lips.

"Isn't there another room?" he queried. "This—this is awful—being able to hear."

Edward took no notice. His face was set, listening.

"Old man! Freemantle—I say!"

"Well?"

"Let's go out for a bit, shall we? Walk a bit? No good here! 'Tisn't six yet—the florists won't be shut. Let's buy some flowers—heaps of 'em—jolly colored ones."

"You go," said Edward slowly. "I shall stay here."

"As you wish. We'll stay then. I only thought when she came to—was better—and finding flowers in the room—little things like that mean a lot to a woman."

Edward turned and looked at him thoughtfully.

"I suppose you are right," he said!

Again came the sound of the voice barking instructions.

At the sound Meakin's composure broke into atoms like a smashed tumbler.

"I can't stand it—can't, can't!" he cried. "The fool's bungled, I'll swear. Jessica—Jess!"

And then Edward's voice—ringing clear as a bell: "Sit down!"

"But, man alive ——"

"Sit down!"

He found himself forced into a chair. His breath was coming in short gasps like that of a man at the end of a race.

There was a long silence.

Then "Meakin," said Edward, "how far has this gone?"

"What do you mean?"

"Let's be honest with each other. How far?"

Meakin's head went down into his hands.

"I've never said a word."

"Does she know?"

"Women guess."

The next sentence came with difficulty.

"Did she—was she kind?"

"She was lonely, I think; felt neglected; something was missing."

"Neglected! But I —— Well—go on."

"There's no more, old man."

Edward moved to the window and looked out.

Snow had begun to fall. The pavements showed pale by the light of the gas lamps and the leaves of the privet hedge were wearing liveries of white.

"What was missing?" he asked presently. Then as there was no answer: "Something in me?"

"You had your interests—perhaps they weren't always hers. There was a gap—gaps in her happiness somewhere."

"Was there a look in her eyes when she guessed?"

Meakin started.

"How did you know?"

"There was then?"

Meakin nodded.

"It was that that made me ——"

"I know," said Edward. "It does. That look was for you?"

"She was staring out of the window when I saw it. When she turned to me again it was gone. She seemed to be thinking of something. No, it was not for me. What's the good of all this, anyway?"

Edward looked at the clock.

"Two more hours," he said.

Meakin shivered.

"Meakin," said Edward, "as you believe in God, answer me this question."

"Yes."

"If all goes well—when she comes to—is conscious again—who would she rather find by her side—you or me?"

"Have you so little faith in her as to ask that?"

"In myself—not her," he replied. "I think I've rather lost myself as she knew

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me, behind a rubbish pile of convention—prosperity and a few gray hairs. Answer my question if you please."

"You as she knew you before you lost yourself," came the answer.

A thin sigh escaped between Edward's shut teeth. There were beads of sweat on his forehead.

He said "Thank you." Then after a long time: "I wonder if I could find myself for her. I wonder."

Neither Carlton Meakin nor any other man could have understood his next remark. It leaped out like a jack-in-the-box as though a closed door had suddenly opened.

"I remember that snowball!" he exclaimed.

Afterward he looked ever so much younger. And seeing the youth steal back into his eyes, Carlton Meakin seemed to age visibly.

Mrs. Freemantle nodded her white head over the page.

"He was a dear fellow," she said. "Like a great baby, he was. I almost cried when you told me he had gone abroad."

Edward Freemantle chuckled.

"The young scamp! That was a bitter night, Jessica. After leaving the house he stood over there, hidden under that lilac, and watched the light in your window hour after hour. I took him a cup of tea, and as dawn broke I told him the danger was passed. Almost frozen, he was. I had to shake him before he could understand. Then suddenly he began to laugh. I laughed, too, and we punched each other and shook hands. It was always a mystery to me how the snowballing began. Sometimes I think the policeman started it—or the relief, perhaps. So long ago one forgets. What a fight it was! Poor old Meakin!"

"I never liked that woman he married," said Jessica. "Those big hats she wore!"

"Oh, come! She bore him fine sons. Though it was a pity the eldest got mixed up in that divorce case."

"Perhaps he wasn't entirely to blame," said Jessica.

Edward Freemantle opened his mouth, and on a second thought closed it again.

"Perhaps not," he said. "But our son ——"

Hallo! Edward Freemantle, Junior! Yours is a tardy appearance, but you are none the less sturdy on that account. The art of the camera has improved with the march of time. Those mat-surface studies of you naked and asprawl on a polar-bear skin are reason enough for pride in the faces of your parents. Come, sir, you overfill those middle pages as the true circles of your babyhood oval and sharpen and reshape into the angularities of youth. You move too quickly, Edward Freemantle, Junior. We cannot believe those little naked limbs could grow so fast or pass so rapidly from one raiment to another. Oh, youth, youth! You are ripping across the pages of middle age like a juggernaut. Stand aside a moment and let us see what is happening to the folks we used to know. Give room, sir; be kind, be fair. The world belongs to young and old alike. Give us space to count the dry leaves beneath the green. Draw rein, Edward. There can be but one end to the headlong gallop through the years; will you forestall it by your haste? Hands snatch at the bridle, voices call as, astride the splendid twenties, you thunder by. Aha! Tripped, Edward Freemantle, Junior! It was bound to happen. Held and captived by a look. Small blame to you, for Phyllis has eyes that hold.

And then—the old people ambling up for the bridal. Bouquet and buttonhole—white waistcoat and flounce—wrinkled, twinkling and breathless. They are no longer front benchers—to them belongs the mid-distance. Theirs is the partial obscurity of the publisher whose mind is full of plans for a new edition of an old work.

Some more pages, and we are nearing the last. Old threads may be picked up here and old friends followed out. That white cross marks a bit of England in a valley below Passchendaele. Ernie—you remember Ernie his boy lies under that cross, with his father's mustache and his mother's dimple. That spaniel had soft eyes and affectionate habits and died of being run over. Those twins belong to Mary, who was such a good parlor maid and married a postman who got a D. C. M. during the war and was clever at chip carving.

"Do you know," said Jessica seriously, "I don't like this portrait of our Edward? He looks so smug in it. A young man like that."

"Forty," said her husband. "Forty, my dear!"

Jessica sniffed.

"What's forty? I think I shall speak to Phyllis about him. He wants a good shake up."

"Eh?"

"I wonder," she said slowly—"I wonder where that youngest boy of Carlton Meakin's could be found."

Edward Freemantle turned an astonished face to his wife.

"Why ever do you wonder that?"

But she only laughed a perplexing little laugh.

"Have you been happy, Edward?"

"Yes," he said. "I think very happy. I wonder why, sometimes."

He found she was looking at him, and somehow it made him feel very content.

She dropped her eyes slowly, as old people must, and they settled on the last page. She pointed with a thin, almost transparent finger.

"Edward the third," she said in a glowing voice.

Such a scrubby boy he was, all hands and feet and untidy hair.

"It's late, Jessica. Time we were abed."

"Yes." She nodded and closed the book gently. On the lowest stair while he was lighting the candles she said, "Edward, I've thought of something rather nice."

"Well?"

"'As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.'"

"You didn't think of that, you old silly," he said.

"No, p'r'aps I didn't, but it's nice that ends are only beginnings, isn't it?"

The two candles went twinkling up the stairs, gilding the rail and casting long shadows behind them.

WHERE HAVE THE MINERS GONE?

(Continued from Page 19

old-time engine man who had received $250 a month when the mine was operating, and had been kept on at $4.50 a day as a watchman after the shutdown. This was not enough, however, to support his family, as he had six children in school. Finally he was enabled to earn a little extra by sweeping out the office of the official in question. Even at that, he was hard put to it to make ends meet.

"Finally it occurred to me," said the employer, "that some of these children of his might be able to earn a little in their spare time. I wanted the floors of my house waxed at regular intervals, and it was hard to get the work done. The maid wouldn't do it, my wife isn't strong enough, and so I had been doing it myself. I offered it to the engine man for one of his boys.

"'I'll have you understand,' he said heatedly, 'that I won't let my boy be a servant in no man's house.'

"'Very well, then,' I replied; 'then I'll have to be a servant myself, for if your boy won't do it, I'll have to do it myself.'

"This mollified him a little, and he grudgingly and condescendingly permitted his son to do the work; but he kept complaining to me that he would like to move away so that his children would have a better chance. What he means by a better chance, of course, is where they'd be more likely to become lawyers or bankers."

Several of the local superintendents or managers to whom I talked viewed the disinclination of the Americans or English to have their sons go into mining rather calmly, saying that it was merely part of the general upward movement of these nationalities, and that the very progress of the public school and state university systems drew more and more of the sons of such miners into other and more strictly white-collared occupations.

(Continued on Page 129

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(Continued from Page 128)

"When you and I were children," said one manager, "English-speaking men dug coal and iron ore and worked in section gangs. The change has come about everywhere, and not merely in copper mining. The younger generation of English-speaking people brought up here will work in the smelter, machine shop, mill or office, anywhere aboveground; but very few underground."

"The sons go to school and get foolish ideas," was in substance the remarks made by other managers who take the situation less complacently. "They get a false idea that there is some sort of superiority in a white-collar job. They read about football games, proms and fraternities at the colleges and state universities, and get the idea that all a college man does is to have a good time."

"It is largely due to all this sob stuff about the poor downtrodden workingman," said one decidedly outspoken manager. "There has been so much weeping over the lot of the poor workingman that all the dignity has been taken out of his calling."

The Lure of the White Collar

"The public schools are largely to blame. The whole trend of their system of education is to make boys and girls want white-collar jobs, stenographic, clerical and small business positions, rather than manual work."

A miner who wrote recently to one of the journals of his trade said: "Any fifteen-dollar-a-week clerk can travel in circles I can't travel in. A dirty miner is one individual to be avoided at all times except on pay day, and then he should be tolerated only as long as his money lasts."

The chamber of commerce in one of the big camps is seeking to form a section composed entirely of miners.

"We want the miner to feel that people outside appreciate his job, and that his vocation is worth while," said the secretary.

But in talking to the workmen themselves I received an utterly different slant. In one camp I met a committee representing nearly 2000 miners, and other workmen about the mines, and they discussed all the questions put to them with apparently complete freedom, with no employer present. All insisted that anything would be better than to have their sons work in the mines; but their reasons were very different from those given by the employers.

The only topic these men appeared to be interested in was wages and the cost of living. Every question I asked they answered from that point of view, or managed to twist around to it. They did not want their sons in mining because the wages were too small. In various ways I tried to find out whether it was really the lure of the white collar, or because manual work is looked down upon, as stated so emphatically by several employers, but could get no satisfaction. To all such questions the reply was that the workingman naturally goes where he can get big wages, and these are not at the present writing to be had in mining camps.

For many years before the war wages in the Western mining camps were slightly in excess of those paid for more or less similar work outside. In other words, copper mining enjoyed an actual differential, as one would naturally expect it to. This was wholly upset by the war. Wages were raised somewhat, it is true, in the copper camps; but less than outside; distinctly less than on the railroads, in the building trades and coal mines. Conditions were reversed, the differential upset. Then, to make matters worse, the mining industry was deflated faster after the postwar boom had burst than most other lines.

When the writer visited the copper camps toward the end of last year the practically uniform scale of wages ranged from $2.75 for common Mexican labor to $5.23 for the more skillful miners and mechanics, for an eight-hour day. The miners' wage is still a substantial fraction above prewar levels, but the general opinion among men of every position and occupation in and about the camps is that a further raise will become necessary before long.

After all, mining is not altogether an easy occupation. Just exactly what the ratio of hazard is to other lines of heavy manual work I do not know; but it is well recognized as a dangerous occupation to life and limb. Though there are certain physical advantages connected with the work, it seems to be generally agreed that these are more than offset by the risk of accident and of tuberculosis from dust. Of course, the risks and dangers are in a sense in turn counterbalanced by the lure of the occupation, which appeals to many men all the way from the miner up to the general manager.

"I long for the smell of the underground workings," wrote a former miner who had deserted the camps for the supposedly safer, pleasanter and easier life of Southern California, in a letter to a mining journal. "I am lonesome for the hum of the rock drill and the sounds of the blasts as I go from my working place to the shaft."

But on the whole, the occupation appears to deserve a slight differential, and the lure perhaps is overcapitalized by employers. The situation may work out in a number of different ways. A reduction in wages in other lines, especially a slackening of the boom on the West Coast, would help this particular industry. Or higher prices for copper may enable the companies to pay higher wages. Or there may be still further changes in the national and racial make-up of the working forces that will affect the problem.

Certainly this national and racial question is easily the most baffling that one encounters in the mining districts. Originally copper mining in this country was done by the Cornish, the hereditary or Cousin Jack, miner. Then, as these proved insufficient, there came Irish; later on Scandinavians, especially Finns; then Italians, Austrians, Montenegrins and Serbians, some Spanish; and now the Mexicans in perfect floods. Always, of course, there have been a certain proportion of Americans and a few Scotch, but not many of the latter.

Though it is dangerous to generalize, because the proportion of races and nationalities vary so with the different camps, it would seem to an outsider that the tendency is distinctly toward the almost complete Mexicanzation of the copper-mining industry. Bisbee, the one great district which has not yet succumbed, is known as the white miner's last stand.

Persons who do not see eye to eye with the managements of the copper companies have some very bitter and unkind things to say about the employment of so many foreigners.

Cheap Labor That Proved Dear

"Before the war," says one such critic, "the companies employed foreigners because they gave less trouble if killed in the mines. Naturally the public would not get so excited over the death of a dozen bohunks or Mexican peons as it would if the same number of native Americans or Englishmen were killed. In general, the foreigners were far more amenable. Americans and Englishmen are pretty ugly customers, after all. They are independent and critical and they object to everything; whereas the foreigner usually objects to nothing.

"But when the war came along, with its strikes, riots, deportations, wabbly disturbances and all the rest of the trouble, the foreigner, aroused to fury, proved an even worse customer than the English or the native.

"Then the managers wished they had never experimented with cheap foreign labor, and tried frantically to employ Americans, which policy in turn they were only obliged to give up in disgust, because the Americans simply were not to be had."

Workmen with whom I talked, members of the employes' grievance committee of one of the big mines, seemed to think that it wouldn't be necessary to employ so many Mexicans if only the companies would pay larger wages.

"One American miner can do twice the work of a Mexican," said one of these men, himself a sturdy American type; "and I should think it would pay the companies to offer the inducements that would bring in more Americans."

One of the managers stated that scores of what are technically known as sick Mexicans apply for jobs every day; men regarded as incapable of doing the work, often weighing only ninety-six pounds. Formerly one company, which is fairly typical, employed a high proportion of Jugoslavs, but these are way down now, and their places taken by Mexicans. Whereas in 1917 only 8 per cent of the company's labor was Mexican, it now runs to 68 per cent. Another manager in a different district told me that as far as he could see there is no limit to the number of available Mexican laborers.

In one camp forty-five different languages were spoken at one time; but on the streets, and even in the higher class stores, I saw mostly Mexicans. In many ways, of course, the Mexican is a useful workman. He can learn almost any trade, has a mechanical turn of mind and can often be developed into a good mechanic, switchman, motorman, and the like. Besides, not all of them are migratory by any means, one of the big mines having a number of Mexicans who have remained there for fifteen years. Nor is the Mexican as a rule much interested in controversial economic questions such as daily stir the American, Englishman and Irishman.

But once stirred up or incited to strike and riot by agitators, he is the most dangerous of elements to deal with. Besides, it can hardly be said that his presence adds architectural or sanitary beauty to a mining camp. He lives for the most part in the worst of shacks and amid wholly unlovely conditions. He is one grand little spender, and lives up to his earnings so freely that any American community made up predominantly of Mexican workmen is bound to be in essence a stronghold of medieval peonage. Like the Slav, Spaniard and Italian, he tends more or less to drive out nationalities and races alien to him, and bring in, it is to be feared, a distinctly lower standard of living.

Boys Trained for Mining

The day before I talked with members of the employes' committee a Mexican workman had been burned to death on a slag dump. I read the item with but casual interest in the local paper; but was reminded of it when the committee's spokesman referred to the dissatisfaction on the part of English-speaking miners in being obliged to work with Mexicans who could not understand English, and added that the Mexican killed the day before would not have been injured at all if he had understood the shout of a fellow worker who had called to him to throw down a latchet, but in the meaningless, to him, English language.

Certainly the managers face a most complicated problem. Nearly all of them said that if they could fill a position with an American or other English-speaking worker they would always take him in preference to a foreigner.

But one of the leading managers added frankly and significantly, "We always give preference to Americans, provided they are not agitators."

"It is not worth while trying to get a high-grade man for shoveler," said one manager, who I think was in a pessimistic mood. "The American simply doesn't want to be a mucker, and if he does have to work at it a while he won't stay long enough to be worth anything. I don't believe in trying to compel men to work if they don't want to."

One of these employers went on to say that even Bisbee would eventually become a Mexican camp, and was sure to lose its fight to remain a white-man's camp. But the curious thing about this statement was that the same manager added that when new houses were erected in his place, when the town was made more attractive and provided with more amusements, the Americans might come to work there.

Indeed, I found everywhere that though managers for the most part declared the employment of foreigners to be inevitable or even desirable, they are working almost frantically to make the communities surrounding these mines the sort of places where Americans or other English-speaking peoples would choose to live. Two of them stated specifically that they expected more Americans with improved housing.

Possibly the companies will go in more and more for the intensive training of young men for underground work. Apparently this has never been done on any large scale; but as in so many other industries new conditions are making it necessary. In one mine I met several fine-looking young fellows, either American born or of American parentage, who were taking the course and seemed to be enjoying it.

One young chap with shining eyes was shoveling like mad, and when asked how long he had been in the class replied that the first time in his life he had ever been underground was that very morning. In this particular mine between thirty and thirty-five boys are being trained. It may be noted also that the companies make

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every effort to induce young college-trained mining engineers to serve an underground apprenticeship.

A responsible and intelligent workman, who spoke for several thousand of his fellows, told the writer that he did not believe white men would stay in the mining camps at all if it were not for the automobile. Certainly it would seem that until human nature has greatly changed the automobile is almost a practical necessity.

As in all large centers of industry, one finds a marked and radical difference of opinion among the employers and the classes associated with them regarding the advantages of extensive ownership of cars among the workingmen. Nowhere have I heard so many pathetic stories of what might be termed automobile extravagance among workingmen as in the copper districts. Said the manager of one big company:

"I know a man who sold flivver tops, and he had arranged with a miner to deliver one at the miner's home. He went there and found it nothing but a tent shack. There was no furniture except a few tin pails and wooden boxes, and a great deal of dirt. The miner was away, but his wife told the salesman they had changed their minds and intended to buy a car that sells for about $1400 new.

"The salesman was aghast, realizing as he did that the miner was probably out of work and that he couldn't earn more than five dollars a day when he did work. So he started in to argue against the higher-priced car.

"'It is so expensive to maintain,' he said.

"'But it rides so much easier,' said the woman, as she wiped her hands on a dirty apron."

Fondness for Motor Cars

Such stories are common enough and true enough. I was told of the man who refused to give a cent to the Boy Scouts, but was seen buying a new $1400 car the next day; of the man who kept up payments on his car when he sacrificed a house over his head because he could not keep up the payments on both. One miner borrowed seventy-five dollars at a local bank, agreeing to repay the loan in three monthly installments.

After paying back fifty dollars he bought a car in the $1200–$1500 class, to the intense disgust of the banker, who thereupon insisted upon the immediate payment of the third installment.

Another miner bought a small car on installments and had to let it go for inability to keep them up. Whereupon he made the first payment on a used car of vastly larger make, the cost of which new is about $3000. This man lived just beyond the Continental Divide, which terrific grade he had to make twice daily. I have no desire to advertise a certain make of small car, which needs no advertisement; but it is said to get you there, even over the divide; whereas the big fellow, in its then aged and junklike condition, could not make the grade. Besides, the big car cost forty-five or fifty dollars a month in repairs.

In a newspaper in a mining town I counted all the local and personal items and found that fully half had to do either with the purchase of automobiles or maintenance of highways. In one district where the monthly pay roll was running about $250,000 last fall the purchase of cars was nearly $400,000 a year.

In this same town the president of a bank, who is also president of a copper company, figured out on a pad of paper for me that the average miner cannot maintain an automobile without cutting down on his eating.

Representatives of the workmen on the other hand made this statement in rebuttal, as it were:

"The managers never like workingmen to have any fun except what the managers say they can have. Mostly, workingmen buy used cars, overhaul them themselves, and sell them again for more than they cost."

One superintendent, who took what might be considered a more sympathetic view of the miner's lot than most of his group, said that the real reason employers oppose the purchase of cars by workingmen is because they fear the men might demand higher wages to keep up the cars.

The president of one company, who made an extended trip to Europe, was struck by the poverty and suffering which he saw there. As soon as possible after his return he visited his property in Arizona, and to afford every workman a chance to get justice, announced that he would hear grievances at a certain hour. Anyone dissatisfied with the edicts of the general manager could come in and appeal to a higher court. To the disgust of the president, whose mind was still on starving children and war-zone desolation, the first complaint came from a committee of workmen who felt aggrieved because there was no free air in the garage provided them by the company.

Effects of Prohibition

Yet in their actions the companies do not show a complete disapproval of the automobile. They are encouraging the building not alone of good roads but of near-by mountain resorts, to which the miners in increasing numbers are taking their families for camping trips in the summertime.

Now, the truth is that the employer has good reason to be puzzled, uncertain and inconsistent in his attitude toward the automobile, just as he had toward the saloon.

In a general way, the managers agree that prohibition has brought an improvement in the miners' condition; fewer barefooted children, less absenteeism on the day following pay day, more telephones and electric lights and better living conditions in general.

But the contrary view is at least worth presenting, and it was put by one manager in this fashion:

"Miners used to be paid only once a month. This meant they had quite a stake, most of which they would blow in at the saloons and gambling houses. Then they would take from one to three days off and come back very shaky but exceedingly happy, because they had something to talk about and look forward to. Now all they have to talk about are their grievances. The automobile has helped some, but there is no real substitute as yet. Libraries and Y. M. C. A.'s are too highbrow. Why, even with some of these miners boxing matches and baseball games are no substitute for the saloon, and they won't bother to go to them!"

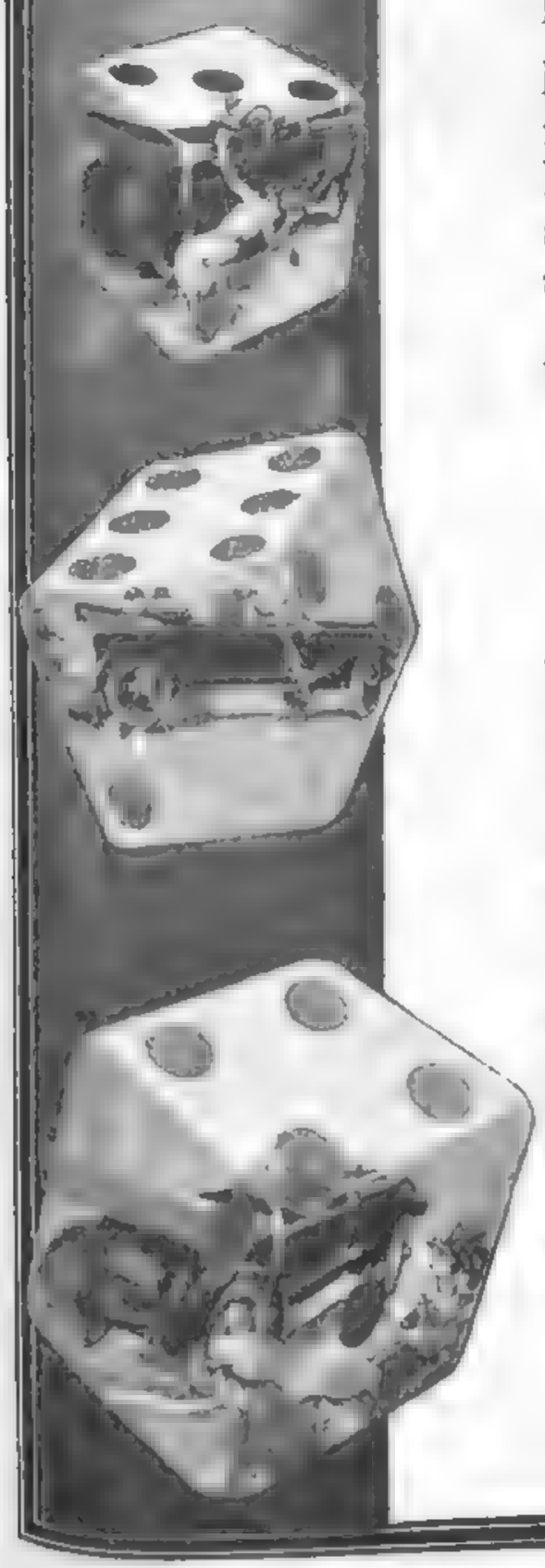
Though there is no doubt some truth in this statement, it represents not only a minority view but one which seems to overlook the fact that the world does move; and with the increasing percentage of married miners the old carousings are out of date. A frank but much more suggestive view was that of a mine superintendent who said:

"We encourage our men to buy the cheaper makes of cars. It not only gives them enjoyment but we believe the majority of miners must be kept broke or they won't work. The average workman has at least a streak in him of what the natives of Burma are said to have in larger quantity. The mines there are very rich, but cannot be operated because the natives refuse to work more than one day a month.

"We are not worrying about the man with a frugal disposition—the one who really wants to save and get ahead in the world. He will take care of himself. There is no point in keeping him poor to make him work. It is the opposite sort of incentive, the desire to get ahead and accumulate money, that makes him work. He won't let a car interfere with his saving. But we can't deal only with the exceptional man; we must deal with large masses who won't work unless they are poor, and we believe an automobile is a better way to keep them poor than either gambling in oil and mining stocks or the old-fashioned saloon system."

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Atwood. The second will appear in an early issue

The Gambler



WHEN streets are wet and treacherous, pitting your skill against the Skid that lurks at every turn is like tilting the dice-box with Fate.

He who fails to put on WEED DE LUXE CHAINS at the first drop of rain gambles with his own life and with the lives of others. No matter how skilfully and how carefully you drive, you and those with you are in *imminent danger* when mist or rain turns streets into deadly skidways, *unless* your tires are equipped with chains that give the *maximum* traction—

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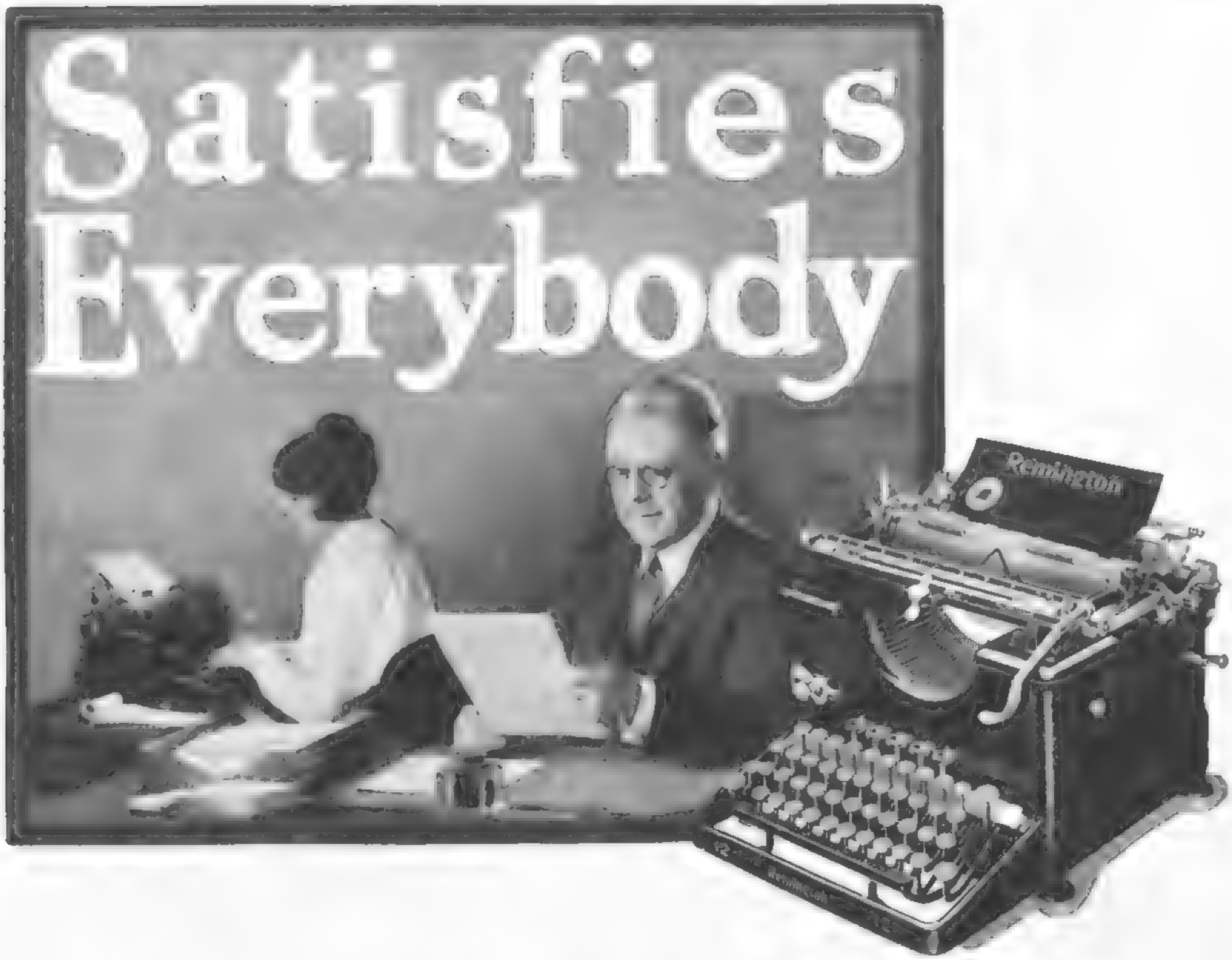

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THE CINDER BUGGY

(Continued from Page 25)

There are innumerable chances for and against one's living another day, another hour. These chances are estimated statistically and great companies are formed to bet on them. That is life insurance. The insurance company bets not on the life of an individual, for that would be gambling; it bets that the aggregate life of ten thousand people will correspond to the average duration of human life, and that works out, because those who fall short of the average are balanced by those who exceed it, and there is an average. But any single life is the sport of pure chance. And we know nothing about this fickle arbiter. Therefore we become superstitious. Belief in luck is the only universal religion. Luck is the happy chance. The right thing happens when it is needed. It strains a point to happen. Why it happens in streaks, why it happens more to some than to others, why to a darling few it happens importunately, these are questions one asks in a rhetorical sense. There is no answer. Luck and genius may be two aspects of the same thing. Luck happens and genius happens, and there is no accounting for them.

It came to be a notorious saying about John Breakspeare that he was lucky. But people at the same time said he was dangerous, which would mean that he sometimes failed. That was true. He often failed. When that happened he did not curse his luck. It only occurred to him that he had played the wrong chance, and he went on from there. Probably in a case like his there is a highly developed intuition of the winning chance corresponding to a musical composer's intuition of harmony. The principles of harmony have been partially discovered. The rhythms of chance are still a mystery.

Certainly it was chance, not luck, that brought John this day to the edge of a small crowd in front of the county courthouse just as the auctioneer was saying:

"Three thousand! Three thousand! Three thousand! T-h-r-e-e thous-a-n-d! Three thousand dollars for a first-class nail mill. Why, gentlemen, it would fetch more than that by the pound for junk. Three thousand, do I hear one? Three thousand, do I hear one? Going, at three —— One! Thank you, sir."

He bowed ironically to John.

"Thirty-one-thirty-one-thirty-one hun-d-r-e-d! Do-I-hear-two? Do-I-hear-two? Do-I-hear-two? Two over there! Now do I hear three? Do-I-hear-three? Two-do-I-hear-three?"

He was looking at John.

"Going at thirty-two. Are you all done? T-h-i-r-t-y-two, once. T-h-i-r-t-y-two, twice. T-h-i-r-t-y-two for the third and ——"

John nodded his head.

"Three! Three-I have, three-I-have, three-I-have! T-h-r-t-y-three hundred dollars for an up-to-date iron mill in the great city of Pittsburgh. Thirty-three-hundred. Do I hear four? Four do I hear? Thirty-three-thirty-three-thirty-three. Going at thirty-three hundred. Going, once. Going, twice. Going for the third and last time—sold!—to that young man over there. Now, gentlemen, the next property to be sold by the decree of the court is a nail mill as is a mill. It has a capacity of ——"

John, thrusting his way through the crowd, interrupted:

"Where shall I go to settle for this?"

The auctioneer eyed him suspiciously and relighted his cigar before speaking.

"If I were you," he squinted, "I'd try the clerk of the court."

"Where is he?"

"Haven't you seen him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"There was no occasion."

The auctioneer could not stand anything so opaque. It made him sarcastic and dubious.

"If you have been playing booby horse with me and the court—if you have! Does anybody around here know your figger to look at it?"

"This is a public auction, isn't it?" John asked.

"Yes, sir-ree."

"A certain property was put up here for sale?"

"Yes, sir-ree."

"Well, I bought it," said John. "Now I want to pay for it. Is that clear? I want to pay for it in cash. Does that make it any clearer? Whom shall I pay? That's all I want to know."

The auctioneer saved his ego with a gesture of being exceedingly bored. He turned to the bailiff at his side and wearily tore from his hands a large legal document.

"I'll read this," he said. "Take him in to the clerk." Then he resumed: "A nail mill as is a mill, gentlemen, particularly described, if we may read without further interruption, in terms as follows ——"

Half an hour later John walked out of the courthouse with title to a mill he had never seen, guaranteed by the bankruptcy court to exist in Twenty-ninth Street and to contain tools, machines, devices, and so forth, pertaining to the manufacture of cut-iron nails. It was one of four nail mills sold that day on the courthouse steps.

"Can't be much of a mill," mused John. "Still, it doesn't take much of a mill to be worth thirty-three hundred dollars."

Not until long afterward, and then not very hard, did the incongruity of this transaction strike his sense of humor. And, in fact, it was not as irrational as it might seem. He had to have a mill of some sort in which to place Thane. Nail mills were very cheap because they had increased too fast and were falling into bankruptcy. The other bidders undoubtedly were men who not only had examined the mill but who knew the state of the nail industry. It was not likely that they would overvalue the property; and he paid only one hundred dollars more than they had been willing to give for it.

The next thing he did was to visit a lawyer whom he remembered favorably from slight acquaintance. That was Jubal Awns—two small black eyes in a big round head and a pleasant way of saying yes.

John drew a slip of paper from his pocket. He wished to incorporate a company, to be styled the North American Manufacturing Company, Ltd., with an authorized capital of a quarter of a million dollars and three incorporators—himself, the lawyer Awns and a man named Thane.

"What is the business?" Awns asked.

"Manufacturing," said John.

"Yes," said Awns, "but what do we manufacture? What is the property to be incorporated?"

"A nail mill, to begin with," said John.

"Where is it?"

"Here in Pittsburgh. Thirty-ninth Street."

"That's got me," said Awns. "I can't think of any nail mill in Thirty-ninth Street."

John looked at the bill of sale and improved the address without the slightest change of expression.

"Twenty-ninth," he said.

The lawyer took the bill of sale, glanced at it, and gave John a curious look.

"Have you seen it?"

"No."

"Bought it sight unseen?"

"Yes."

"How much stock of this new company do you mean to issue?"

"Founders' shares, or whatever they are, and then stock to myself for what I put in—the mill, the money to start with, and so on."

"Then why an authorized capital of a quarter of a million?"

"Because I'm going into the iron and steel business," said John.

Awns studied him in silence.

"You have quit with Gib at New Damascus?"

"I'm out for myself," said John.

"All right," said Awns. "Here's for the North American Manufacturing Company, Ltd."

They drew up papers. At the end of the business John asked: "Will you take your fee in cash or stock?"

Jubal Awns was amazed and somehow challenged too. He was ten years older than John, successful, shrewd, romantic. He loved to dramatize a matter and make unexpected decisions.

Putting down the papers he got up and walked three times across the floor with an air of meditation.

"I'll take it in stock," he said, "provided I may incorporate all of your companies and take my fee that way each time."

They shook hands on it.

It was late that afternoon when John and Thane together set out in a buggy from the hotel to inspect the mill. Thane was eager

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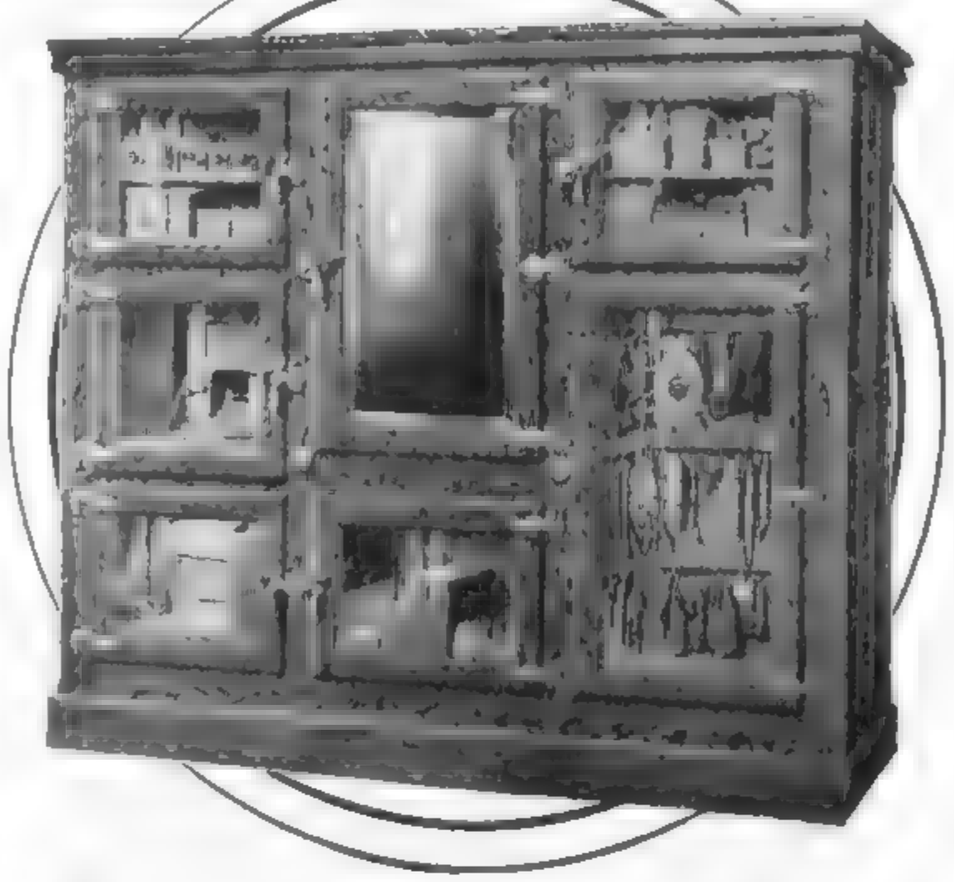

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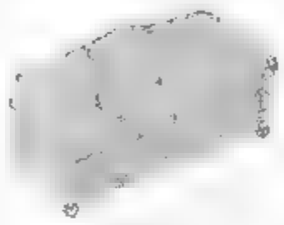

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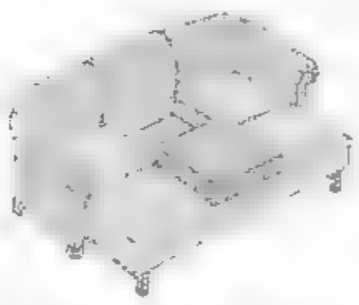

The bed pulls out easily and quickly

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Dealers everywhere are now showing Royals in beautiful mohairs, velours, tapestries and leathers, at prices no higher than you pay for bed davenports with flat cot-springs.

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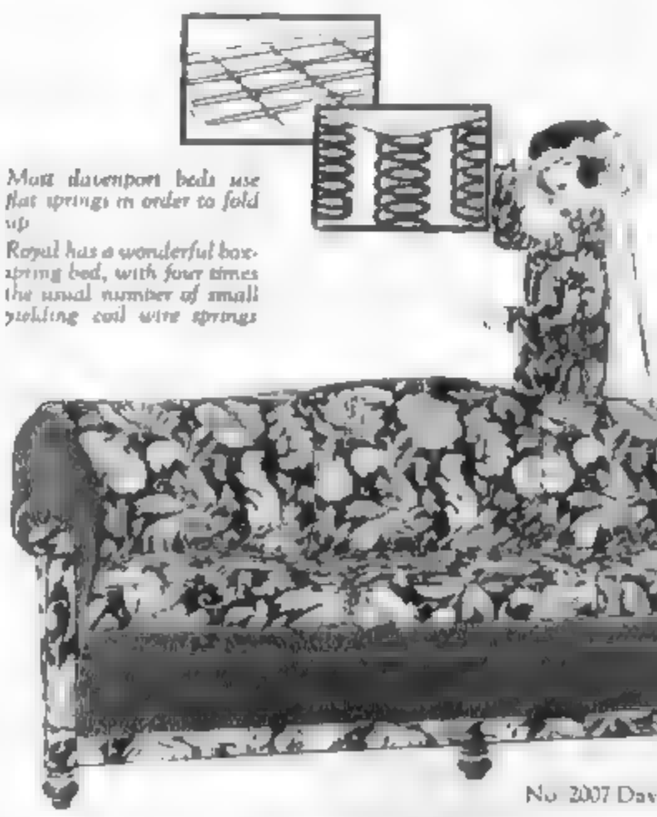

Most davenport beds use flat springs in order to fold up

Royal has a wonderful box-spring bed, with four times the usual number of small yielding coil wire springs

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"WITH THE BOX-SPRING GUEST BED"

and communicative. He had not been taking it easy. He evidently had visited all the big mills in and around Pittsburgh. He had seen some new practice and much that was bad, and had got a lot of ideas. He had informed himself as to the conditions of labor. Here and there he had found a man he meant to pick up.

And all the time John's heart was sinking. As they turned into Twenty-ninth Street the eight stacks of the Keystone Iron Works rose in their eyes. No other iron-working plant was visible in the vicinity, and as John, looking for his nail mill, began to slow up, Thane leaped to the notion that the Keystone was their goal.

"She's a whale!" he said enthusiastically, but with no sound of awe. John gave him a squinting glance.

"Would you tackle that?" he asked.

"Oh," said Thane, "then that ain't it." In his tone was a sense of disappointment, that answered John's question. Of course he would tackle it!

They drove slowly past the Keystone, past dump heaps, sand lots, a row of unpainted, upside-down boxes called houses, and came at length to a group of rude sheds, one large one and four small ones. One of the small ones, open in front like a woodshed, was filled with empty nail kegs in tiers.

The front door of the big central shed was propped shut with an iron bar. John kicked it away, pulled the door open and they went in. A figure rose out of the dimness, asking, "What d'ye want?"

"Are you Coleman's caretaker?" John asked. Coleman was the name of the bankrupt.

"Yep," said the man.

So this was the mill.

"We've bought him out," said John. "Want to have a look at the plant."

"Help yourself."

They walked about silently on the earthen, scrap-littered floor. A nail mill, as nail mills were at that time, was not much to look at, and a cold iron-working plant of any kind has a begone, extinct appearance. Thane had never seen a cold mill. He was horribly depressed. Gradually their eyes grew used to the dimness. The equipment consisted of an overloaded driving engine, one small furnace for heating iron bars, a train of rolls for reducing the bars to sheets the thickness of nails, and five automatic machines for cutting nails from the sheet like cookies, all in bad to fair condition.

"Won't look so sad when you get her hot and begin to turn her over," said John.

Thane said nothing. Having examined the machinery and the furnace thoughtfully he stood for a long time surveying the mill as a whole. There was no inventory to speak of. The raw material, which was bar iron bought outside, had been worked up clean. They looked into the small sheds and then it began to be dark. As they drove away Thane spoke. It was the first word he had uttered.

"When do we start up?"

"Right away," said John. "I'll contract some iron tomorrow."

"Give me a couple of weeks," said Thane. "There's a lot to be done to that place."

"What?"

"She's all upside down," he said. "The stuff ain't moving right. No wonder they had to shut up."

That night at supper Agnes questioned her puddler.

"What is your mill like?"

"A one-horse thing."

His manner was preoccupied and she let him alone. After supper he went to his room, removed his coat, waistcoat, collar and shoes and sat with his feet in the window, thinking.

They had three rooms—two bed chambers and a living room between. She sat in the middle room sewing, with a view of him through the door, which he left ajar. He did not move, except to refill and light his pipe. He was still there, slowly receding beyond the veil of smoke, when she retired. Before he went to bed the little nail mill was all made over and the stuff was moving right.

Thane at this time was twenty-five. He had lived nearly all his life in the iron mill at New Damascus. He could not remember a time when its uproar and smells were not familiar to his senses. His mother died when he was three. He was the only child. Then his father, who was a puddler and loved him fiercely, began to take him to the mill. It was a wonderful nursery. When the shift was daytime he was the puddler's mascot and playmate. At night he slept on a pallet in some gloom-hidden niche from which he could see his father, satanically transfigured in the glare of the furnace. Then he went to school, but spent all his playtime in the mill. The thrill of it never failed him. When he was old enough to carry water he got a job. At nineteen he became his father's helper, and delighted to vie with him in the weight of pig iron and scrap he could lift and heave into the maw of the furnace. The normal carry was one pig. He began to carry two at a time and his father matched him. But one day his father stumbled. As they stooped again side by side at the iron pile the boy picked up one pig. The old man gave him a queer startled look and did the same. After that it was always one pig, and they never spoke of it. When his father died Alexander took his place, and as he drew his first heat, Enoch watching, the fact stood granted. He was the best puddler in the mill.

He had it in his hands. Of iron, for coaxing, shaping and compelling it, he had that kind of tactile understanding an artist has of paint or clay or any plastic stuff. He seemed to think with his hands. It is a mysterious gift, and leaves it open to wonder whether the brain made the hand or the hand the brain. Besides this intuitive knowledge that belongs to the hand Thane possessed a natural sense of mechanics and a naïve way of taking nothing for granted because it happened so to be. All of this was to be revealed. It was John's luck.

XXII

WHILE Thane was thinking how to set the nail mill in order, John, sitting in the hotel lobby, with his feet in the window, gnawing a cigar, was reflecting in another sphere. His problem was the nail industry at large. It was in a parlous way. Although cut-iron nails had been made by automatic machines for a long time, there had recently appeared a machine that displaced all others because it made the nail complete, head and all, in one run, and was very fast. This machine, coming suddenly into use, had caused an overproduction of nails. The price had fallen to a point where there was actually a loss instead of a profit in nail making unless one produced one's own iron and got a profit there. The Twenty-ninth Street plant had to buy its iron. The probability of running it at a profit was nil.

His meditations carried him far into the night. The lights were put out and still he sat with his feet in the window, musing, reflecting, dreaming, with a relaxed and receptive mind. An idea came to him. It will be important to consider what that idea was, for it became afterward a classic pattern. It had the audacity of great simplicity. He would combine the whole nail-making industry in his North American Manufacturing Company, Ltd. Then production could be suited to demand and the price of nails could be advanced to a paying level.

He took stock of his capital. It was fifteen thousand dollars. Maybe it could be stretched to twenty. In his work with Gib, selling rails, he had acquired a miscellaneous lot of very cheap and highly speculative railroad shares, some of which were beginning to have value. But twenty thousand dollars would be the outside measurement, and to think of setting out with that amount of capital to acquire control of the nail-making industry, worth perhaps half a million dollars, was at a glance fantastic. But it needs more than a glance. One's capital may exist in the idea. And besides, John already understood the art of finance.

Leaving the Twenty-ninth Street plant in Thane's hands, with funds for overhauling it, he consulted with Jubal Awns and set out the next morning on his errand. The nail makers were responsive for an obvious reason—they were all losing money. In a short time John laid before Awns a sheaf of papers.

"There's the child," he said. "Examine it."

He had got options in writing on every important nail mill in the country save one. The owners agreed to sell out to the North American Manufacturing Company, Ltd., taking in payment either cash or preferred shares at their pleasure. The inducement to take preferred shares was that if they did they would receive a bonus of fifty per cent in common stock.

"But they will take cash in every case," said Awns, "and where will you find it?"

(Continued on Page 137)

The Level Surface Makes the Picture

TWO SWANS are floating on the smooth, level surface of a lake. So still is the water that reflection from it gives an illusion of four swans. One of the swans strikes the water with his bill and sets in motion a widening circle of ripples. Instantly one reflection is practically destroyed.

A printed picture is like a reflected picture in that it appears only *on the surface* of the medium which shows it. As an uneven mirror distorts a reflection, or as roughened water reflects an image imperfectly, so does paper with an irregular surface print indistinctly.

Good printing is clear printing. People say that a thing is well printed when they can see and appreciate the beauty and clearness of the pictured object and the text. People do not make allowances for defective printing.

A common cause of poor printing is poor paper. One of the surest ways to insure Better Printing is to let your printer use Better Paper.

Whether you are going to buy some printing or whether you sit in your home or your office and read the booklets and catalogs of someone who has bought it, remember this:

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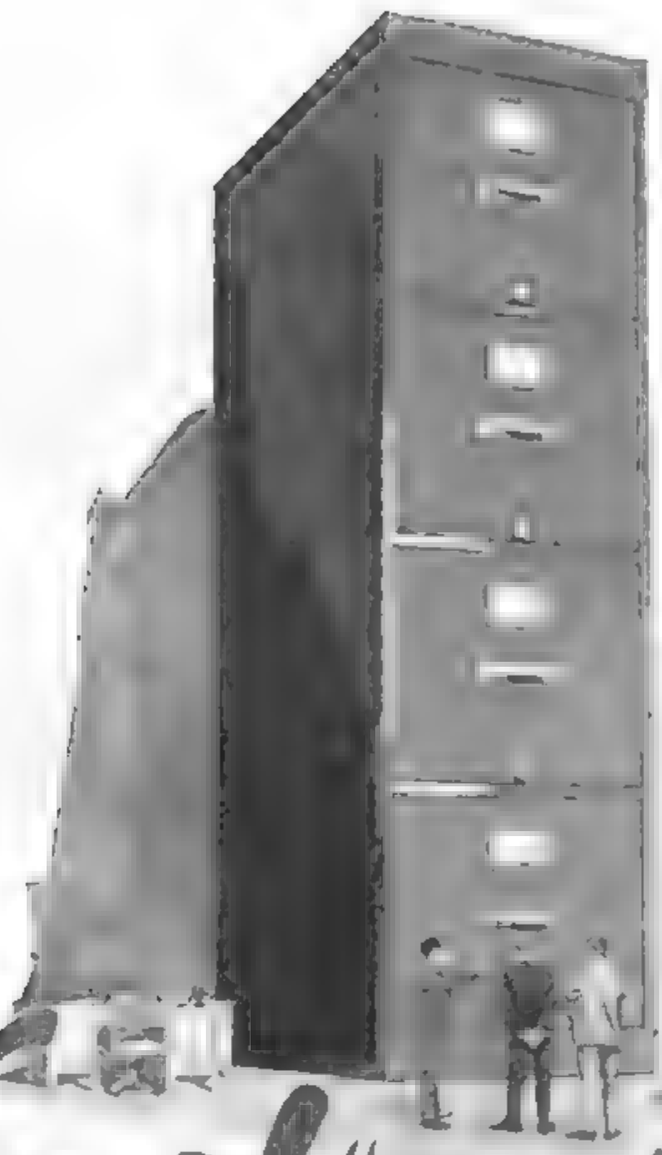

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L.B.Economy de-luxe for your office

Behind the scenes, for ten months, at our great steel factory have been ceaseless experiments and practical tests. Now, at last, we offer business men what they have long been waiting for –

A new line of steel office equipment so improved, so perfected in practical detail that a new standard has been set in beauty, strength and convenience.

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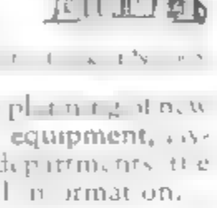

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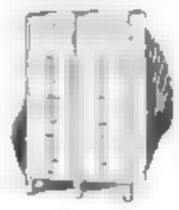

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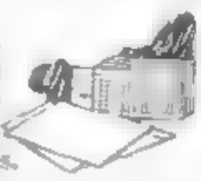

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(Continued from Page 134)

"They won't," said John. "I'll see to that. What have you done with Gib?"

Awns had been to see Enoch. The New Damascus mill produced in its nail department a fifth of all the nails then made. There was no probability of buying him out. John well knew that. Yet his nail output had to be controlled in some way, else the combine would fail. So he had sent Awns to him with alternative propositions. The first was to buy him out of the nail-making business. And when he had declined to sell, as of course he would, Awns was to negotiate for his entire output under a long-term contract.

"He wouldn't sell his nail business," said Awns.

"I knew that," said John.

"But I've got a contract for all his nails," said Awns, handing over the paper. "The price is stiff—fifty cents a keg more than nails are worth. It was the best I could do."

"That's all right," said John, reading the agreement. "We are going to add a dollar a keg to nails. This phrase: 'Unless the party of the second part' –that's Gib— 'wishes to sell nails at a lower price to the trade.' Who put that in?"

"He did," said Awns. "I couldn't see any point in objecting to it. No man is going to undersell his own contract."

John handed the agreement back and sat for several minutes musing.

"There's a loose wheel in your scheme if I'm not mistaken," said Awns. "If you add a dollar a keg to nails, won't you bring in a lot of new competition? Anybody can make nails if it pays. These same people who sell out to you may turn around and begin again. You'll be holding the umbrella for everybody else."

"Anybody can't make nails," said John. "I've looked at that."

"Why not?"

"Nail-making machines are covered by patents. There are only four firms that make them. I've made air-tight contracts with them. We take all their machines at an advance of twenty-five per cent over present prices, and they bind themselves to sell machines to nobody else during the life of the contract. So we've got the bag sewed up top and bottom. They were glad to do it because there isn't any profit in machines either with the nail makers all going busted."

Awns stared at him with doubt and admiration mingled.

"Well, that is showing them something," he said. "If you go far with that kind of thing laws will be passed to stop it."

"It's legal, isn't it?"

"There's no law against it," said Awns.

"We're not obliged to be more legal than the law," said John. "Tell me, what do you know about bankers in Pittsburgh? I've got to do some business in that quarter."

Pittsburgh at this time was not a place prepared. It was a sign, a pregnant smudge, a state of phenomena. The great mother was undergoing a Cæsarean operation. An event was bringing itself to pass. The steel age was about to be delivered.

Men performed the office of obstetrics without knowing what they did. They struggled blindly, falling down and getting up. Forces possessed them. Their psychic condition was that of men to whom fabulous despair and extravagant expectation were the two ends of one ecstasy. They were hard, shrewd, sentimental, superstitious, romantic in friendship and conscienceless in trade. They named their blast furnaces after their wives and sweethearts, stole each other's secrets, fell out with their partners, knew no law of business but to lay on what the traffic would bear, read Swedenborg, and dreamed of heaven as a thoroughfare resembling Wood Street, Pittsburgh, lined with banks and in the door of each bank a groveling president, pleading: "Here's money for your pay rolls. Please borrow it here. Very fine quality of money. Pay it back when you like."

They were always begging money at the banks. When they made money they used it to build more mills and to fill the mills with automatic monsters that grew stranger and more fantastic; and many of these monsters, like things in Nature's own history of trial and error, appeared for a short time and became extinct. When they were not making money they were bankrupt. That was about half the time. Then they came to the banks in Wood Street to implore, beg, wheedle money to meet their pay rolls.

There is the legend of a man, afterward one of the great millionaires, who drove one mare so often to Wood Street and from one bank to another in a zigzag course that the animal came to know the stops by heart, made them automatically, and could not be made to go in a straight line through this lane of money doors.

The bankers were a tough-minded group. They had to be. Nobody was quite safe. A man with a record for sanity would suddenly lose his balance and cast away the substance of certainty to pursue a vision. The effort to adapt the Bessemer steel process to American conditions was an irresistible road to ruin. That process was producing amazing results in Europe, but in this country it was bewitched with perversity, and it looked as if the English and German manufacturers would walk away with the steel age. Fortunes were still being swallowed up in snail-shaped vessels called converters, not unlike the one Aaron had built at New Damascus twenty-five years before. Of all the bankers in Wood Street the toughest minded was Lemuel Slaymaker.

"All the same," said Awns, "I'd try him first. His name would put it through, and he loves a profit."

Awns knew him. They went together to see him. Slaymaker saluted Awns and acknowledged his introduction of Mr. John Breakspeare not otherwise nor more than by turning slowly in his chair and staring at them. He had a large white face, pale blue eyes and red, close-cropped hair. The impression he made was one of total sphericity. There was no way to take hold of him. No thought or feeling projected.

John laid out his plan, producing the papers as exhibits A, B, C in the appropriate places. Lastly he produced data on the nail trade, showing the amount of nails consumed in the country and the normal rate of annual increase with the growth of population, together with a carefully developed estimate of the combine's profits at various prices per keg. When he had finished the idea was lucid, complete in every part and self-evident. Therein lay the secret of his extraordinary power of persuasion. He seemed never to argue his case. He expressed no opinion of his own to be combated. He merely laid down a state of facts with an air of looking at them from the other man's point of view.

"And what you want is a bank to guarantee this scheme," said Slaymaker. "You want a bank to guarantee that if these people want cash instead of stock the cash will be forthcoming."

This was the first word he had spoken. The papers he had not even glanced at. They lay on his desk as John had placed them.

"That's it," said John. "Guarantee it. Very little cash will be required."

"How do you say that?"

"To make them want stock instead of cash," said John, "you have only to engage brokers to make advance quotations for the stock, here and in Philadelphia, at, say, par for the preferred and fifty for the common. If you do not know brokers who can do that I will find them. The scheme is sound. The stock will pay dividends from the start. A bank might very well speak a good word for it here and there. The public will want some of the stock."

Slaymaker gazed at a corner of the ceiling and twiggled his foot. Then suddenly he turned his back on them.

"Leave the papers," he said, "and see me at this time tomorrow."

When they were in the street again Awns said: "You got him."

And so the infant trust was born, first of its kind, first of a giant brood. Biologically they were all alike, but with evolution their size increased prodigiously. The swaddling clothes of this one would not have patched the eye of a twentieth-century specimen delivered in Wall Street.

Slaymaker's lawyers and Jubal Awns together verified all the agreements. The stock of the N. A. M. Co., Ltd., was increased enough to make sure there would be plenty to go around. Slaymaker took a large amount for banker's fees, John took a block for promoter's services and another block for the Twenty-ninth Street mill, the lawyers took some, and a certain amount was set aside for Thane—for Agnes, really. John was elected president and the combine was launched. Before the day came on which the options of purchase were to to be exercised the preferred stock was publicly quoted at 105 and the common stock at 55, and there were symptoms of public interest in its possibilities. As John predicted, nearly all the nail manufacturers elected to take stock in the new company with Slaymaker's name behind it.

Everyone at length was more enthusiastic than John. He kept thinking of that phrase in the contract with Gib –"unless the party of the second part wishes to sell nails at a lower price to the trade." No one else had noticed it, not even Slaymaker. Nobody else would have had any misgivings about it. Who could imagine, as Awns said, that a man would undersell his own contract? There is a law of self-interest one takes for granted.

XXIII

THANE had been reporting laconically on the Twenty-ninth Street mill. It now was in action and the nails were piling up. John had not been out to see it. Their contacts had become irregular; generally they met by accident in the hotel lobby, rarely in the dining room. This was owing partly to John's absorption in his scheme and partly to the resolve he had made to avoid Agnes. He had not once been close enough to speak to her since that morning when his haggard own self met his anti-self in the mirror, saying: "She is his."

The only way he could put her out of his mind at all was to involve himself in difficulties. Trouble was a cave of refuge. In business he preferred the hazardous alternative; he seemed to seek those situations in which the chance is all or none. This made his ways uncanny. Luck seems to favor one who doesn't care. Or it may be that one who doesn't care sees more clearly than the rest, being free of fear.

"Better come and sight it," said Thane one morning in the lobby. "I'm worried where to put the nails."

"We'll go now," said John. "Anyhow I want to talk to you. I don't know about this Twenty-ninth Street mill. It's a poor layout. Maybe we'd better shut it up. Now don't get uneasy. Wait till I'm through. The company – and, by the way, you are a director and there's some stock in your name. I'll tell you more about that later. Well, as I was saying, we've bought nearly all the nail mills in the country. The idea is to combine the nail industry in one organization and put it back on a paying basis. I want you to go around with me and have a look at mills. Some of them we'll throw away. The trouble was too many of them."

He went on talking to take up Thane's injured silence. That he was a director in the company, that he had stock in it, that his salary was to be doubled—none of this availed against the puddler's pride in what he had done with the Twenty-ninth Street mill. The thought of now shutting it up hurt him in his middle. John on his side was disappointed in Thane's inability to rise to an opportunity. So they came to the mill.

"Sounds busy," said John.

Thane held his thoughts.

On beholding the scene of action within, almost at a glance, John placed the puddler where he belonged. Here was the work of a master superintendent. Nothing was as it had been except the engine and furnace. Everything else had been relocated with one aim in view, which was to eliminate all unnecessary human motion and shorten the train of events from the raw material straight through to the finished nail packed in the keg and stored. Besides the physical achievement, which alone was very notable, there was a subtle psychic relation between Thane and his men. They worked on their toes and liked doing it for him.

"Shake," said John, holding out his hand. "No, we won't shut her up. We'll take her as a pattern. If you can do this with all the mills, we'll walk away with it. Have you figured your costs? They must be fine."

"In my head," said Thane.

They stood at a little greasy box desk screwed to the wall under a window dim with cobwebs.

"I'll show you how to figure them," said John. "Iron, so much; fuel, so much; kegs, so much; oil, and so forth, so much; wear and tear of tools and plant, so much; labor, so much; total, so much. Then kegs of nails, so many. Divide that by that and you have the cost per keg. Let's see how it will work out."

It worked out nearly as Thane had it in his head, and John was sentimental with pride and satisfaction.

"Come on," he said impatiently. "Leave a man in charge of this, and we'll see the other mills."

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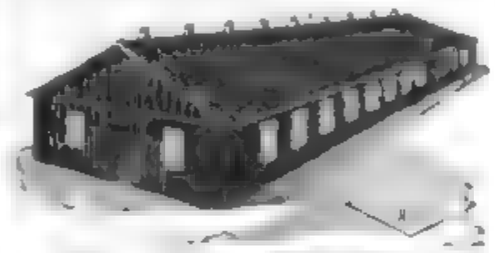

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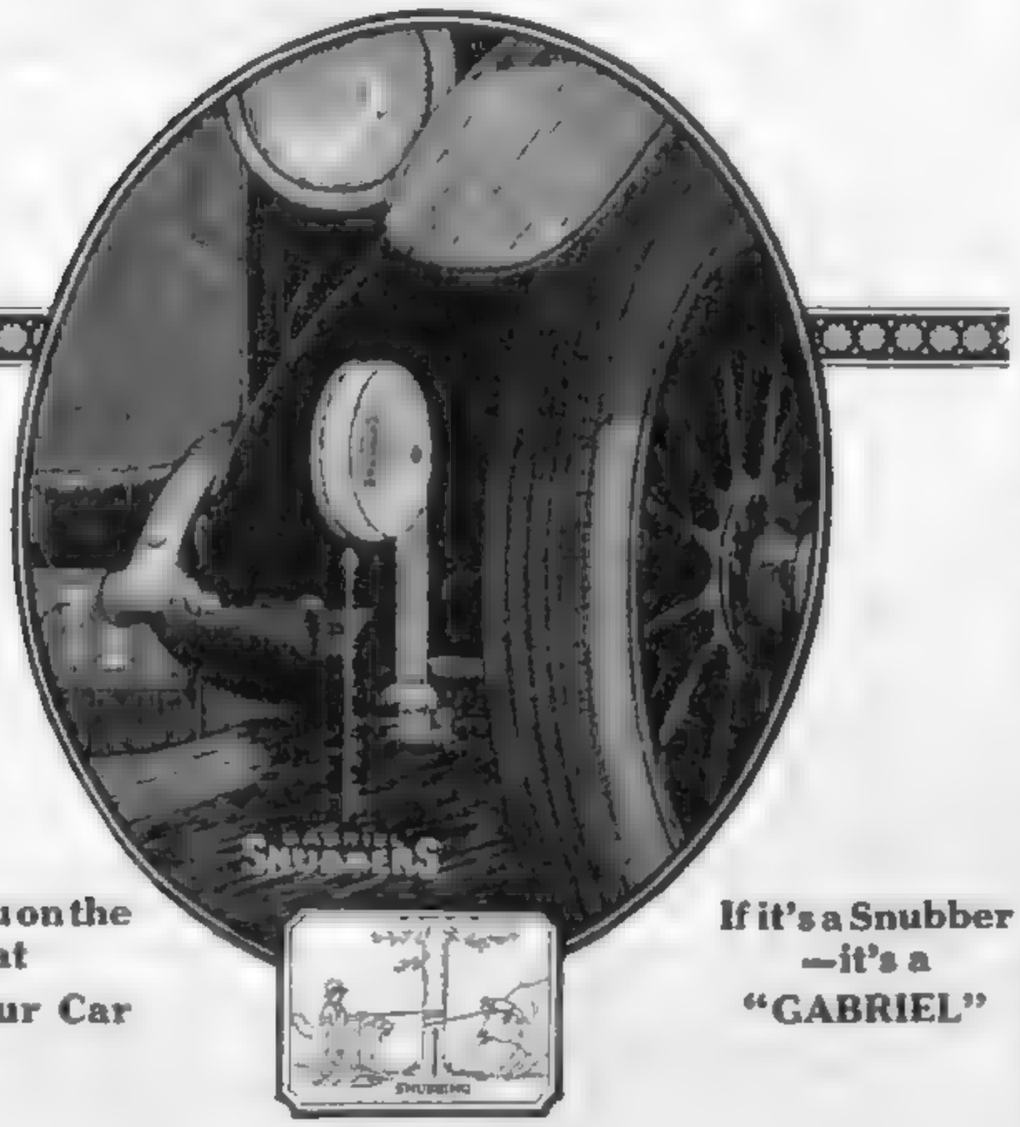

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Starting with more than sixty mills, they scrapped twenty outright, saving only their contracts, raw material and stock on hand; others they consolidated. In the end they had fifty well-equipped plants strategically placed to supply the trade by the shortest routes. They had all to be overhauled according to Thane's ideas. He turned the Twenty-ninth Street plant into a training station and sent men from there to work the other mills. It was a large and complicated program. He carried it through so skillfully that he was appointed vice president in charge of manufacturing, and John was free to organize the company's business and function executively.

He raised the price of nails twenty-five cents at a time, until he had increased it seventy-five cents per keg. At that price there was a good profit. Thane was steadily reducing costs by improving plant practice, and that increased profits in another way. A dividend was paid on the preferred stock in the third month. The omens were fine. Still John was uneasy. No New Damascus nails had been received under their contract with Enoch. The making of nails had not stopped at New Damascus; he made sure of that. No New Damascus nails were coming on the market either, for John knew everything about the trade. Then what was to be expected?

The answer when it came did not surprise him. He had guessed it already. One day the nail market was knocked in the head. Enoch was offering nails to the hardware trade at a price seventy cents under the combine's price. That meant he was selling them for twenty-five cents a keg less than the combine had agreed to pay him for his whole output. He had never tendered one ten-penny nail on that contract. Instead, working his plant at high speed, he had accumulated thousands of kegs expressly for the irrational purpose of casting them suddenly on sale to break the combine's market, John Breakspeare's market, Aaron's market! John was the only person who understood it. Everyone else was dazed.

Slaymaker sent for John.

"What's the matter with that man at New Damascus?"

"He's out of his mind," said John.

"Better buy him up at his own price," said Slaymaker. "That's what he wants."

John knew better. However, to satisfy Slaymaker, he sent Awns to see Enoch again.

"You're right," Awns reported. "The old man is clean crazy. He won't sell at any price. All he would do was to point to that stipulation in the contract and laugh at me."

The combine stood aside until the trade had absorbed the New Damascus nails, and then tried to go on without reducing its own price; but the trade became very ugly about it, the combine began to be denounced, and Congress, hearing from the farmers, threatened to take the import duty off nails and let the foreign product in. The combine had to let down the price and wait.

Three months later the preposterous act was repeated, Enoch flooding the market with nails at fifty cents a keg less than the combine's price. There was no doubt this time that he was selling nails at a ruinous loss, and everyone's amazement grew. Only John knew why he did it.

The combine was now in a very awkward dilemma. If it met Enoch's price it not only would be selling its own nails at a loss, but selling them at a price far below that at which it was obliged to take Enoch's entire output in case he should choose to deliver to the combine instead of selling direct to the trade.

"Whipsawed," said John to Awns, "if you know what that means."

For the N. A. M. Co., Ltd., from then on it was a race with bankruptcy, Gib pursuing. He sold New Damascus nails lower and lower until it was thought he would give them away. He might ultimately go broke, of course, but that was nothing the combine could wait for. He was very rich—nobody knew how rich -and nail making after all was a small part of his business. Under these unnatural circumstances John won the incognizable Slaymaker's glassy admiration, for in trouble he was dogged and enormously resourceful.

"If we've got to live on the sweat of our nails," he said, "we can't afford to buy iron."

Thereupon at a bankrupt price he negotiated the purchase of a blast furnace and puddling mill over which two partners were quarreling in a disastrous manner. No cash was involved. He paid for it with notes. In Thane's hands, and with the luck that was John's, the plant performed one of those miracles that made Pittsburgh more exciting than a mining camp. It paid for itself the first year out of its own profits. Then John turned it over to the N. A. M. Co., Ltd., at cost. On seeing him do this, Slaymaker, who had never parted with his first stock holdings, privately increased them.

There was a profit in ore back of the iron. John went to that. He got hold of a small Mesaba ore body on a royalty basis and had then a complete chain from the ore to the finished nail. There was still one profit. That was in the kegs. So cooper shops were added.

What with all this integration, as the word came to be for that method of working back to one's raw material and articulating the whole series of profits, and what at the same time with Thane's skill in manufacturing, now developing to the point of genius, the N. A. M. Co., Ltd. got the cost of nails down very low—even lower, as John one day discovered, than it was in Europe. This gave him an idea. There was no profit in nails at home, owing to Enoch's mad policy of slaughter, but there was the whole world to sell nails in. The N. A. M. Co., Ltd. invaded the export field. This was a shock to the European nail makers. They met it angrily with reprisals. John went to Europe with a plan to form an international pool in which the nail business of the earth should be divided up, allotting so much to Great Britain, so much to Germany, so much to Belgium, so much to the United States, and so on. If they would do that everybody might make a little money.

He returned unexpectedly and appeared one morning in Slaymaker's office.

"Did you get your pool born?"

"Chucked the idea," said John. "I found this."

He laid on the banker's desk a bright, thin, cylindrical object.

"What's that?" Slaymaker asked, looking at it but not touching it.

"That," said John, "is a steel-wire nail. It will drive the iron nail out. It's just as good and costs much less to make. You feed steel wire into one end of a machine and nails come out at the other like wheat."

"Well?" said the banker.

"The machines both for drawing the wire and making the nails are German," John continued. "I've bought all the American rights on a royalty basis."

"What will you do with them?"

"I bought them for the N. A. M."

"If this is going to be such a mighty nail why not form a new company to make it?" asked Slaymaker.

"I'd rather pull the horse we've got out of the ditch," said John.

Slaymaker regarded him with an utterly expressionless stare.

"Go ahead," he said.

Enter the steel-wire nail. It solved the N. A. M. Co.'s problem. Enoch could not touch it. The combine steadily reduced its output of iron nails, until it was nominal, and flooded the trade with the others. Enoch could make any absurd price he liked for iron nails, but as his output, though a formidable bludgeon with which to beat down prices, was only a fraction of what the country required, and as the remainder of the demand was met with the combine's new product, wire nails superseded iron nails four or five kegs to one. They could sell at a higher price than iron nails without prejudice because they were different, and John, putting a selling campaign behind them, proved that they were also better. That probably was not so. But people had to have them.

XXIV

STILL there were difficulties quite enough to keep John's mind enthralled. The steel-wire nail soon got the N. A. M. Co. out of the woods. But the German nail-making machines would devour nothing but German wire, and their food, therefore, had to be imported by the shipload. The German wire-drawing machines, acquired along with the nail-making machines, utterly failed when they were asked to reduce American steel to the form of wire. That was not their fault really; it was the fault of American steel.

And now for the first time John turned his mind to this great problem of steel. Six or eight plants had been built in the United States under the English Bessemer patents

(Continued on Page 141)

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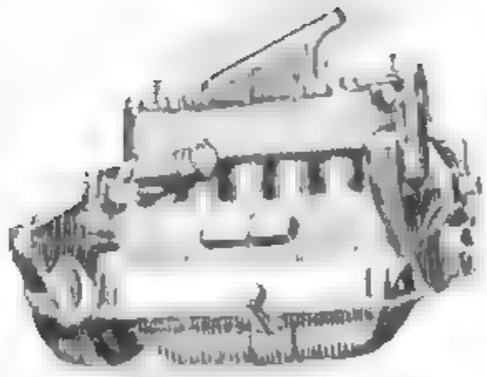

The 60 h. p. Red Seal Continental Motor is standard equipment on the Columbia Specialized Six. This is a typical example of the standard specialized units used throughout in the Columbia all-feature chassis

If you were to take paper and pencil and mark down all of the service-assuring features of every automobile in the $1000 price class, and make a careful digest of the facts, you would arrive at this definite conclusion: Columbia is just the car you would like to own—at just the price you can afford to pay.

You will find that Columbia coachwork is as durable and comfortable, as it is noted for its attractiveness of line and fineness of finish, *but* —Columbia's commanding strength lies in its mechanical construction. Beautiful bodies are much to be desired, but faithful dependability of chassis units is absolutely essential. It's what you ride on, not what you ride in, that establishes motor car value.

And you will never know how good a car you can buy for less than one thousand dollars until you have made a detailed examination of the Columbia Six; until you have heard the experience of enthusiastic owners; until you have actually sat behind the wheel and put the car through a comprehensive demonstration.

Never before has a six cylinder motor car, built throughout from standard specialized units such as Red Seal Continental Motors, Timken Axles, Spicer Universal Joints, Borg & Beck Clutches, and Auto-Lite electrical equipment, been available at so low a price.

To the automobile buyer who takes nothing for granted, these facts should be of genuine interest. Check over the standardized units in the Columbia all-feature chassis; examine the details of beautiful body construction; carefully weigh all the facts. If you seek year in and year out motoring that is free from care; if you desire absolute dependability with unusual economy; if you want long life and uninterrupted service—*buy a Columbia Six.*

Timken Axles—front and rear—are just another example of Columbia's known standard of dependability. From motor to axles, standardized units and specialized construction assure complete motoring satisfaction.

COLUMBIA MOTORS COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

Standard Touring	$ 985	Phaeton	$1095	2-Passenger Coupe	$1235
Special Touring	1065	Special Sport	1395	5-Passenger Sedan	1395

All Prices f. o. b. Detroit

Columbia

(25)

Specialized Six

~and specialization brings perfection

Going Barefoot with Shoes On!

WHAT blessed relief when you push off a pair of tight, burning shoes! The same delightful comfort is felt when Modified Educators are *on*.

These shoes *fit* your feet; they don't make your feet fit *them*.

Trim, good-looking, long-wearing, happily wedding comfort with style, Modified Educators bring Nature's freedom to women's feet. Sold everywhere.

MODIFIED EDUCATOR SHOE RH

Make Your Sleeping Dollars Turn Over!

A Message to Shoe Merchants

YOU wouldn't hire extra clerks, Mr. Merchant, merely to sleep in your store. Why buy surplus shoes to sleep in your stock room?

Handle Rice and Hutchins Shoes, and *our* stock room is *yours*—in one of our big distributing houses just a shout away. Stocked complete with styles for every foot. Planted near you to cut long hauls and save you from stocking dead reserves.

Thanks to this up-and-go Rice and Hutchins service, you order only as many shoes as you can push right off.

You get them quick—sell them quick—profit quick. Then you re-invest and sell again. Many Rice and Hutchins dealers make six turnovers a year. Others ten. Some twelve. Strong talk, but we can prove it.

Rice and Hutchins Shoes, including the famous Educators, are built for men and women, boys and girls and infants. Honest, stylish, thoroughly advertised—their rapid stockturn keeps your bank book busy.

MADE IN NEW ENGLAND BY

RICE and HUTCHINS

INCORPORATED

14 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 138)

at enormous expense, and they had all been bleakly disappointing. They could produce steel all right, and do it with one melt from the iron ore, which was what they were after. The trouble was that the steel was never twice the same. Its quality and nature varied. The process was treacherous. There were those who said it simply could not be adapted to American ores; that the only way this country could produce true steel was the old long way, which made it much more expensive than iron.

One night John recognized in the hotel lobby a figure that tormented both the flesh and the spirit of Pittsburgh—the flesh by wasting its substance and the spirit by keeping always before it a riddle it had not solved. He was a frail, bent little man, not yet old, with a long, thin mustache and a pleasing, naïve voice that had cost several iron men their entire fortunes. Wood Street bankers wished he were dead or had never been born. This was Tillinghast, metallurgist and engineer, who had already designed and constructed four steel plants that were a total loss. He knew in each case what was wrong -knew it in the instant of failure—and begged to be permitted to make certain changes. Very simple changes. Quite inexpensive. He would guarantee the result.

But as his changes at length involved rebuilding the whole plant, and as the last of the steel was still like the first, his backers sickened and turned away.

"What's the matter, Tillinghast?" John asked. "You look so horribly down."

Tillinghast instantly overflowed. It was the story again of that elemental secret visible like a will-o'-the-wisp in the smoke of a thousand smelting fires, and yet tauntingly elusive. A steel plant on the river, opposite Allegheny, one that everyone knew about, had been under trial for a week. It was almost right. It needed only one correction. They were actually touching the magic. Yet his backers were on the point of throwing it up in disgust.

"You've busted them," said John.

"Fifty thousand more," said Tillinghast. "I guarantee the result if they will spend fifty thousand more. They have spent eight times that already." His idea of money in large sums was childlike.

John heard for a while, then heard without listening, while Tillinghast went on and on, thinking to himself out loud. On leaving him John was in a state of vague apprehension. Afterward he could not remember whether he had said good night.

All that he had ever heard, here and there, first from Thaddeus and then from others about his father's fateful steel experiment at New Damascus came back to him, fused and made a vivid picture. That was not so strange. But he seemed to know more than he had ever heard. He seemed to be directly remembering, not what he had learned from others but the experience itself as if it had happened to him. He saw it. And presently in another dimension he saw the steel age that was coming. His imagination unrolled it as a panorama. He understood what it meant to increase one hundredfold the production of that metallic fiber of which there could never be enough.

The next morning he went to look at the steel plant. It was cast on a large scale. Quite four hundred thousand, as Tillinghast said, must have been spent on it. Tillinghast was there and clung to him.

"They do it in Europe," John kept saying to himself. "We can do it here. There is only some little trick to be discovered."

Later in a casual way he made contact with the owners. They were eager to get anything back, and on the faintest suspicion that he might be soft minded they overwhelmed him with offers to sell out. At last he got it for nothing—that is, he agreed to take it off their hands flat and go on with Tillinghast's experiment. If success were achieved their interest in it should be exactly what they had already spent on the plant; if not, he would owe them nothing and lose only what he himself put in.

North American Manufacturing Company stock was now valuable. He took a large amount of it to Slaymaker for a loan.

"What's up now?"

John told him shortly, knowing what to expect. Slaymaker snatched the stock certificates out of his hands, put a pin through them and tossed them angrily into a corner of his desk.

"You!" he said. "To think you should be stung by that asp. All right. You can have the money. But you'll never see that stock again. You'll be bankrupt a year from now."

Tillinghast treated John not as if John had adopted him but as if he had adopted John, and his attitude about the steel plant was one of high professional authority. It took six months to make the changes. Then they fired up. The first run was good steel, the second was poor, the third was good and the fourth was bad. They got so far that the steel made from the raw iron of one furnace would always be good. When they took the molten iron from two or more furnaces successively the results went askew again. Tillinghast cooed when the steel was good and was silent when it was bad. He could not deny that they were baffled, and John had sunk two-thirds of everything he owned.

Thane was a constant onlooker. He looked hard and saw everything.

"It ain't what you do to it afterward," he said, breaking a long silence. "That's the same every time. It's back of that. It's in the furnace."

"Well, suppose it is," said John. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Mix it," said Thane.

"Mix what?"

"The molten iron from the blast furnaces before it goes to the steel converter."

"What will you mix it with?"

"With itself," said Thane. "Ore's various, ain't it? Pig iron as comes from ore is various, ain't it? That's why you puddle it so as to make it all the same, like wrought iron's got to be. Here you take a run of stuff from this furnace and one from that furnace and it ain't the same because it ain't been puddled, but you run it into that converter thing and think it's got to come out all one kind of steel. It won't."

"How can you mix six or eight tons of molten iron?" John asked.

"There's got to be some way," Thane answered.

Tillinghast was deaf. It didn't make sense to John. Yet Thane kept saying "Mix it," until they were sick of hearing him; and the steel persisted in being variable until they were desperate.

"Well, mix it then," said John. "If you know how, mix it."

Thereupon Thane built the first mixer, an enormous, awkward tank or vat resting on rollers that rocked and jigged the fluid iron. Now they started the blast furnaces again and molten iron in equal quantities from all three was run into this mixer and sloshed around. From there it went to the converter. After two or three trials they began to get and continued to get steel that was both good and invariable. And that was eureka!

They tried the steel in every possible way and it was all that steel should be and is. They fed it to those fastidious German wire-drawing machines and they loved it. Never again would it be necessary to import German or English steel to make wire, or German wire to make nails. They had it.

John formed a new company. Slaymaker came in. The men from whom John had taken the plant got stock for their interest. A large block was allotted to Thane for his mixer. John had the controlling interest. It was named the American Steel Company. But John and Thane between them spoke of it as the Agnes Plant.

"Let's call it that for luck," said John.

Thane made no reply. However, the next time he referred to it he called it so.

XXV

ONE evening Thane and John were sitting together in one of their friendly silences, after supper, in the hotel lobby. Thane cleared his throat.

"We've got a house, Agnes and me," he said. As there was no immediate comment he added: "I suppose you won't be lonesome here alone. We don't seem to visit much anyhow."

John said it was very nice that they had a house. He hoped they would be comfortable. Had they got everything they needed? He did not ask where the house was or when they should move; and that was all they said about it.

No, John would not be lonesome. There was another word for it and he couldn't remember what it was. Although he saw her very seldom and then only at a distance, or when he passed her by chance in the hotel and they exchanged remote greetings, still just living under the same roof with her had become a fact that deeply pertained to his existence. How much he had made of it unconsciously he did not realize

Note the Men

You meet everywhere today

They are fighting film on teeth

You see glistening teeth everywhere today. Not with women only, but with men—even with men who smoke.

They are brushing teeth in a new way. They combat the dingy film. It is so the world over—in some 50 nations; and largely by dental advice.

If you admire those whiter, cleaner, safer teeth, learn how folks get them by this delightful test.

Film dims the teeth

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their great enemy. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. So does tobacco. Then it forms the basis of dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it, and they cause many serious troubles, local and internal.

Had to fight it

Tooth troubles were constantly increasing, mostly due to film. So dental science saw that this film must be fought.

After long research, two ways were found. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film destroyers were embodied in it.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. To millions of homes the world over it has brought a new dental era.

Other new factors

Research also proved that other effects were essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Every use of Pepsodent multiplies their power.

You'll clearly see

You can see and feel the Pepsodent results. After a week's use you never can doubt that you need it. And you will want all in your family to share in its benefits.

Send for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Do this for your teeth's sake. Cut out coupon now.

Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research, free from harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Ten-Day Tube Free [1152]

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 814, 1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family.

HATCHWAY

BUTTONLESS!

NOT a single button, front or back; not one unnecessary trouble-maker in its entire design; nothing but ease and comfort and freedom from annoyance—that's the

HATCHWAY
NO-BUTTON
UNION SUIT

It's difficult to realize, until you actually see this new kind of underwear with your own eyes. See it now at any good store. It is designed to conform perfectly to the lines of your body. It has to be that way without a single button to pull and stretch it into shape.

See these garments at your favorite dealer's today. He can get them for you. It has been a big job to keep dealers stocked up this Spring, but if you have any difficulty in getting just what you want, we will be glad to see that you are supplied, delivery free anywhere in the United States. In ordering, please state size and enclose remittance to our mill at Albany. Send for free catalog illustrating complete line of Hatchway No-Button Union Suits and Hatch One Button Union Suits photographed on live models.

Men's Nainsook Suits, $1, $1.50, $2, $3, $5. (The $5 garment is all silk.)
Boys' Nainsook Suits, $1, $1.25.
Men's Knitted Suits, $1.50, $2, $3, $3.50
Boys' Knitted Suits, $1, $1.25.

DEALERS

Write us for samples and swatches if you are interested in stocking Hatchway No-Button Union Suits, or ask to have our representative call. In certain available exclusive agencies are open to the right kind of merchant.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO., Albany, New York

Woods Underwear Co., Toronto, Canada, Licensed Manufacturers of these lines for Canada.

until they were gone. Thereafter as he turned in at the door he had always the desolate thought, "She is not here'" instead of that other thought so long cherished, "She lives here," together with a satisfying sense of her imminence.

His habits changed. He began to spend his nights outside, whereas before almost without knowing why he passed most of his leisure within the walls that contained them both. He had believed he could feel her presence; that he knew when she was out or in, and sometimes even what she was doing at a given moment. Now there was only emptiness. The rooms in which he had settled them were open to transients. He thought of taking them for himself. But he didn't. On coming to do it he couldn't.

From time to time Thane hinted they would like to see him at the house. For some reason it seemed hard for him to come out with a direct invitation. However, he did at last.

"Mrs. Thane wants you up to supper," he said abruptly.

"Thanks," said John. "I'm ashamed of myself, tell her. I'll stop in some evening."

"You don't know where it is," said Thane.

"That's so. Tell me how to find it."

He wrote the directions down. Still it was most indefinite. Some evening meant nothing at all. Thane took him by the shoulders and regarded him with an expression that John avoided.

"And I want you to come," he said, with slow emphasis on the first pronoun. "Tomorrow."

"All right," said John. "Meet me at the office and I'll go with you."

It was a small house in a poor street, saved only by some large old trees. This surprised John because Thane's income was enough to enable them to live in a very nice way, in moderate luxury even. He was still more surprised at the indecorative simplicity of its furnishings. Thane's nature was not parsimonious. He would not have stinted her. Then why had they set up a household more in keeping with the status of a first-rate puddler than with that of the vice president of a flourishing nail trust, receiving in salary and dividends more than twenty thousand a year? Yet simple, even commonplace as everything was, there was evidence of taste beyond anything Thane would have been likely to know. So it must have been Agnes who did it.

The first thing Thane did on entering was to remove his collar and place it conspicuously on a table in the hallway by the foot of the staircase.

"I forget that if I don't see it going out," he said.

He unbuttoned the neck of his shirt, breathed and looked around with an air of satisfaction.

"It beats living at a hotel," he said, opening the door into a little front sitting room for John to see. "The only thing I picked out," he said, "was that big chair," referring to an enormous structure of hickory and rush that filled all one corner of the room. "I'll show you upstairs," he added. Coming to his own room he said: "This ain't much to look at, but that ain't what it's for. Nobody sees it."

It was furnished with a simple cot, another hickory chair and a plain pine table. On the table was a brass lamp ready to be lighted; also, tobacco jar, matches, some technical books, mechanical drawings, pencils and paper. At the other end of the hall Thane stopped before a closed door.

"She's downstairs," he said, at the same time knocking. He opened it softly, saying: "This is hers."

John got a glimpse of a little white bed, a white dressing table, some white chairs and two tiny pictures on the wall. A nun's chamber could hardly have been more austere. He turned away. At the head of the staircase he looked back. Thane had momentarily forgotten him and was still standing on the threshold of the little white room gazing into it. Suddenly he remembered John, closed the door gently and joined him.

"We'll see about supper," he said, leading the way through the sitting room into the next one, where the table was spread.

Just then Agnes appeared from the kitchen, bearing a tray. John had another surprise. Her appearance made an unexpected contrast, so striking as to be almost theatrical. She wore a dainty apron. Behind the apron was an elaborate toilet. She was exquisite, lovely. His first thought was that she had prepared this effect for him. Yet he noticed that Thane was not in the least surprised. He looked at her calmly, taking it all for granted, as if this had been her normal aspect; and so it was.

She shook hands with John. Her manner was a little too cordial.

"Supper is quite ready," she said. "Please sit down." She had served a joint of beef, mashed potatoes browned, some creamed vegetables. Thane surveyed the food.

"Nothing fried?" he said.

"Shall I fry you something?" she asked. "It won't take a minute."

Her tone puzzled John. It expressed patience, readiness, even tractability, and yet submissiveness was in a subtle sense explicitly denied.

"I was only fooling," Thane replied.

He whetted the carving knife carefully, as for a feat of precision, ran his thumb over the edge and applied it to the roast with an extremely deft effect.

"Did you buy the house?" John asked. "It's a very charming."

The note failed. He felt Agnes looking at him.

"Rent it," said Thane. "Mrs. Thane thought we'd better rent a while, maybe as we'd want another shape of house afterward. I want her to get a girl. She says there ain't nothing for a girl to do."

There was a silence. John did not know which side to take. He spoke highly of the food.

"Mr. Thane tells me you also have left the hotel," she said.

"You get tired of it," John answered absently.

He was wondering what to make of the fact that they were Mr. and Mrs. to each other. Twice he had been at the point of calling her Agnes. He wished to get one full look at her and tried to surprise her eyes. She avoided him. Then as if accepting a challenge she met his gaze steadily and utterly baffled his curiosity. This time he could not be sure. A kind of wisdom was in her eyes that had never been there before. It might be only that she was on her guard, knowing the secret he was after.

Conversation suffered many lapses. There seemed so little they could talk about. All the three of them had in common was reminiscent, and reminiscences were taboo. After supper they sat as far apart as three persons could in the small front room, Thane in his big chair, Agnes in a stiff chair with some needlework over which her head was bent. Her knees were crossed. The men were fascinated by the swift, delicate, tantalizing, puncturing rhythm of her needle, and in the margin of John's vision was exactly all she meant to be seen of a small silk-clad ankle and slippered foot.

"We are very quiet," she said, not looking up.

At that John began to talk about Thane—of his work and the genius showing in it, of the methods he had evolved, of the things he had invented, of his way with his men and what a brilliant future he had. Agnes listened attentively, even tensely, as he could see, but made no comment; and Thane, sinking lower and lower in his chair, became intolerably embarrassed. He stopped it by beginning of a sudden to talk about John. He knew much less about John's work, however, than John knew about his. For that reason the narrative fell into generalities and was not very convincing. Agnes listened for a while and became restive. Suddenly she put her needlework away and asked if anyone would like refreshments. John looked at the time. It was past eleven o'clock and he arose to go. Thane would have detained him; Agnes politely regretted that he had to go so soon. Still, when she shook hands with him at the door her manner was spontaneous and warm and she pressed him to come again.

John walked about in the night without any mind at all. When his thoughts became coherent he found himself saying: "No, they are not man and wife. They are strangers. I wonder what goes on in that house. Why does she do it? Why does he do it?"

Why did she?

XXVI

WHEN John was gone Agnes turned without speaking, went back to the front room, and sat at a little desk to write in a large black book. That was the last thing she did each day.

(Continued on Page 145)

"Lorain" Fish Dinner

If you'd like to learn how the whole meal illustrated below can be cooked at one time in the oven of a Lorain-equipped Gas Range without any attention whatsoever during the cooking process, fill in and mail the attached coupon. The meal consists of Stuffed Baked Fish, Browned Potatoes, Buttered Onions and Scalloped Apples. It is a well-balanced menu, and the method of cooking brings out all the deliciousness of the several foods. The Menu and Recipes were prepared especially for American Stove Company by a well-known cookery expert.

One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking. In this magic oven you can roast meats and bake the most delicate desserts without ever a failure; can fruits and vegetables perfectly, or cook whole meals at one time while you're miles away.

Solving the Problem of the Daily Dinner

A WOMAN'S greatest pleasure lies in doing things that increase the happiness of her family. Day after day, setting aside her own wishes, she remains at home in order that the appetites of her family may be satisfied.

If she *does* go away, a-visiting, shopping or to church, she is usually compelled to return early or penalized by being forced to prepare a meal under conditions that tend to destroy the joy of well-spent hours.

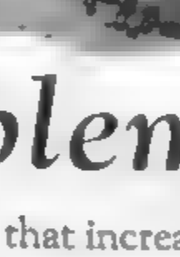
Sweeping, dusting, washing, ironing—all these can be done at any time, postponed if necessary from one day to another. But, the getting of a satisfactory dinner—*that* must be done every day and on time. Thus the getting of dinner *is* frequently a problem *unless* you own a gas range equipped with the wonderful Lorain Oven Heat Regulator.

The woman who owns a Lorain-equipped Gas Range has no dinner-problem. She need only place *all* the foods to be baked, boiled or roasted, in the magic oven, set the RED WHEEL at the specified temperature and go where she pleases for from three to five hours. The daily dinner will be perfectly cooked, ready to serve at meal time, and have even a better flavor than the most carefully watched meal.

Nor is this *all* that the oven of a Lorain-equipped Gas Range will accomplish for you. It will cook *perfectly* every flaky pastry, every juicy roast, every feather-light biscuit, every savory vegetable, EXACTLY THE SAME—EVERY TIME—AND WITHOUT ANY ATTENTION WHATSOEVER during the cooking process.

During the summer months you will be able to can fruits and vegetables in the oven, right in the glass jars—quickly, easily and with assured success as to flavor, color, and keeping-qualities.

Wherever gas is available you'll find dealers who sell one of the six famous makes of gas ranges equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. Go to the nearest dealer and ask him to explain and demonstrate to you the remarkable advantages of these famous ranges. *Look for the Red Wheel.*



Look for the RED WHEEL

WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel *provided* you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil

LORAIN
HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

Only these famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Regulator

NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio
CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Company Div., Lorain, Ohio
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Company Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 13 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the "Lorain Regulator" cannot be used on these

LORAIN
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AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
13 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo

Please send me free copy of the Lorain Fish Dinner Menu with Recipes.

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Street

City_____

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Check your favorite stove:

Clark Jewel · New Process · Dangler
Quick Meal · Direct Action · Reliable

So the Chemical Engineer took the Painter's Brush

"Laboratory tests show one thing," said the Chemical Engineer, "but I refuse to set up standards of manufacture until I go out and paint some houses and varnish some floors."

So he took the painter's brush and painted houses and varnished floors in various parts of the country, and then checked his laboratory findings against nature's laboratory. And nature agreed!

1793 · BORN WITH THE REPUBLIC · 1802

DU PONT

PAINTS AND VARNISHES

FIVE years ago, the du Pont Company entered a new manufacturing field, a logical market for du Pont chemical knowledge—the paint and varnish industry. Four manufacturers, each famed for quality products, were united and brought under the control of du Pont Chemical Engineers.

The job of the du Pont Chemical Engineers was to add *uniformity* to the proven quality of these products.

Their recommendation was that in order to maintain the du Pont Standard of Uniform Quality, it would be necessary to extend their chemical control to raw materials. And so the pigments—the lead, the lithopone, the colors—used in du Pont paints and varnishes are du Pont products, each produced under the same exact system of du Pont Quality Control

A du Pont paint or varnish *is*, therefore, made of ingredients of definitely known characteristics, not only checked in the laboratories, but checked also by time and sun and wind and rain. It is this exact system of control that makes du Pont quality absolutely uniform.

There is a du Pont Paint or Varnish for every household and industrial need—all of the same *unvarying* high quality. And when you put a du Pont green paint on your shutters, it not only covers the surface but *saves* the surface—it not only is green but *stays* green.

THESE are the four former companies now united under the du Pont Oval. From all their quality products, du Pont Chemical Engineers selected the *one best for each purpose* and thus formed the du Pont paint and varnish line

Harrison Brothers & Co., one of the first manufacturers of high-grade paints and varnishes in America—founded in 1793.

Bridgeport Wood Finishing Company, noted for its quality products since 1876.

Chicago Varnish Company, one of the leading varnish makers since 1867.

New England Oil, Paint and Varnish Company, a well-known Massachusetts manufacturer. Established 1825.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc.

Chicago Varnish Works, Chicago, Ill. — 35th St. and Gray's Ferry Road, Philadelphia, Pa. — Everett Station, No. 49, Boston, Mass.

Ask your dealer for du Pont Paint and Varnish Products. If he does not carry them yet, write us for name of nearest agent.

(Continued from Page 142)

Thane leaned against the door jamb, looking at her back. It was the view of her that sometimes thrilled him most. It made him see her again as she was that first night, in the moonlight, sitting at the edge of the mountain path, mysteriously averse. Approaching timidly he stood behind her chair, close enough to have touched her, as he longed to do if only he dared. He looked at his hands, turning them in the light; then at himself, downward, and was overcome with a sense of incongruity.

To him she was as untouchable as a butterfly. Her way of dressing so elaborately was at once an insurmountable barrier and a maddening provocation. Never did he see her in less formidable attire, not even at breakfast. Her morning gowns were forbidding in quite another way. Their effect was to put him on his sense of honor. If it should happen that he came home unexpectedly she was always in her room, and when she appeared it was like this. Embellishment was her armor. It was constant and never slipped. Yet the need for it was only in those moments, such as now, when his feeling for her broke down his pride and moved him toward her in spite of himself.

This was not often. It had happened only a few times since the first night in the hotel, when after supper she met his impulse by looking at him with such scorn and anger, even horror, that his desire instantly collapsed and left him aching cold. His pride was as black a beast as hers.

For a long time after that they had no way with each other, almost no way of meeting each other's eyes. Then to his great surprise she offered truce, not in words but by implications of conduct. She became friendly and began to talk to him about himself, about his work, and gradually about themselves. It was she who proposed taking a house. She chose it, bought the things that went into it, ordered the pattern of their twain existence within its walls.

He was for spending more money, telling her how much he made and how well they could afford having more. She was firm in her own way, asking him only if he were comfortable; and he was.

The only thing she would freely spend money for was clothes. He pondered this and found no clew to its meaning. They had no social life whatever. She never went out alone. Twice in a year they had been to a play, and nowhere else. Except for the recurring frustrations of his impulse toward her, which left him each time worse mangled in his pride and filled with rage, shame and self-abomination, he was happy.

He had been standing there back of her chair for so long that he began to wonder if she was aware of his presence, when she spoke abruptly.

"Yes?" she said in a quick, sharp tone.

He quailed, with the look of a man turned suddenly hollow. His pride saved him. Without a word he turned and went upstairs. When his footsteps were near the top she called "Good night." Apparently he did not hear her. At least he did not answer.

She went on writing.

The black book was the ledger of her spirit's solvency. Each night she wrote it up. There was first a record of all the money received from Thane. Then there was a record of all expenditures, under two heads—money spent for household purposes, itemized, and money spent upon herself, for clothes, and so on, unitemized. At the end of each month against her personal expenditures was entered, "Item, to Agnes, for wages, $50." If her personal expenditures exceeded her wage credit she wrote against the excess: "Balance owing Alexander Thane, to be accounted for."

Some day she would have a fortune of her own. Then she would return everything she had spent above her wages. That was what the record said. Anyone could see it at a glance. The book was always lying there on the desk. Perhaps covertly she wished he would have the curiosity to look into it and see what she was doing. He never did and he never knew. She meant of course sometime to tell him. What was the point of not telling him? Yet she didn't, and the longer she put it off the more difficult it was, for a reason she was afraid to face. She would not face it for fear it was true. But even more she feared it might not be true.

So it appears that what went on in that house was as much an enigma to Thane as to John; and nobody could answer John's question "Why does she do it?" for Agnes concealed that from herself.

XXVII

THANE became vice president also of the American Steel Company. Its capacity was greater than the need was for wire to make nails. For this reason the N. A. M. Co., Ltd. enlarged its scope and began to make steel wire for all purposes, especially for that distinctively American product called barbed wire, which ran the first year into thousands of miles of farm fencing. It was cheaper than the rude, picturesque rail fence, which it immediately superseded, and at the same time appealed in an unaccountable manner to the Yankee sense of humor.

Steel wire was indispensable to the steel age. There were bridges to be cast in the air like cobwebs, chasms to be spanned, a thousand giants to be snared in their sleep with threads of steel wire, single, double, or twisted by hundreds into cables. Enough of them would make a rope strong enough to halt the world in its flight. There could never have been a steel age without steel wire. But the steel age required first of all steel rails to run on. John saw this clearly. Iron rails wore out too fast under the increasing weight of trains; besides, the time had almost come when they simply couldn't be made in quantities sufficient to meet the uncontrollable expansion of the railroad system. The importation of steel rails over the high tariff wall was increasing. American steel rails had been made experimentally, were still being made, but they were variable and much distrusted. When they were good they were excellent. They were just as likely to be very bad. They could not be guaranteed, owing to the variableness of steel obtained in this country by the Bessemer process.

That problem of variability was now solved in Thane's celebrated mixer. For the first time there was the certainty of being able to produce American steel rails that would not only outwear iron as iron outwears oak, that would not only not break, that would not only be satisfactory when they were good, but rails that would be always the same and always good. It was natural that the American Steel Company should turn to rails. John knew the rail business upside down. He believed in railroads. When other people were thinking railroad building had been overdone he said it had not really begun. He imagined the possibility that the locomotive would double in size.

It did. Then it doubled again. It could not have done so without steel rails under its feet, and if it had not doubled and doubled again this now would be a German world. Democracy even then was shaping its weapons for Armageddon through men who knew nothing about it. They were free egoists, seeking profit, power, personal success, everyone attending to his own greatness. Never before in the world had the practice of individualism been so reckless, so purely dynamic, so heedless of the devil's harvest. Yet it happened—it precisely happened—that they forged the right weapons. It seems sometimes to matter very little what men know. They very often do the right thing for wrong reasons. All that the great law of becoming requires is that men shall work. They cannot go wrong really. They cannot make wrong things. The pattern is foreordained.

Knowing what difficulties lay in the path of the steel rail—knowing them very well, indeed, since many of them were of his own invention—John executed a brilliant maneuver. The point of it was to create his market beforehand.

With that in view he persuaded the officials of several large railroads to take ground-floor shares in the American Steel Company, the capitalization of which was increased for that purpose, and thus not only was new capital provided toward the building of a great rail-making addition to the plant but powerful railroad men had a participating interest in the success of the steel rail.

Meanwhile other companies also had discovered true steel formulas. As usual in such cases many hands were pressing against the door. Once the latch is lifted the door flies open for everyone. And then it appears that all the time there were several ways to have done it. Thane's way was not the only way. He had been the one to see where the cause of variableness lay. After that there could be several methods of casting it out. So the American Steel Company had competition almost from the

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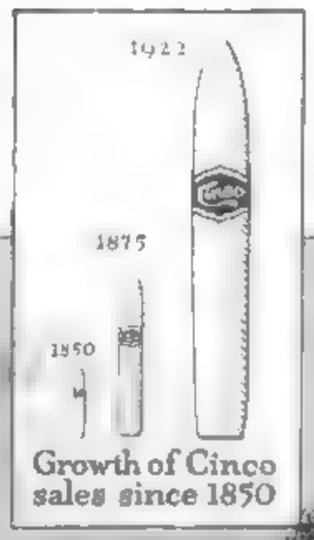

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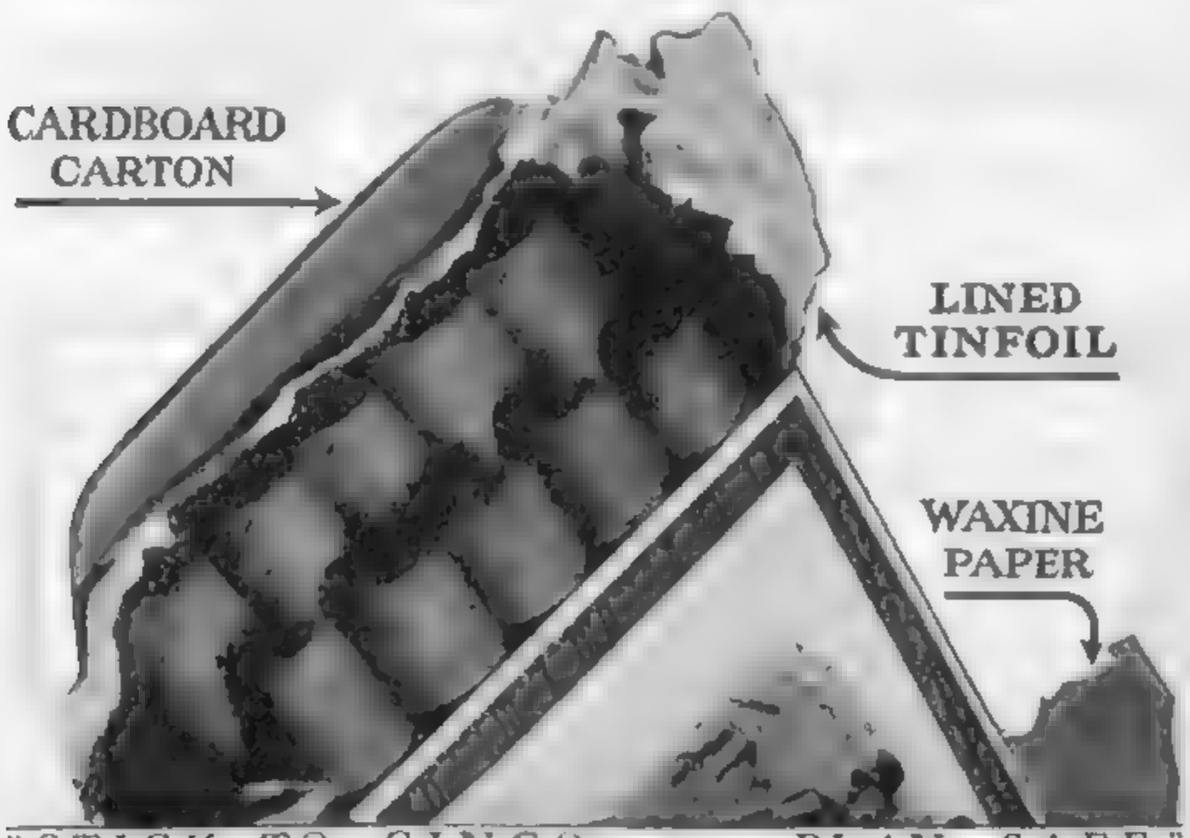

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start. However, as its rails were all bespoken by the railroads whose officials were stockholders, and as in any case the demand for rails was increasing very fast, there would have been prosperity for everyone if Enoch Gib had not been mad.

No sooner had the American Steel Company begun to produce rails than he did with iron rails as he had done before with iron nails. He began to sell the famous New Damascus iron rail at a ruinous price. The steel rail makers had to meet him. Then he lowered his price again and again, and still again, all the time increasing his output, until there was no profit in rails for anybody. John knew what it cost to make New Damascus rails. Enoch was selling them actually at a loss.

The fact that puissant railroad officials were stockholders in the American Steel Company counted for less and less. Though they might prefer steel rails for personal and intrinsic reasons, still they could not spend their railroads' money for steel rails with the famous New Damascus rail selling at a price that made it a preposterous bargain. There was panic in Pittsburgh. Who could have guessed that old Enoch Gib was committing financial suicide? And how much better off would the steel rail makers have been to know it? Nobody could stop him and the end might be far off.

John's emotions were those of Jonah riding the storm with an innocent face and a sense of guilt at his heart. He made no doubt that Enoch had set out deliberately to ruin the steel-rail industry.

Other steel rail makers quit. They could not stand the loss. And there it lay between Enoch and John. Enoch's mind was governed by two passions. One was his hatred of steel. The other was his hatred of John, who symbolized Aaron. It was the episode at the gate in another form. Enoch had John by the wrist. One had the advantage of a fixed demonic purpose. His strength was incredible. The other had in his favor youth, resourcefulness and flexibility; besides which he stood on the rising ground of the steel age.

In the fight over nails John's rôle had been defensive. It had to be. But here there was choice. His resources now were so much greater that a policy of reprisals might be considered. If Enoch were determined to break himself, the sooner it came to pass the better for everyone else. And would not the end be all the same to him? The American Steel Company could slaughter rails, too, increasing both its own loss and Enoch's, and thus foreshorten the agony. But when it came to the point of adopting an offensive course John's heart forbade. He could not bring himself to do it. Never had he hated Enoch. So far from that, his feeling for him was one of unreasoning pity. The old man probably would not survive bankruptcy. It would kill him.

"Therefore," said John, "let him bring it about in his own way."

And so it was that alone and dreadful man, stalking day and night through the New Damascus iron mill like a tormented apparition, goading his men to the point of frenzy, using them up and casting them off, holding them to it by force of contempt for the fiber that snapped—that one man in a spirit of madness frustrated the steel age and made it limp on iron rails long after the true steel to shoe it with had been available. In all the histories of iron and steel you read men's blank amazement at the fact that it took so many years for the steel rail, once perfected, to supersede the iron rail. They cannot account for it.

At about this time a committee of New Damascus business men went forth to investigate the subject of steel. Enoch caused this to be done. His mood was one of exulting. There had been some talk in the new generation about the possibility of steel overthrowing iron. He was resolved to put that heresy down. He chose the right time. Abroad in the world the committee saw steel-rail plants lying idle and touched the gloom of the steel people. It returned to New Damascus and saw with its own eyes on Enoch's books how the output of iron rails was increasing. The committee reported that steel would never supersede iron. Except perhaps in some special uses iron was forever paramount. It adopted a resolution in praise of Enoch, who had made New Damascus the iron town it was, and disbanded.

The sun of New Damascus was then at its zenith and the days of Enoch were few to run. He lived them out impenetrably. No man saw him but in his strength. His weakness was invisible like his nakedness. His end was as that of the oak that once more flings back the storm, then suddenly falls of its own weight. Never had his power seemed so immeasurable as at its breaking point.

For all that John could do, the American Steel Company, biding the time when Enoch should break, came itself to the verge of disaster. It could not go on forever making steel rails at a terrific loss. Each day brought it nearer to a catastrophe. John saw this clearly. Seeing it, he did not act. "What am I waiting for?" he asked himself. He did not know. Still he waited—stood still and waited as if fascinated. Twice he called the directors together to lay before them a plan of salvage, which was to abandon rail-making and convert the plant to other uses; and each time at the last minute he changed the subject.

One morning at breakfast he was electrified by a single black line in his newspaper.

New Damascus Mill Closes

Beneath it was this dispatch:

New Damascus, June 11—The New Damascus mill closed down last night in all departments for the first time in its history. There is no explanation. Enoch Gib is understood to be ill.

John knew what this meant. The end had come. Having verified the news by telegraph he went to Slaymaker and told him for the first time enough of the history of New Damascus and its people to illuminate what had been going on.

"Why do you tell me this now?" Slaymaker asked.

"Isn't it a great relief?" said John.

"There's some other reason," Slaymaker insisted.

"You have lost a lot of money with me in American Steel," John said. "Now of course that will all come back. Meanwhile, you might be able to turn this information to special advantage. There are two or three idle rail mills that could be picked up for nothing."

Slaymaker took time to reflect.

"Go ahead," he said. "I'll help."

John shook his head.

"It's an apple I don't like the taste of. If I were in your place I'd know what to do. That's why I have told you. But leave me out of it entirely."

"I can't for the life of me see why you shouldn't," said Slaymaker.

"Neither can I," said John. "There's no reason. Say I'm superstitious and let it drop."

"There's nothing the matter with the apple, though?" asked Slaymaker.

"Not for you," said John.

He left the banker sitting thoughtfully on the edge of his chair.

When he arrived at his own office Thane was there waiting.

"We've got a telegram Enoch is dying. Thought maybe you would go with us."

"How does Mrs. Thane take it?"

"Cold and still," said Thane. "You can't tell."

"Does she want me to go?"

"She knows I'm asking you," said Thane. "There's just time. She's at the depot."

John turned and went with him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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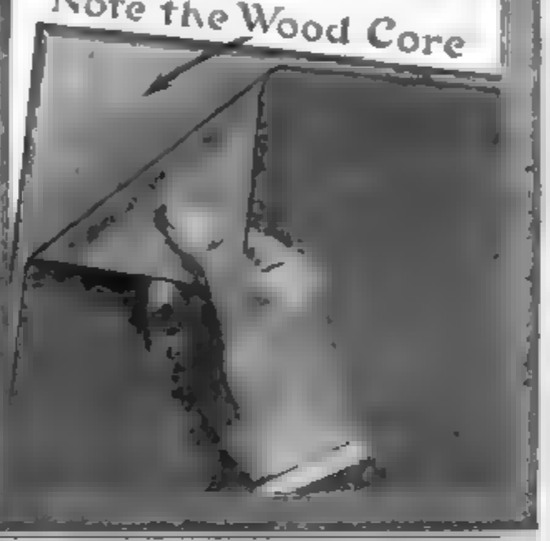

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THE ERRING WIFE, OR LOVE'S SUGGESTION

(Continued from Page 34)

Young Mr. Overholt—without chains—obeyed. They crawled down the gleaming coal-black road.

"I'm sorry. I'm terribly sorry," said the driver, thinking with some alarm of the situation, the possible effect of this on this man, the frail slight figure beside him in this open car. "Your health—I hope it will not I had no idea ——"

A strangling side wind full of rain, and the attention needed for his grade, closed for the moment his apology.

"Don't worry about me," said the other, now sitting up quite stiff and straight. "I shall last sufficiently long for what I have to do!"

Another burst of wind silenced him in turn. The sickening sleekness of a skid now occupied fully the attention of the driver. The man beside him sat rigid and entirely still.

The skid ended at the edge of a white fence—by the hollow sound of swiftly dashing waters in an unseen stream below; they slipped and stumbled downward through the hissing darkness.

"Thank God for that!" said young Overholt at last.

They were finally down Suicide Hill.

And now at length they saw the yellow lights, the warm welcoming country lights of the small hotel, the shelter they were seeking. And eventually, with a lurch, the spattered roadster drew from the treacly mud of a barnyard into the dry, sweet-scented main floor of an old-time barn.

"Thank God!" exclaimed young Mr. Overholt once more.

Looking about he saw the suspicious eyes of his companion set upon him.

"You stop here?" he asked coldly. "Why?"

VII

"WHY!" repeated young Mr. Overholt shortly, now starting to get out.

"Wait!" directed his companion, his right hand now stealing to the right-hand pocket of his overcoat. "Why? Why do we stop here?"

"Because, for one reason, we can't drive a car any farther. This is the end of the passable road."

"What will we do next?"

"We'll walk—when we go," replied young Mr. Overholt.

"Come on!" said his passenger, stepping briskly out, taking his pistol in his hand, and starting to discard his heavy overcoat.

"Walk! In this!" cried young Mr. Overholt.

"Yes."

"Up that mountain? Through the woods?"

"Why not?"

"But you can't. It would be impossible. You couldn't. You'd kill yourself. You aren't strong enough," said young Mr. Overholt, now breaking over all his instructions, bringing even the suggestion of physical illness into this man's mind.

Outside, while he spoke, the night was filled with the straining hissing storm.

A small hard smile came on the face of the other—shown in silhouette against the highly lighted yellow end of the barn before the headlights.

"Strong?" said his hard, mocking, unnatural voice. "Don't worry. I shall be sufficiently strong. Day by day," he called in ghastly travesty, "I'm growing stronger and stronger!"

A storm-filled silence followed.

"I tell you what I will do with you," said young Overholt, breaking it, for he saw, of course, that this fool experiment had come to its crisis and its end. All that was left now, obviously, was for him to call up by telephone the person to whom he had pledged his unguarded promise of silence, acquaint her with the facts and, acquitted of his pledge, explain the exact situation to this man—relieve this fast-breaking mind beside him from the unfair, dangerous and terrible strain to which it was being subjected. And fortunately, now, this would be very quick and simple. "I tell you what I'll do," he said. "I have no desire to kill either you or myself."

"Don't worry about me," the other reassured him. "I shall last at least long enough for what I have to do."

Young Overholt purposely disregarded this remark.

"I will do this," he again asserted. "If you will allow me to step into the hotel, the office here, by myself, I think I can settle this thing satisfactorily."

The other was silent.

"If you will let me go, if you will trust me that far alone, when I come out I will give you an explanation that will satisfy you."

In the half darkness of the old barn where they stood he did not quite see the sharpness of the glance of suspicion that the other gave him.

"Explanation! Satisfy me!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," asserted young Mr. Overholt. "And if you will wait here I will give you the word of a gentleman that I will be right back." For, of course, he didn't want him with him when he telephoned. "And if I don't explain everything to your entire satisfaction," young Mr. Overholt proceeded in the other's silence, "then we will go on exactly as we planned to where they are; to Martha, Mrs. Hetherington, and -and Spencer."

"How long? How far?" inquired the gloomy and suspicious voice.

"About half an hour. About a mile through the woods."

"And you say you will get me to them without fail—if you do not explain this matter, as you claim you can," inquired the skeptical, high-pitched voice, "to my satisfaction? You will bring me face to face with them?"

"Absolutely."

"On the honor of a gentleman?"

"I do."

"Very well," said Mr. Hetherington. "I agree. Though I must say," he added bluntly, "your actions in this grow more and more peculiar."

Young Mr. Overholt, his permission gained, gave little—perhaps too little thought to the suspicion in his glance, his voice; the obvious expression of that deep-seated suspicion which is so often the mark of a disjointed mind.

Plunging forward, he staggered through the wind-driven rain into the dimly lighted door, which led into a little entryway back of the small office of the very small hotel.

The room was empty for the moment, incoming guests being rather unlikely in the circumstances. But young Mr. Overholt, who had been in the place before, readily found the telephone for himself. It was situated, in fact, upon the wall just around the doorway from the little entry through which he had come in.

"Give me 13 M," he called, asking for the number which he had been so long hoping to secure, and speaking without preliminaries when he secured it.

"Listen. You know who this is!"

"Yes," said a sharp interested feminine voice.

"We're here at the hotel."

"Yes!"

"And I'm calling you up to say it's all off"

"What!" exclaimed the surprised but confident voice at the other end.

"Yes," responded Mr. Overholt, in a deeply ironic tone, "our little conspiracy must end here!"

"You mean ——"

"I, for one, must withdraw!"

"Why? Why?" demanded the eager, intense young voice at the other end. "Isn't everything all right? Is he tired—weak?"

"I'll say not," replied young Mr. Overholt bitterly. "No. He wants to start right now, and walk up—to the lodge—through this."

"But that's splendid! Splendid!" said the strong, buoyant, interested voice at the other end of the line.

"What is?" asked Mr. Overholt rather caustically.

The lower part of his body—his legs—had been comparatively dry while he was seated—up to his leaving his car. But he felt now the cold rivulets, the leakage from his cold upper garments, starting creeping over the comparatively warm surface lower down.

"What is?" he asked.

"What would you say," inquired the sanguine voice across the wire, "concerning a man who up to the present time has been in his condition? What would you say if after all he has done today he wanted, was strong enough, to go on? Fresh, apparently, as a boy!" For a moment, receiving no reply, she offered one herself. "I would say," she continued, with what seemed to young Mr. Overholt an undue enthusiasm, "that it was not only a cure, it was a triumph for autosuggestion."

On the utterance of this statement she received a prompt response.

"And I'll say," exclaimed young Overholt, "that the man is crazy. You've driven him mad. Mad—crazy as a female socialist."

The cold rivulets had now traversed the whole extent of his lower limbs and were meeting in his shoes. He felt quite uniformly disagreeable.

"I do not wish to be considered an alarmist," he went on with ironic restraint after a slight pause. "But offhand at this distance I would say you seem to show the same eager scientific interest in this experiment of yours as the small boy who put the dynamite in the stove and sat down to study it."

As he spoke, his words and manner grew more and more bitterly sarcastic.

"For I'll tell you," he said, "right now! I warn you. If you keep this thing up, you'd better kill him now. For if this thing goes on there are just two possibilities—and no more: You'll either kill him before he reaches you or he'll kill you promptly when he has done so. Kill you—maim you, unless you manage to kill him first on his road to you or I ——"

At this Miss Isobel Strong listened, wagged her receiver hook, listened earnestly again. For it seemed to her that at this point, the sudden cessation of his speech, she heard a voice not directly in the transmitter—a high, nervous, almost frantically irritated voice saying faintly but distinctly: "Throw them up! Throw them up! That's right. Now keep still. Come on!" And immediately after that the sound of the receiver dropping!

After that she tried in vain to recover the connection.

VIII

"YOU would advise them then," said young Mr. Overholt's assailant bitterly, "to kill me on the way!"

His voice was shrill and quite unsteady. His face, hard-set before, was now pale with a ghastly wonderment—the look of sickness and surprise of one who has by heaven's own favor escaped from stepping on a rattlesnake.

They were gone from the empty hotel office now—back in the great swash of rain.

"No. Shut up!" he continued warningly, as he had before; and the younger man saw from the far corner of his eye the blue menace of the long-barreled automatic in the dim glow beside the electric flashlight that was focused on himself. "Shut up."

Although a young man of purpose, who had in his time played with distinction right guard upon the varsity football team of his alma mater, this situation had not been exactly paralleled in young Mr. Overholt's previous experience. He stood perfectly still in the driven rain, before this armed madman, this insane pistol expert, who could shoot the commas out of a newspaper at forty yards, and who, through an unfortunate series of misapprehensions, was now, he saw, inflamed to a frantic and almost hair-trigger anger against him.

"The word of a gentleman," he was now saying shrilly, "that you would clear this matter all up to my satisfaction! And I find you, at once, taking advantage of my confidence—to kill me! Advising them, it would seem, to kill me—on the way!"

"Oh, no. No!" exclaimed young Mr. Overholt, still striving to correct this terrible misunderstanding.

"Enough. Enough! I have no time now to listen to a man—a consulting murderer—engaged, according to his own admission, in the abduction of other men's wives."

"But ——" began young Mr. Overholt again.

"Be quiet! I have warned you!" said the deadly voice from behind him. For the madman had commanded him to face forward and away from him—an almost impossible position to speak from.

"But—but ——"

"Be still!"

"But—but—let me explain," young Overholt concluded finally, with marked courage, knowing that every word after his command to silence might cost his life from the crazed man behind him. But his daring

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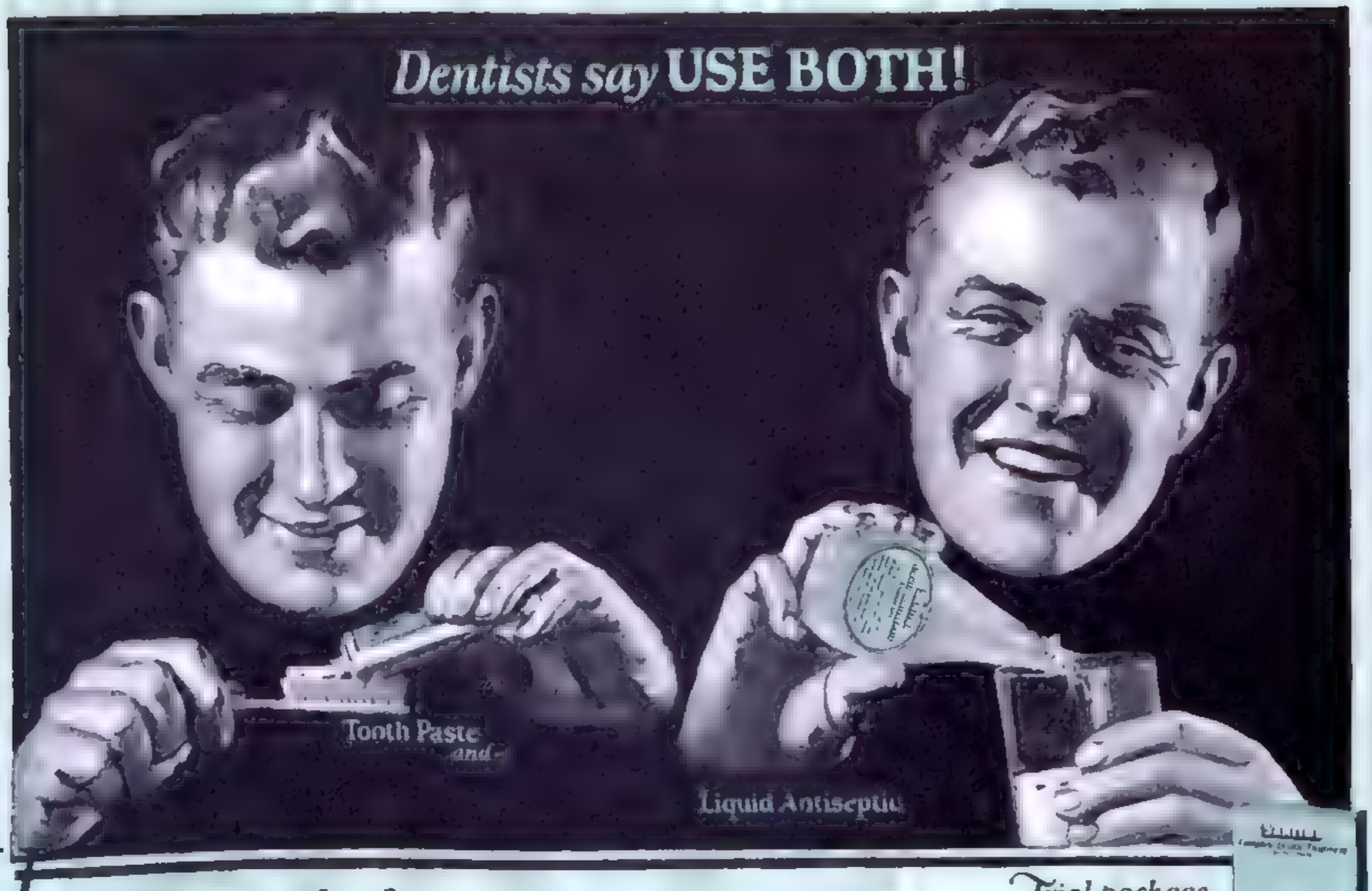

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(Continued from Page 148)

was rewarded. Nothing of the kind occurred. The man's interest was captured for the moment.

"Explain?" he said in bitter skepticism.

"Yes."

"Go on," he permitted curtly.

It was difficult to do so successfully, now that the requisite consent had been secured, young Overholt found, in his present circumstances—standing facing away, staring out into the blinding rain, knowing what was threatening him from behind in the dim radiance from the flashlight. He waited, choosing his starting point, finding it more difficult than he had thought.

"Explain. Go on," urged the cold caustic voice behind him, hurrying him.

And now young Mr. Overholt saw that he must at once arrange his thoughts and speak. "As a matter of fact," he said a little vaguely, hoping to gain time—"as a plain matter of fact, can't you see what this was all done for?"

"I cannot," came the cold thin cultivated voice behind him, in sharp contrast to his somewhat jerky utterance. "What was it done for?"

"It was all done, as a matter of fact, you ungrateful beast," said young Mr. Overholt, now suddenly and unfortunately losing his own self-control, "for your sake. For you!"

"For me!"

"For your health!"

A gust of rain-filled wind snatched and bore away the words from his lips.

"My health!" came back the voice behind him, in a new tone—of actual ferocity.

"Exactly. Yes. To save your life!"

"Enough!" came back the voice—the high ferocious voice above the roaring of the storm. "Enough! Enough of this damned nonsense," it cried in a breaking fury, which showed the last barriers of self-control were down. "I've heard enough from you."

"But ——" attempted young Mr. Overholt.

"Enough! Enough!" cried the frantic madman behind him. "If you can't lie better than that, shut up. Shut up! One more word of idiocy from you—and you're gone!"

The gale yelled and bore on it great sheets of rain into their faces, about the dark rear corner of the hotel, to which at Hetherington's order they had retired from the side entrance. But both men stood silent—young Overholt for the time inarticulate, the other striving apparently to control his wild fury of irritation.

"Now then," he went on a few minutes later when he had evidently done so, "from now on I will do all the talking that is done—if you value your life, that is! Give the instructions. They are these," he said distinctly. "We are now about to start for the lodge—to your telephone number 13 M—you leading—as I hope you will consent to do. For otherwise, having disposed of you, I shall merely have to look the number up—and go on alone."

He paused, allowing young Mr. Overholt time to appreciate his statement—to comprehend the information that his evident overhearing of the latter's telephoning had given him.

"And the second thing," he went on, "for your own information, to prepare you for what may come, I shall of course, after your pleasant and sympathetic suggestion to my enemy that I must be killed on my way to find him, I shall naturally defend myself in every way. Shoot from cover. From a distance. At sight. At anything that moves!

"And while this is going on," he continued with great formality, "do not—in any way—try to escape, or to assist the others, under the impression that you can do so. For I warn you now—I am extremely competent with this weapon. No, that will do," he said. "One more word from you will be fatal!"

And young Mr. Overholt was still—discontinued his last attempt at speaking. He saw now that protestation was impossible; that in order finally to frustrate this madman he must from now on rely on action, not on speech.

"You stated some time ago," the man was saying from behind him, "that it was half an hour to our destination. It is now 7:30 o'clock," he continued, now evidently taking out his watch. "I will tell you now, if by eight o'clock or shortly after we are not there, you will find yourself in a serious situation—and one not to be postponed by excuses or by clumsy lies."

And just then the obvious plan occurred to young Travers Overholt.

"Go on. March," directed the voice behind.

Young Overholt led on his plan of campaign now perfectly plain and obvious. He must save these women, he knew. And fortunately he felt that he could still do so.

The lodge, he knew from a former visit, was up the sheer side of the mountain, at least five hundred feet above where they were standing. This man, an invalid, proposed to drive him up there at the point of his firearm. Nothing could be simpler for an ex-athlete, a man of Overholt's proved capacities, with any fair break, than to defeat this. The whole thing was clear and obvious.

"You will walk ten feet ahead," the wild harsh voice behind him was directing. "Any attempt to escape will cost you your life!"

Stepping forward in apparent obedience young Mr. Overholt smiled internally—for the first time in some hours. It would be different, very different on the mountainside, when the other man, this semi-invalid, began stumbling, breathless and careless with exhaustion. Once down, with his superior strength he could jump him, overpower him! Or, at worst, he could leap away into the darkness, out from the flashlight, and give the two now in the lodge the warning they must have—the only warning that could come to them from any human source before this madman reached them. Yes. That was the only plan, young Overholt's active mind assured him, as he progressed in the direction of the lodge now, through the terrific rain.

The storm kept on as they crossed the narrow mountain valley. The world was wild with it. The black unseen mountains above them groaned and travailed like the beginning of creation, before light was born.

They had come now to the bridge, the slight wooden bridge just before the mountainside, under which the little river that had carved the valley roared and raved; and started upon the mud and gravel of the half-wood road up the steep grade—the physical struggle that was to come. Around them raved the unceasing storm; below them the sheer slope began—the footing greasy with the rain—making the effort still more formidable.

In a way it was too bad. It was not this man's fault that he was crazed. It was no fault of his that had brought him to this pass—this situation that might entirely break him. It was this last wild woman's fad, this unexpectedly and savagely effective woman's experiment, this so-called auto-suggestion, acting on his imagination, his so-called unconscious mind. It was, any way you considered it, too bad.

But the present was no time for considering it—for sentiment or even mercy. Whatever had made this man mad, it was a matter now of actual life and death—his wearing down and exhausting, against the lives of possibly three people.

Understanding this, young Mr. Overholt passed up into the writhing woods. The storm was unabated; the rain never ceased; great waves of wind swept across the wooded mountains like the open sea. And although there was some protection here in this narrow road through the trees, there were also obvious disadvantages. Chief among these was, of course, the wetness, the supreme and oozy wetness of wet woods. Young Mr. Overholt, stumbling on a mossy rock, noted this with a suppressed oath. He had fallen upon his hands and knees.

This was, he noted now, the first fall. The man behind him—as indicated by his flashlight—walked on, it seemed, with remarkable steadiness, considering the slimy treachery of the footing. No doubt, young Mr. Overholt said to himself, one reason was the fact that, having possession of the flashlight, he had a better chance to choose his way.

The rain descended and the floods still came. The path became always muddier, more slippery and more steep. Water, at least shoe-deep, came slipping down the slimy deepening ruts. It was a crazy idea, the fad of a woman, Mr. Overholt reflected with increasing bitterness, which had sent him out here into this thing—this duel of endurance with a madman, which might save or cost them all their lives. He was feeling it—the strain of climbing—after a lapse of several years, fully as much as he had expected. And for some reason this man, this so-called invalid behind him, was getting on surprisingly well. Surprisingly so, he reflected, slipping once again,

(Continued on Page 153)

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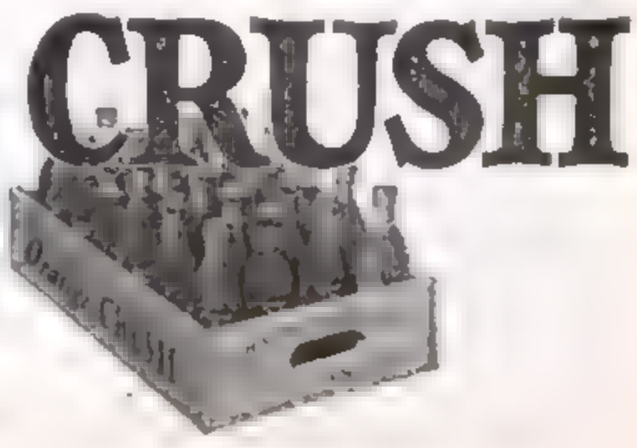
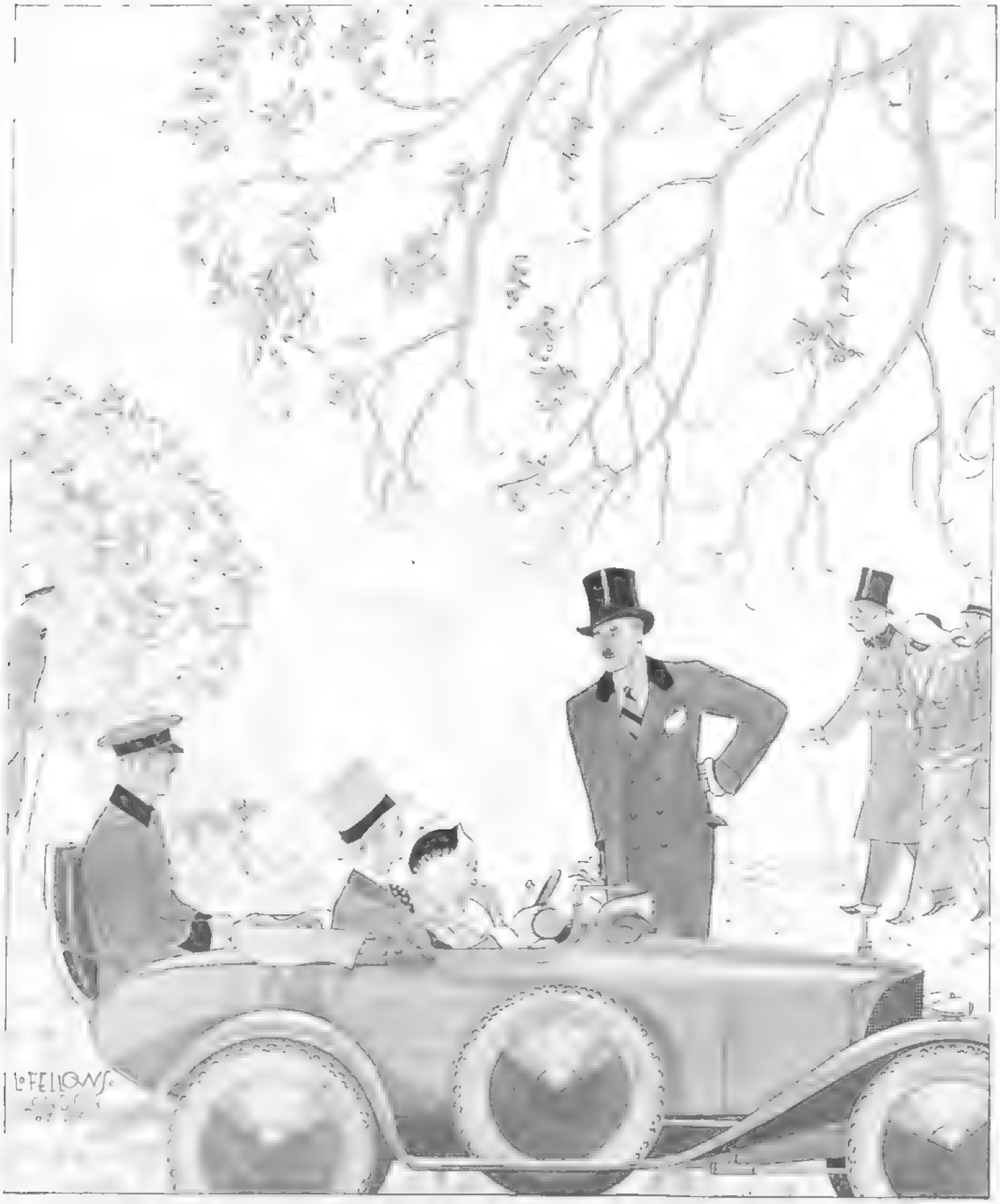




*HYDE PARK, LONDON**

Hon. Freddy—"Haven't the foggiest idea, old chap—Ridley, do we use tyres?"
Ridley (waxing warm)—"Kelly-Springfields, sir—American, nothing to touch 'em—never blow or skid—a bit of orl right, sir, if you ask me!"

*Drawing and dialogue by Laurence Fellows, London.

THE qualities which a motorist seeks in tires are the same practically all over the world. These qualities are long mileage, freedom from trouble, safety from skidding, and low cost. Since Kellys combine all these qualities to a marked degree, it is not surprising that they have become internationally famous. It costs *no more* to buy a Kelly.

(Continued from Page 151)

and finding himself once again upon his hands and knees against a little bowlder

The light from behind held steadily on him till he rose again. This was two times that the man ahead, the ex-athlete, had fallen; and as yet the man behind him had done nothing of the kind. Possibly, young Overholt reflected, possibly because the man was so much lighter than he! Possibly, he said to himself, in one of those moments of self-appraisal that come in mountain climbing—perhaps the heavier man was at a disadvantage in this form of exercise. Perhaps it was too many cigarettes! He must cut them out, he resolved, and struggled on.

Everywhere, he noted in his struggles, was water—the feel, the sound of running water. Of water, running water—in his hair, his clothes, his shoes, the filthy faintly yellow road; in the brook beside which they were toiling up. Water gushed, gurgled, roared, raved from every corner and angle of the ascent, as it can only from a mountain in a storm. He settled down for the pull—the greatly aggravated strain of mountain climbing.

Silently, without mishap, without effort, as far as he could see, the man with the pistol and the flashlight followed, lighting up his heels.

The rain continued, but it meant nothing now to young Mr. Overholt. The instinctive shrinking of the warm human skin from cold water, from soaking clothes, was now long past. He gave himself up to it. Water was his element. He moved in it like a fish. Only his clothes grew very, very heavy. And the cigarettes—they must be cut out, without question! If he ever did get out of this! For this man, this so-called invalid behind him, still kept strongly on, showing as yet, apparently, no signs of that fatigue which was so absolutely necessary.

The thoughts of young Overholt became dull and inconsecutive in his weariness and apprehension. Had these women—these crazy modern women—reducing to an absurd formula their world-old practice of playing on the emotions of men, succeeded, like Pandora, by dipping into a new box of mysteries, in destroying the world for themselves again—in this case at least? The idea rose dimly, persisted in his dully acting mind as he climbed.

The two passed on in their silent contest, the competitive agony of mountain climbing. Young Overholt had experienced it before—those dreadful quarter hours when men of proud instincts but sedentary lives toil on, each waiting anxiously for the other to propose the much-needed rest. But nothing in his experience had so much as suggested this, this contest of exhaustion with this madman in his rear—flogged on by his savage artificial delusion, this damned crazy autosuggestion thing which these women had started in him.

In his deadly weariness, young Mr. Overholt could see, crude monstrous doubts were now possessing him; the levels of his thought processes were falling to distinctly lower, coarser, more primitive levels. The more sentimental amenities, the more gentle illusions of daily life, especially as concerned with the opposing sex, seemed to have fallen away, and dropped him to a plane of thought scarcely tolerable in other, better hours, yet which seemed to him, in his present lowered state, to explain this whole thing perfectly.

What these women, these crazy fool women had done, put into plain English, his primitive savage mind was telling him, was to plant the seeds of a perfectly good jealousy in the mind of this poor spoiled petulant grown-up baby of a man, who had married money, and driven him into a male hysteria of irritation—the sudden madness of a kicking child. A state, young Mr. Overholt reflected grimly, from which as many murders had come through unstable temperaments as from any other in the world.

And for that matter, when you came to go back over it, the depressing thought now came to the wearying man's more primitive brain—whoever said this man was weak or physically unfit, except the women? The confounded fool women, always messing everything they touch, always jumping at conclusions, always acting half-informed on any subject! This madman, as a matter of actual fact, might be able to go on indefinitely!

It was a matter of distinct, immediate importance now. Although going slowly, at a decreasing pace, they were drawing nearer all the time to their destination—the two women, the two fool women that young Overholt was pledged now, at the possible cost of his life, to rescue from the legitimate outcome of their folly!

The storm, he noted dully, continued as before. The sense of isolation and approaching disaster grew on him as they plodded on grimly up the slope. Trees writhed, groaned, hissed around them. Far off, down dark unseen mountain valleys, the wind, like some huge aërial creature from another planet, clawed at the earth as at a prostrate beast.

Was it possible, young Overholt asked himself, that this ecstatic anger, this crazy power of jealousy these women had started in this poor spoiled play-acting fool behind him, would keep him forever coming on, dogging his footsteps with that unswerving searchlight, holding him prisoner to a disastrous end—for them and for himself? He feared it keenly.

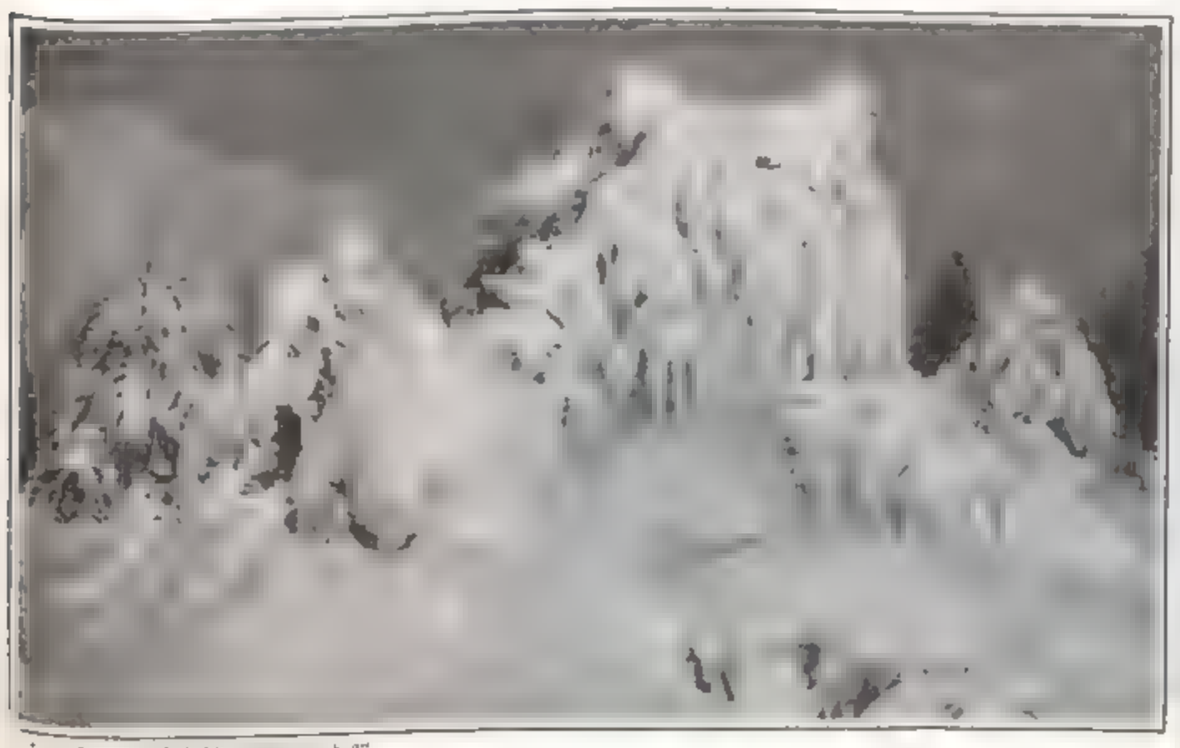
And now the anxious desperate lowered brain reaction of young Mr. Overholt plunged back to a depth of atavism not before reached. Below the just and nicely balanced equality of the sexes today, below the romantic era starting with Provence, the more Oriental conceptions of their women by the Greeks—down to an ancient savage ungallant almost Mesozoic past. He felt no more gallant than a fish.

"Damn the women, anyhow!" muttered young Mr. Overholt, dragging on with grim desperation, in the ever-failing hope of saving them.

And as he said this to himself, at last the accident that he had counted upon came. Suddenly the glare of the flashlight was gone from about his feet. There was a rolling fall, a sharp metallic clatter, the abrupt sound of a smothered oath.

And young Mr. Overholt, panting, straining, but realizing that his time had come, with the supreme and desperate effort of a former athlete, was gone—out of the road, into the black, straining, groaning woods, storm-hidden from the monstrous captivity that had held him!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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SCIENCE AND OUR EVERYDAY LIFE

(Continued from Page 10)

through the agency of wireless the soft voice of a child in America can be heard in the capitals of Europe.

We have learned that there is no way accurately to determine in advance the results of scientific research. Our new knowledge concerning the atom came largely from investigations of a vacuum, which was the one place where it was natural to expect that there would be no new disclosures of technical fact. Edison never dreamed that his great electrical discovery, the Edison effect, would be used in wireless and the X ray. Nor did the French professor who gave us gas for heating and lighting have any idea that his efforts to discover a proper gas for use in balloons would revolutionize illumination practice and start us in the great field of coal distillation. The Swedish professor who accidentally noticed that a wire carrying electricity would make a magnetic needle move when brought near it, saw no useful application for the principle he had discovered, but the phenomenon immediately attracted the attention of two Germans who utilized the new knowledge to develop a system of electromagnetic telegraphy. Our greatest accomplishments in science have come by chance rather than as a result of well-laid plans.

The happenings of recent years make it certain that the future is to be a time of mystery and miracles. We cannot help but wonder where and how the drama of life will be chiefly staged. Will America remain supreme, or will the East awaken and sweep into the future with an insatiable ambition to play the leading rôle in world affairs? What science may do for the teeming millions of India and China no one can forecast. There is no lack of constructive brain power in the Orient now. It was the Jap, Noguchi, who showed the way to conquer yellow fever, and this victory was far greater than any won by European leaders in the World War. It was Jagadis Bose, a great Indian scientist, who demonstrated to the world that plants wince when injured, and that they can get intoxicated.

Great fires are smoldering in Asia. Will present-day marvels, such as radio broadcasting, supply the means to arouse 800,000,000 people and let loose the flames? Notwithstanding its comparatively dense population and its age, the East has enormous natural resources as yet untapped. China has 200,000 millions of horse-power years of coal, 60,000,000 horse-power years of petroleum and 20,000,000 horse-power of water power. The coal deposits of China rank second only to those of the United States, and are greater than the total reserves of Germany, France, Canada, Great Britain, Australia, Russia and Poland. In the matter of fuel China is as virgin today as the United States was 400 years ago.

The East of the Future

We all accept the idea that the real basis of power of a nation is its energy resources rather than its man-power strength. China has both. Supposing the East were to awaken and develop the use of fuel to a point where the per-capita consumption of coal was equal to the rate of consumption now maintained in the United States. In such event China's coal consumption would total more than 2,400,000,000 tons annually, or nearly twice the present yearly consumption of the entire world. Though this cannot happen at once, it may come sooner than some of us imagine, and at least the thought illustrates the amazing possibilities of the not distant future.

The development of wireless may have no effect on civilization that will equal the use of radio to spread the doctrines of Asiatic leaders to the hordes of India and China. About all that the East lacks is education and unity of thought. Russia has looked ahead and has established a soviet school at Moscow, where groups of Orientals are being taught the principles of communism, so that they may return to their native lands and preach the gospel of Lenine and Trotzky. Let no one doubt that interest is shifting to the East and that Asia will be the seat not only of our most vital world problems but of tomorrow's greatest opportunities. The foundations of our life were laid in the East. It was Asia that gave us such things as religion, language and the written word. Is the sun of the Orient to rise again? And if it does, what will safeguard our future and perpetuate the supremacy of the civilization of the Occident except a superior mastery of chemistry and engineering?

It is only now that people are commencing to grasp the true meaning of our present speedy advance in the field of science. We have only a comparatively short time to go on with our work of uplifting civilization before the curtain will be rung down on the present era of human development. Basing our assumption on the present rate of increase of the world's population, there would not be room on this earth for its people ten centuries from now. We are so prone to keep our eyes focused on today that we give little thought to tomorrow. In figuring on the future we must take into account the mathematical laws of geometrical progression. My point is well illustrated by the story of the two golfers who decided to add zest to their game by placing a wager of one cent on the first hole, and then doubling the bet for each of the remaining holes. Much to their astonishment, the final wager, on the eighteenth hole, amounted to $1310.72.

Startling Expansion

Fifty years ago the natural increase of population here in the United States—that is, the excess of births over deaths—amounted to only 300,000 per year. Now the increase is more than 1,000,000 annually, and in fifty years from now the yearly increase in our population from births alone will be considerably more than doubled. Right now we are materially reducing the mortality rate of infants, and there is every reason to suppose that the efforts of medical science in discovering more effective ways to combat disease will continue to lengthen the average span of human life. In 1850 we had here in America less than eight people per square mile of our area. Now we have about thirty-six people per square mile, while in some of our thickly populated states, like Rhode Island, the density of population has already reached a total of 567 per square mile.

From now on the race of life is going to be run at high speed, and it is likely that in no other land will the pace be so rapid as here in the United States. At the commencement of this year we had 12,400,000 automobiles in the United States, or one car for every 8.7 persons. As compared with other countries, this indicates a development of our automotive industries that is nothing less than amazing. For instance, Japan, with a population of 55,000,000, has only one car for every 5500 persons. In the matter of telephones, we have here in our own country approximately 14,000,000 phones, or two-thirds of the entire number installed in the world. We have one phone for every eight persons in this country, while the average for all the nations of Europe is less than one for every eighty persons. Greater New York has more telephones than Great Britain; the state of Michigan more than all of France, while the city of Detroit, alone, has more telephones than Brussels, Liverpool, Budapest, Rome, Amsterdam and Marseilles combined.

Wherever we turn in industry we find the same amazing story of record achievement. The total consumption of wood by American industries each year is as great as that of all the rest of the world combined. The fruit growers of Florida require 13,000,000 boxes annually to ship the products of their orchards. Our railroads need 150,000,000 crossties each year. And the average American citizen, in his periodicals and package wrappings alone, consumes 150 pounds of paper annually, most of which is manufactured of wood. Last year 17,000 miles of cotton cloth were consumed in manufacturing sacks in which to ship cement. Only ten years ago we were building highways at the rate of 510 miles a year. In the last twelve months contracts were let for 6920 miles of substantial highway construction. The cement industry is a comparatively new business, and yet its growth has been so rapid that it has already created a market for 15,000,000 pounds of cotton annually.

In 1871 a dozen leading industries in this country were using 2,500,000 horse power of mechanical energy; these same industries now use 32,000,000 horse power. In 1882 the first electric lighting plant was installed in New York City, and the gross receipts for that year were $53,000; forty years later the gross receipts of the successors of this early plant amounted to $51,000,000, an increase of almost 100,000 per cent. Twenty years ago there were no motor trucks operating in the United States; now we have 1,250,000 of these vehicles, and last year they transported 1,430,000,000 tons of freight. The oil-refining capacity of the United States has increased 813 per cent in sixteen years

Our automotive industry is hardly more than an infant business, and yet an amount of money equal to twice the capital of all the national banks in the United States is invested in this industry. The value of our annual production of motor cars is nearly double that of clothing or of iron and steel, and is almost a billion dollars more than the value of the products of the meat-packing industry. In 1784 there were but three banks in the United States, with a combined capital of less than $3,000,000. In 1830 we had 329 banking institutions, with a total capital of $110,000,000. Now we have 30,824 banks, with a combined capital of nearly $6,000,000,000.

American Invention

Whenever and wherever we develop one great new business, this always causes a rapid expansion in other industries closely related to the new enterprise. When we started building great numbers of automobiles it was apparent to almost everyone that the natural outcome would be a demand for better highways, but very few people foresaw that more automobiles and more highways would result in a large expansion of the markets for cotton. It is things like these that fill American business with all the elements of romance and surprise, and that tend to upset our prophecies concerning the future. The developments at present in our industrial life are so wide and varied that the possibilities of tomorrow are beyond the understanding of even those possessed of unbridled imaginations.

Here in the United States one new business is started every twenty-five minutes, and the patent-office records show that somebody invents something every seven minutes. Many people are working to obtain electricity from the sun. They say we can convert electricity into light, so why can we not convert light into electricity? Others are trying to develop ways to insulate our houses, and if their efforts are successful the result will be a reduction of no less than one-third in our domestic fuel bills. We are informed that very soon it will be possible to clean a room by pressing a button; that the present wasteful form of lighting will be supplanted by cold light, which will be 100 per cent efficient, and which will make entire surfaces of ceilings and walls incandescent at will. Should this day arrive, then

(Continued on Page 157)

How Ferns React to Treatment With Gas

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OVER-SIZE
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MARION DAVIES in
"Adam and Eva"
Directed by Robert Vignola
From the play by Guy Bolton and George Middleton
Scenario by Luther Reed
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AGNES AYRES in
"Racing Hearts"
With Theodore Roberts and Richard Dix
By Byron Morgan
Directed by Paul Powell
Scenario by Will M. Ritchey

WALTER HIERS in
"Mr. Billings Spends His Dime"
With Jacqueline Logan
By Dana Burnet
Directed by Wesley Ruggles
Screen play by Albert Shelby LeVino

"THE Nth COMMANDMENT"
By Fannie Hurst
Author of "Humoresque"
Directed by Frank Borzage
Scenario by Frances Marion
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An Allan Dwan Production
"THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON"
With Bebe Daniels
and Nita Naldi
By Edith Wharton
Scenario by E. Lloyd Sheldon and Edfrid Bingham

ALICE BRADY in
"The Leopardess"
By Katharine Newlin Burt
Directed by Henry Kolker
Scenario by J. Clarkson Miller

Paramount Pictures

(Continued from Page 154)

the painter will be able to create his pictures and decorations from pigments that not only reflect light but actually produce it themselves. And as for the art of cooking, we are assured that our city dwellers will be able largely to dispense with the nuisance, for food will be served to many households in containers so constructed on the vacuum-bottle principle that they can remain on the kitchen shelves for days, and when opened will deliver their contents either piping hot or freezing cold.

In the field of amusement, some of our scientific investigators are endeavoring to add a far-seeing system to our present far-talking one. They say that we have the elements for such an invention already in our possession, for just as the resistance of the carbon disk varies with the pressure of the sound waves striking it, and thus makes the telephone possible, so the resistance of the metal selenium varies with the intensity of the light waves that fall on it. When this feat of transmitting scenes electrically is accomplished we shall be able to sit in our homes and witness plays and motion pictures as satisfactorily as we now do in the theater. When we combine far-talking with far-seeing, then the marvels of radio will be multiplied, for a combination of the two systems will serve not only the ear but the eye, and the result will be a complete revolution of the amusement industry. Now we can hear an orchestra or an actor through the use of radio; in the future we shall be able to see the performers as well.

The Energy of Atoms

Some of these visions, such as the discovery of a practical means of producing cold light, may fail to materialize; but many of the things here prophesied, and other scientific developments no less marvelous, will certainly be realized. Already our combustion engineers are well on the way to the perfection of a method that will enable us to use the same supply of gas for cooling our homes in the summertime that is employed in the heating of them in the winter. The greatest work in which science is engaged is the unending search for new and practical sources of power. Among the possibilities are plans for utilizing the internal heat of the earth by deep borings for steam production; the oxidation of minerals and metals below the surface of the earth, which process produces currents of electricity; the harnessing of the tides; the construction of boilers using solar heat; the fixation of carbon by chemical means; the capture of electric current from the differences of electric potential at various points of the earth's surface, and between the atmosphere and the earth; and last, the utilization of the internal energy of the atom.

No one can foretell just when or how we shall succeed in speeding up the disintegration of the atom. All we know is that when this great achievement is accomplished we shall be able to utilize the energy locked up in the mysterious atom, and man will have opened up a source of power inconceivably greater than any possible requirement of the human race. We now recognize that concealed in matter of every kind are stores of energy immensely greater than those derived from chemical reactions such as the combustion of coal. A lot of people belittle the serious efforts of science to learn the full secret of the atom. They do not believe that such studies are likely to net important practical results. The truth is, we should not now have any chemical industry worth speaking of if it were not for the elementary knowledge we already possess concerning the different atoms and their weights. It is because the iron and nickel which fall from the sky in meteorites, coming from spaces far beyond the earth's orbit, have exactly the same atomic weight as iron and nickel found in our own earth, that we can feel assured there is unity of the universe.

Back of our developments in wireless, the X ray and all forms of radiant energy, is the fundamental knowledge we have gained concerning the atom. It is impossible even to imagine the multitude of benefits that humanity is certain to derive from the application of radioactivity in our everyday lives. Almost everyone is familiar with the use of the X ray in surgery and medicine, but not many people are aware of its employment by a few progressive shoe dealers in providing their customers with the proper lasts. Also, the X ray is being used for detecting spurious copies of the paintings of old masters. The ancient artists used metallic paints, which hold the rays much more visibly than the vegetable paints of the present day. Experts with the use of the X ray are able to tell to what period a picture belongs.

Our knowledge of radioactive elements has enabled us to determine approximately the life period of the earth, which is accomplished by estimating the ratio of lead to uranium in certain minerals that are breaking down. From such data it may be figured that the age of the earth is about a billion years. And right here it may be said that as a result of the study of atomic weights we have discovered that there exist at least two kinds of lead instead of one. The lead from radioactive materials is supposed to come from the decomposition of radium. But so far no one has been able to explain why its atomic weight is different from that of ordinary lead.

Everywhere in the field of energy are questions unanswered and problems unsolved. In the matter of the radiant energy of the sun, the earth receives only one-hundred-and-fifty-millionth part. This seems too little to talk about, since it amounts to only three small calories a minute per square centimeter of the earth's surface. But such a conclusion is not sound, for scientists have calculated that a surface of only 10,000 square kilometers receives in a year, assuming only six hours as the effective day, a quantity of heat that corresponds to that produced by the burning of 36,000,000,000 tons of coal. Civilization awaits the genius who will convert radiant energy into electric current.

Though man has always been curious concerning what lies above and beyond the earth, it is only of late years that he has recognized the possibility of securing benefits of a practical nature from the earth's air and the forces that envelop us. Perhaps it will be some time before we discover a way to utilize the energy of the earth's rotation, which thus far has been employed only in the application of the gyroscope; but at least we are rapidly developing our knowledge of the sun, and are making progress in finding the relationship between drought periods and the spots that appear on the sun at various intervals. All the records of our weather bureau are now being charted for the purpose of throwing light on this problem. It would be of great importance to agriculture, grazing and forestry if we were able to anticipate periods of serious drought. Such investigations as have already been completed appear to indicate that there is a connection between sun spots and drought periods and that if we can establish rules covering this relationship, the accomplishment will be of great importance in rendering it possible to make long-range forecasts.

Instruments of Precision

It is most extraordinary, but nevertheless true, that not until the beginning of the present century did we secure exact measurements of the intensity of the solar radiation on which all life depends. It has been generally believed that the sun's beams are gradually losing their strength, and that the sun is declining toward the condition of a dead body devoid of life-giving energy. Up to the present time this oft-repeated statement has been nothing more or less than a rough guess, and the only answer is that the sun's heat has declined very little during the last 6000 years, if we are to compare the crops of today with those raised in Egypt and Syria in the earliest recorded times.

Now it will soon be possible to answer questions of this kind definitely, because of the delicacy and accuracy of the heat and light measuring devices that our scientists have recently perfected. We now have a bolometer, or electrical thermometer, that is capable of detecting temperature changes of the millionth of a degree. If there is any connection between solar variations and weather we now have good reason to foster the hope that it will soon be possible to foretell climatic conditions throughout the world. In addition to the bolometer, the United States Bureau of Standards has designed a diminutive instrument capable of cornering heat from light rays. This tiny thermal generator causes such a difference in temperature between the hot and cold junctures of the thermal element, when strong light from the sun is admitted, that a current of electricity is produced.

Not only can we now measure solar radiations but it is even possible to estimate by means of a vacuum thermopile the infinitesimal amounts of heat that we now receive from the stars. And speaking of stars, let us not forget that some of them are beyond our limited comprehension. The giant star Betelgeuse has a diameter of 260,000,000 miles; the earth's diameter is 8000. This great star is equal to 27,000,000 suns like ours, and is big enough to contain many billion globes like the one we live on. And yet we look up at it and say, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star!"

Not only have American engineers and scientists in recent years developed wonderful devices to record infinitesimal measurements but practically each day that passes registers some mechanical advance of great importance to mankind. We now have a gyro stabilizer that is designed to take the curse of seasickness out of ocean travel. This gyro consists of a balance wheel, spinning at high velocity and installed at the bottom of the ship near its center. When the revolving wheel is tipped out of the vertical, it sets up a strong resistance at right angles to the direction of the counter force. The weight of the gyro is only 1 per cent of that of the ship, but so great is the energy of the 100-ton rotating wheel, so complete is the vacuum in which it revolves, and so perfect are its bearings, that the gyro will run for four hours after the power has been shut off.

Many Inventions

In practically every industry improved methods, new materials and novel discoveries are reducing the need for manual labor and increasing individual production. We have found that the ultra-violet rays of light can be employed to distinguish between cotton, wool and silk. Also by the aid of such rays various kinds of paper, having different sizing and filling, can be distinguished. German chemists have produced a colorless, odorless liquid that will make wool mothproof without in any way injuring or changing the fabric that is treated. Crude rubber has been introduced into the process of paper making, and the early indications encourage the belief that this innovation will simplify the present practice and give a better product. Also, our research workers have found that water containing radioactive substances can be more easily disintegrated into its elements, hydrogen and oxygen, than non-radioactive water. This discovery is of much importance, for it opens up a new application for radioactive energy, and may materially reduce the cost of decomposing water in the production of hydrogen for making ammonia.

As for new materials, the number is growing daily. One of our chemists has found that it is possible to get a high-grade wax from sugar cane. Most of the wax is found in the rind, and can be extracted by means of benzine. Though this sugar-cane wax closely resembles beeswax, it has certain characteristics that make it a good substitute for the more rare carnauba wax, which comes from Brazil. Research has also developed the fact that the tuber of the dahlia can be made to yield a levulose, or exceptionally sweet sugar, that is said to be harmless to diabetics. A variety of plants growing in the Belgian Congo produces seeds that give an odorless and rather agreeable oil, which is called copal oil, and which makes a good salad dressing. An American inventor has found it possible to make a soap from corn meal that will not only remove spots and dirt from the skin but will do away with stains and smudges on all kinds of fabrics. Out on our Pacific Coast they are experimenting in the manufacture of a high-grade paper that is made from the stems and leaves of Swiss chard, a plant that matures in three months. The Swiss chard yields a high percentage of cellulose, and the paper produced is equal to the finest Japanese parchment, and is particularly adapted for engraving and drawing, as well as for book paper.

Hundreds of waste materials that formerly had no uses are now being employed in the manufacture of valuable products. A mixture of sawdust and ashes is now being utilized to make a composition that is a splendid substitute for cardboard and wood. The ashes and sawdust are treated chemically, and the dry powder that results is run through presses. Boxes made from this composition are not only washable but they are waterproof and fireproof. This artificial wood can be made as pliable

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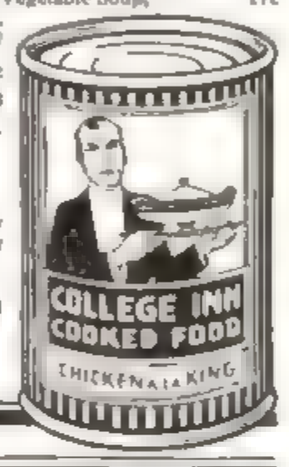

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Just new window shades

YET THE WHOLE ROOM IS MORE BEAUTIFUL!

And you can make the charm lasting with durable Brenlin

Dress your windows with shades of harmonious color and you give new charm not only to the windows but to the whole room.

This is a fact well known to interior decorators. Indeed, they say it is the overlooking of just such "details" that so often makes women disappointed with the effects of their own decorative schemes.

Are your shades in perfect color harmony with your rugs and draperies? Are they in good condition?—Or are they faded and wrinkled, marred with cracks and pinholes?

For surprisingly little money, you can literally transform the appearance of your windows and your rooms with Brenlin. Among its many soft, rich colors, you will find one that blends harmoniously with any color scheme. Brenlin hangs straight and smooth; it is always supple, is never stiff.

What is more, Brenlin *wears*—two or three times as long as the ordinary shade. Brenlin fabric is such fine, closely woven material that it requires none of the brittle clay or chalk filling which in ordinary window shades soon falls out, causing cracks and pinholes.

Experts finish Brenlin by hand and apply with the utmost care the beautiful colors that resist fading by the sun and defy stains by water. If you wish a different color on each side, get Brenlin Duplex for perfect color harmony.

Scratch a piece of ordinary window-shade material (right). Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out. BRENLIN has no filling, and outwears two or three ordinary shades

Look for the name Brenlin perforated or embossed on the edge. If you don't know where to get this beautiful, long-wearing shade material, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

"How to Shade and Decorate Your Windows Correctly"—Free

We have your copy of this very readable and instructive booklet on how to increase the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Send for it. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

For windows of less importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way.

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"The oldest window shade house in America"

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as cardboard or as hard as oak. It is very cheap, and will neither shrink nor expand.

Federal chemists are getting furfural and other useful substances from corncobs. This furfural, aside from being a possible motor fuel, has already proved to be a desirable and low-priced substitute for hard rubber and synthetic resin. Over in Europe they are manufacturing a fertilizer from the slag from the electric furnaces that are making ferrosilicon from feldspar and iron turnings. Several ingredients are mixed with the slag, and the resulting fertilizer is rich in potash. Some inquisitive minds have found that cotton stalks can be used successfully in paper making, while other investigators in Australia see an opportunity to utilize the large quantities of mountain gum available in their country in the making of newsprint.

The Squirtless Tangelo

And in no field has science made greater strides recently than in the production and consumption of foodstuffs. The ancients knew nearly as much about the fundamental facts of farming as we do, but they lacked modern machinery. The great need in America is for intensity of culture, and it is along this line that rapid strides are being made today. We have wonderful tools, and our farmers produce four times as much per man as the farmers in Europe, but the agriculturists overseas make their acres yield two to three times as much as ours. We are learning that it is often better to turn swamps and lowlands into ponds, and develop their aquatic resources than to drain these swamps and convert the acres into farming land. There is as ready a market in this country for food fish as for grains, vegetables or beef.

An effort is being made to increase our supply of edible meat by raising the water buffalo in the Southern States. A committee of experts in conservation is suggesting that we grow water lilies as a staple article of food, for investigation has shown that the lily when peeled and boiled is not only tasteful but is as nutritious as the potato. Then our Department of Agriculture is developing the tangelo, which is a cross between a grapefruit, an orange and a tangerine. This new fruit is extremely palatable, and one variety may be said to be squirtless, which will recommend it highly to some of our nervous folks who are clumsy with a spoon.

Perhaps the most important development in the problem of getting an increased yield per unit of land is the work that is now being done in fertilizing the air. This is accomplished by increasing the percentage of carbon in the atmosphere in which the plants grow. German chemists were the first to get hold of this idea, and they started their experiments by utilizing the waste gases of blast furnaces to fertilize the air, not only in nurseries that were constructed near by but over surrounding acres of truck-farm land. The fertilizing constituent in the blast-furnace gases is carbon dioxide, and this gas, being approximately one and a half times as heavy as air, can be piped out over the open land and will lie close to the ground, not even being disturbed by ordinary winds. In places where this air-fertilizing process was employed the increase in plant substance varied from 50 to 250 per cent, according to the kind of plant that was cultivated. The Germans produce approximately 12,000,000 tons of pig iron annually, and their chemists estimate that if all the blast-furnace gases that are now wasted were to be utilized in air fertilization the production of foodstuffs in Germany would be practically doubled.

American interests have now taken up the fertilization of air with carbonic-acid gas, and the initial experiments have been most gratifying. In order to carry out this process of fertilization on a commercial scale it is necessary first of all to have a cheap source of supply of carbonic acid. It is essential that a practically unlimited quantity of carbonic acid be available, at a nominal cost. Wherever substances containing carbon are burned, carbonic acid is developed in gaseous form. But the gas so produced contains certain other gases and vapors that are obnoxious to plant life. Therefore, in carrying on this process of air fertilization it is necessary first to remove from the gases of combustion all matter that is known to be injurious to plants, and this is accomplished by making the gases pass a shower bath of plain cold water. The result is twofold: The hot gases cool down to a temperature that will not harm the plants and all the obnoxious impurities in the original gas are removed in the bath. What is left is a mixture of carbonic acid and air, ready for fertilization purposes.

There are 80,000,000 square feet of greenhouses in commercial use at the present time in the United States, and more than one-half of these houses are located in our thickly settled manufacturing districts. Hundreds of millions of cubic feet of carbonic acid escape into the air daily from ordinary furnaces, blast furnaces, cement works and other industrial plants. One blast-furnace works, consuming 1100 tons of coal a day, develops enough carbonic acid to fertilize about 80,000 acres of potatoes. A cement plant with a yearly capacity of 1,000,000 barrels would be able to supply all the carbonic acid needed for the fertilization of an area of about 30,000 acres. What this would mean to our agricultural industry can best be imagined in view of the fact that more than 3,000,000 tons of carbon dioxide are now wasted in the form of smoke from limekilns in this country each year.

Wood Made Edible

In an ordinary greenhouse the combustion gases coming from the heating furnace of the greenhouse can be used as a source of supply, furnishing all the carbonic acid needed. Hothouse experiments show that with air fertilization the surplus yield of potatoes is equal to 2.5 times the normal, and with cucumbers the surplus yield is 1.7 times the normal production.

With an increasing production of foodstuffs, due to scientific developments of this kind, and with constant additions to the already long list of edible substances, we may look forward with a large measure of assurance to the immediate task of feeding the world. Though it may seem almost incredible, there is a fairly sound basis for the belief that science will show us the way to prepare wood for consumption as human food before many years have passed. Our forest service is delving into the problem of the nutritive properties of wood, and some of the experts insist that it is entirely reasonable to expect that wood cellulose will one day be converted into starches that are capable of being assimilated by the human body. So much has happened to astonish us in recent times that we are doubtless well prepared for the thrilling news that our chemists have made it possible to utilize our forests as a source of food supply, not only for livestock but for human beings as well. The outlook is that from now on science will make life one unceasing revolution.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Parsons dealing with the application of science to everyday life

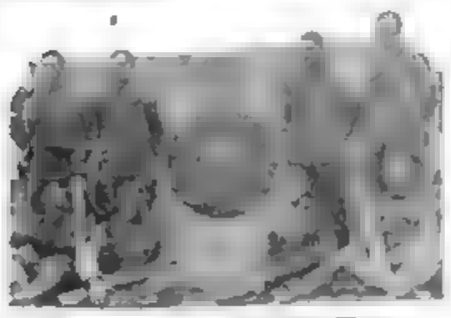
A Smashing String of Victories!

World's Record Target

This record target was fired by [illegible] at 1000 yards [illegible] made with Western Ammunition [illegible] United States Government [illegible] Camp Perry in 1922 to determine the best all-around rifle shooter of the American Rifle Team at the International Matches. Western Ammunition was used exclusively.

Winning the International Rifle Matches

This is a composite of the targets of Mr. W. R. Stokes, a member of the American team that defeated the [illegible] teams of the world in the International Matches of 1922 at Milan, Italy. Mr. Stokes also won the Individual Championship and the Kermesse event. The whole team used Western Ammunition exclusively.



World's Record Rifle Team

The United States Infantry Rifle Team using nothing but Western Ammunition, broke six world's records last year at Camp Perry. The marksmen claim that better barrels than those of [illegible] manufacture has since [illegible] been produced.

Last Olympic Championships

In 1920, at Antwerp, at the last Olympic Games the American Trapshooting Team, [illegible] won the World's Championship and Mr. Mark Arie, a member of the team using Western Ammunition, won the Individual Championship.

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WHEN the world's best shots choose one kind of ammunition so consistently, the occasional marksman may be sure that it has qualities which will also improve his shooting.

The International "wins" and world's records featured on this page are only the "high spots" in the history of Western Ammunition. Aside from being chosen by the Government as the most accurate ammunition for the American team in the International Matches last year, it has also figured in a string of recent state, zone, and national triumphs—too long to list—which is absolutely without precedent in the history of ammunition manufacture.

Western shotgun, rifle and revolver cartridges have been of aid to all these champions because Western specializes in ammunition. Improvements such as the "*Super-X*" load, which actually adds twenty yards to a shotgun's range, are the work of a group of specialists, whose activities are watched with interest the world over.

The same care and precision in manufacture—the same improvements in design which have helped win all these championships—and the same standards which won the U. S. Government's Accuracy Tests at Quantico, Va., in 1922—all are found in every Western product, wherever it may be offered for sale.

Besides the "*Super-X*" load, the Western organization has recently made other notable advances in the development of ammunition. Among them may be mentioned the *Lubaloy* bullet jacket metal for metallic cartridges, which lubricates the gun barrel and prevents metal fouling—*Boat-tail* bullet—the *Open-point* expanding bullet—the *Marksman* .22 long rifle cartridge—and the *Minimax* trap load—all exclusive Western achievements.

Consult Your Dealer

A great number of merchants have kept step with all these changes and improvements in the world of ammunition. They have followed the lead of the world's crack shots. Somewhere near you, there's a dealer who carries the complete Western line. If you can't find him easily, let us tell you where he is. We will also be glad to mail you free booklets—telling all the reasons why Western has helped to win so many championships. *Send us your name and address today.*

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Columbia challenges comparison with any other record, in any branch of music—operatic, the old well-loved ballads, instrumental masterpieces, orchestral reproductions of the classics, the popular song, the favorite dance of the moment.

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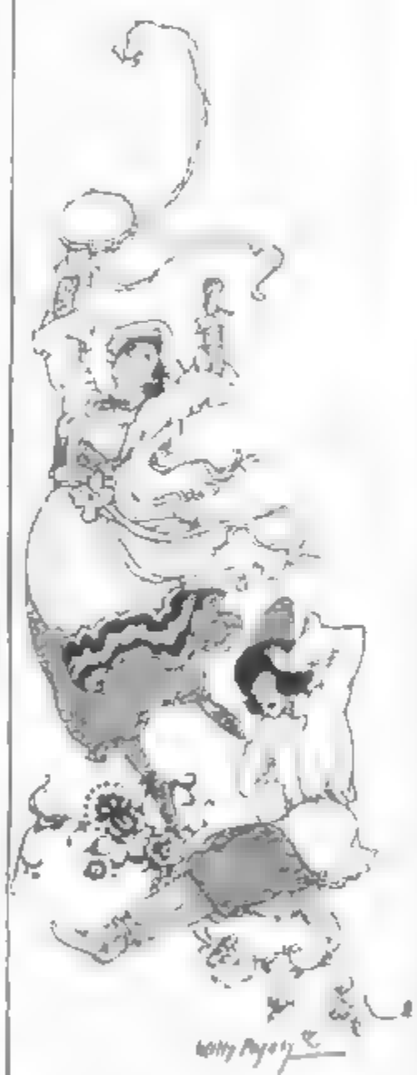
COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY
New York
Canadian Factory, Toronto



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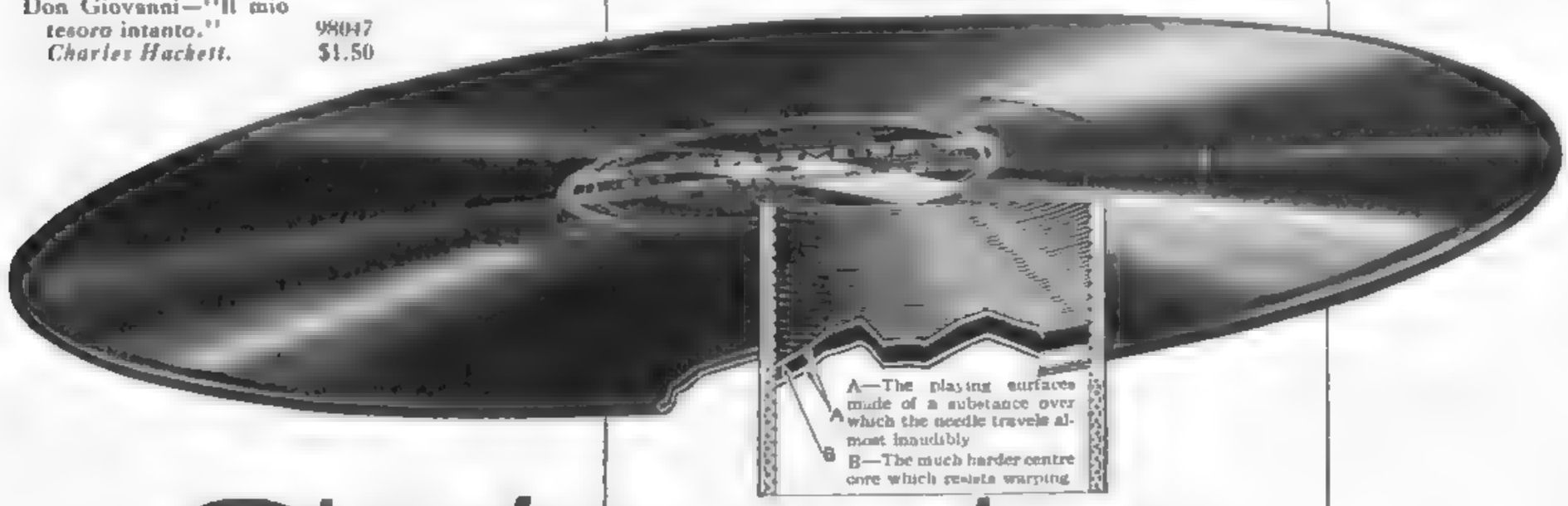
A—The playing surfaces made of a substance over which the needle travels almost inaudibly
B—The much harder centre core which resists warping

Columbia

New Process RECORDS

THE PIANO

(Continued from Page 9)

"I always knowed he was close as his shirt," Gay insisted.

"You never told me," Jim replied, faint mockery in his smile; and Gay was silenced. But no one could silence Will Belter, the bearer of tales.

"He don't keep it in no bank, neither," Will announced. "He ——"

But the talk ended there, for Brad returned. When he entered through the front door, bringing with him that guilty silence which is apt to prevail on such occasions, the stranger remarked the silence, raised his eyes, saw Brad and dropped his head again. Thereafter his eyes followed Brad covertly, till a few minutes later he rose and spoke to Andy Wattles at the cigar counter; asked if there was a chance for day labor thereabouts. They discussed the question in low tones.

Then the stranger went out, and Saladine asked Andy "Who's he?"

"Just tramping, I guess," said Andy. "He wanted to know about work; but he didn't act hungry for it. And he asked me the road to town."

"He's been somewheres in jail," Saladine commented.

"Well, they got a jail in town," Andy replied dryly, "if that's what he hankers after."

"Walking, ain't he?"

"There's a good moon," Andy assented. "He figured he'd go on in tonight."

They saw Brad preparing to depart, and Saladine called, "Good night Brad!"

Brad responded, went out through the side door to where his horse was fastened. Across the bridge he stopped at the other store to load aboard his bag of feed, then turned his horse's head homeward and allowed the beast to amble at its own pace. The night was warm and still; the moon, half full, illumined all the road. Brad relaxed in his seat, his thoughts drifting; the amiable thoughts of a mild and gentle man.

Such men may upon occasion become just and terrible.

Arrived at home, Brad unharnessed and turned the horse into the stall. He drew the door of the barn half shut, came into the house through the shed and lighted the lamp in the kitchen. The fire in the stove was quite burned out; and he got kindling and wood ready for the morning, and filled the teakettle and the water reservoir in the end of the stove itself. Then he carried the lamp into the dining room and sat down there to read the paper he had brought from the store.

Two or three cats -there were a dozen or more of all ages about the place bestirred themselves at his coming, and reminded him by their low complaints that they had not been fed. He responded at once, apologized to them.

"Poor kits. Well, I forgot you, didn't I? Old Brad forgot the kits. Well now! There, there!"

The aimless, kindly mutterings of a man much alone. He put milk in their basin by the stove and they lapped contentedly. Then he returned to his paper and read it slowly, word by word, from front to back, with a conscientious care.

When the paper was done there remained nothing more to do. The lamp in his hand, he went once more into the front room and stood in the doorway, looking fondly at the piano in its glory there; then retraced his steps. His own room was off the dining room. He undressed with slow movements that were nevertheless effective, and at length blew out the lamp and got into bed. The moonlight came in through his window. From the woodland down the hill he heard the occasional whistle of a coon. Far away a dog barked. The night was full of little noises. They lulled him, and presently he slept. In sleep he was either a comic or a tragic figure, according to your mood. Flat on his back, his mouth open, his thin neck bare, he slept noisily, ridiculously; yet he was so utterly alone.

Something, by and by, recalled him from slumber. He choked, strangled, opened his eyes and returned to normal, quiet breathing. The house seemed still; yet he felt vaguely that he had heard a noise. His own snores had more than once awakened him. He thought this might be the present explanation, but was not wholly satisfied. Then he remembered the fox, and wondered if the gun had been discharged; but his hens were quiet. In the end he got out of bed, absurdly tall, absurdly thin, his nightshirt flapping about his shins, and stepped slowly into the dining room without troubling to light a lamp.

He was immediately conscious of a tumult of color; soundless color which filled his universe. No pain attached to the spectacle; but after a moment the colors passed and he knew nothing more until he woke from not unpleasant dreams to a throbbing headache and to the discovery that his bodily freedom was restricted by bonds. When his senses had somewhat cleared he perceived that he was tied down to an iron cot which had long served as a couch in the corner of the dining room. Save for the moonlight, the room was dark. Analyzing his situation, he found that his ankles were tied separately, tied fast to the foot of the cot; that his wrists were drawn down and attached to the iron frame; and that there was a rope around his neck which made it painful to move his head.

The experience was utterly incredible. He was filled with conjectures. Someone he now understood, had struck him on the head as he came out of his room; the same person, no doubt, had tied him here with bits of his own clothesline, from the yard. Someone, therefore, had broken into the house. This in itself was inconceivable to Brad; it had never happened to him before. He had read in the paper of burglaries, but they were always remote. A burglar in his own house, now. . . . He wondered how the marauder had entered, and why. And where was he now?

His ears answered that question presently; he heard footfalls overhead. Someone was up there in the unfinished attic tumbling things about. Brad was more bewildered than ever at this realization There was nothing of value in the attic; nothing of value in the house anywhere, except a few bills in his worn leather pocketbook. The sounds overhead became more boisterous. He heard a succession of blows as of metal on stone, digging at the bricks of the chimney.

Brad was not gifted with imagination. He set himself to a sober effort to escape from his bonds; but their very simplicity made them effective. The ropes cut his wrists and crushed them; they yielded no play at all. The line about his neck, he discovered, was a noose; and he was near strangling after an effort to pull his head to one side. This vaguely angered him. He wished he might get free so as to overpower this marauder. He would load his gun. But at this he remembered that his double-barreled gun had been loaned a day or two before for the destruction of a hawk, and the only other weapon in the house was that which he had set to kill the fox.

At about this period in his thoughts he heard steps descending the stairs in the kitchen wall, and a moment later the light of a lamp shone in his eyes.

Then a man's voice said harshly "Come to, have you?"

Brad's eyes, becoming accustomed to the light, saw this man as a bulky figure with a cap pulled low. Before he could adjust his vision to details, the man withdrew into the kitchen, and again reappeared a moment later with a red handkerchief tied about his mouth and nose, his eyes mere slits below the cap's visor.

Brad, wriggling, asked impatiently, "What in time do you want, anyhow?"

The man set the lamp on the table and inspected Brad's bonds. Then he leaned back against the table edge and spoke in a voice utterly dispassionate.

"I'm looking for whatever there is in the house," he replied. "They tell me you've come into a pile of dough and that you keep it here. You got a nice farm here to support you. I guess I need the money worse than you do. Where is it at?"

Brad said irritably, "You darned fool, I don't keep money in the house!"

"They tell me you do."

"Who?"

The stranger lighted a cheap cigar.

"Folks," he replied airily. He leaned forward more intently. "Now listen!" he warned. "I'm not kidding a damned bit, and you can't fool me a damned bit. And we're going to argue this out between us, just you and me. Ain't anybody going to happen in. Now, you'll save trouble if you'll come across, old man."

Brad said furiously, "I'll bust you all to pieces!"

The other shook his head.

"No you won't," he answered. "You ain't going to get a chance. That's why I clouted you with the stove wood. As long as you kep' on snoring I let you alone; but you had to go and wake up, and so there wasn't anything else for me to do. Now you'll save me a lot of hunting around by just spilling the whole dope. Let it all come up in mamma's hand, mister. Where is it?"

Brad lay still for a moment, considering. He was, after all, a sensible man. And there was nothing in the house worth taking; nothing worth fighting for. His thoughts found words.

"There ain't twenty dollars in the house," he said.

"Git out!"

"There ain't."

The man flicked ashes on the floor.

"Well, where's that?"

"In my pants pocket," said Brad. "In there."

The man went into Brad's bedroom and returned with the garment in question; found the old leather fold and extracted half a dozen bills.

"Fourteen dollars," he commented. "Well, it ain't enough, old man."

"What do you think I'd keep money here for?" Brad demanded petulantly.

"Where is it, then?"

"In the bank, in town."

The man considered this.

"Then you must have a bank book around."

Brad hesitated; decided there could be no harm in this much yielding.

"It's in the drawer of the table over there," he replied.

The other crossed the room without comment, opened the drawer, rummaged among a litter of papers and found the book. He flipped the pages, stared at Brad truculently.

"Thirty-three hundred and fifty-two," he commented. "That's all there is here."

"That's enough, ain't it?"

"Where's the rest of it?"

"There ain't any more."

The man laughed.

"Say, mister," he replied, "that ain't a bit of use. I've got all the dope on you. I know you've got a pile stowed away somewhere here. I can dig it out if I take the time; but I'm lazy. I don't want to take a house all apart when you can save me the trouble."

Brad shook his head and the rope about his neck irked him.

"They've been lying to you," he replied. "They've all got the notion that I got a lot of money. I let 'em think it. It ain't any of their business. But that's all there was—about thirty-six hundred. I spent some on a piano. That's all ——"

"What did you want with a piano, anyhow? You don't look musical."

"My wife always wanted one," said Brad simply; and the man laughed, so that a deeper anger began to stir in Brad.

But a moment later the other said curtly, "You think I'm kidding you."

And he bent and pressed the cigar's lighted end against Brad's leg, thrusting it home till the fire was stifled, the cigar crumpled into dust. Brad, save for a low exclamation, made no sound. The man stepped back and lighted another cigar, and Brad stared at him, more amazed than hurt, with wide eyes.

"I mean what I say," the man explained mildly. "You tell me where the stuff is hid or you'll get hurt."

"There ain't any more money in the house," Brad muttered stubbornly, and at the words the man's self-control fled.

He leaped forward with a ferocity that was terrifying; and he groped and caught the rope beneath Brad's head, and jerked at it till the noose tautened stranglingly; jerked and jerked again, till the bound man's convulsive struggles began to weaken; only then relaxed the pressure and stepped back while Brad choked to full consciousness again.

Before he was able to speak once more Brad heard a rooster crow. The sound made him remember again his plan to kill the fox. His wits were working more swiftly now; and he lay with closed eyes, gasping and choking, and thought what he might do.

The thought was horrible to him; he was unable to contemplate it without a shudder; and the man, watching him fight back to life, marked this shudder and chuckled to himself.

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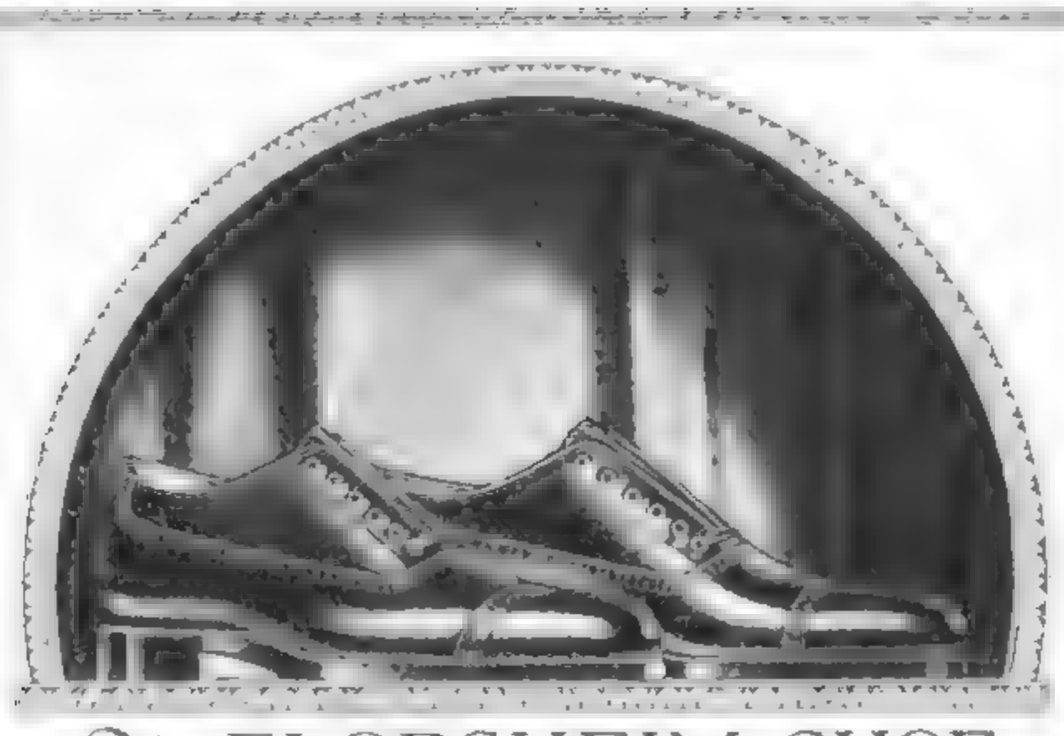

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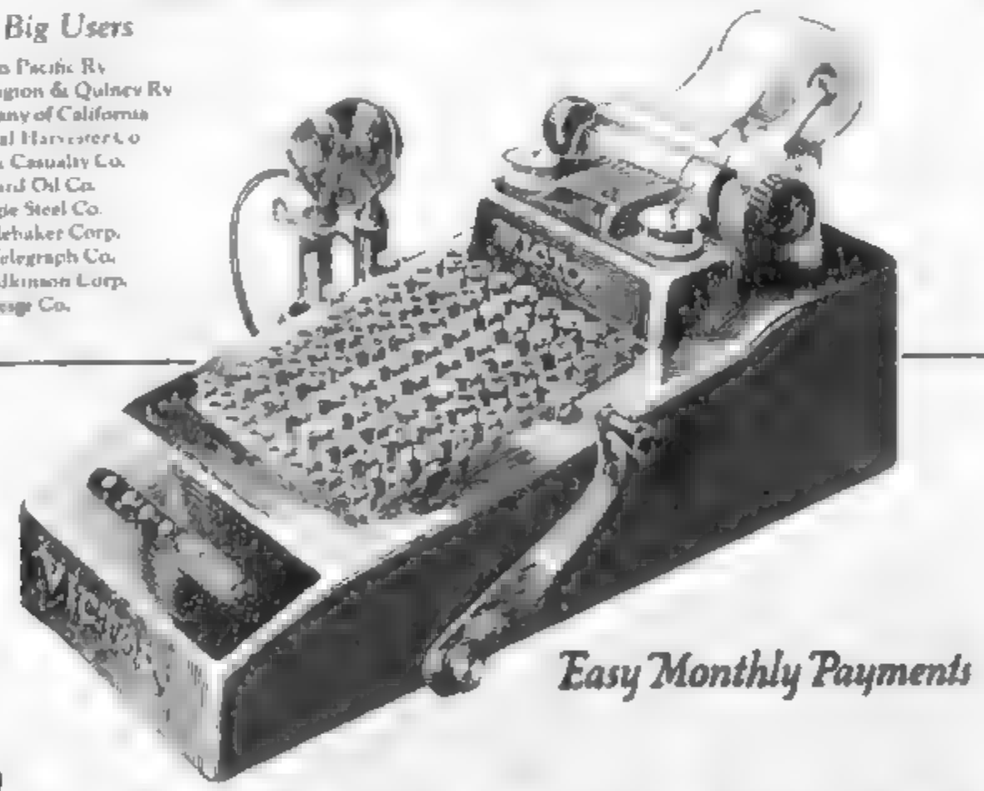

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"You'll see what I mean," he said coldly.

Brad abruptly perceived that the game was in his own hands; the discovery gave him a sense of superiority. He had an overwhelming weapon—if he chose to use it. Though he did not choose to use the weapon, yet the mere fact that he possessed it gave him an assurance and a certainty which was reflected in his tones when a moment later he spoke; spoke with a negative movement of his head, with eyes still closed.

"You ain't going to kill me," he remarked mildly. "It wouldn't do you a mite of good. I'm kind of sorry for you too. If I had some money here, enough to help you out, you could have it and welcome. I guess you need it bad enough. But there ain't any more here than what you've got, no matter what you do."

The man stood erect, looking down, his face twitching beneath the handkerchief.

"Honest," he said, "I hate to hurt you. You're a game old coot." His tones hardened. "But you got to come across or go across, old man. I'm not kidding you. I ain't going to hurt you any more; but I'll give you just about five minutes. If you don't come through then I'll fix you. That's the straight goods. Now what do you say?"

"There ain't a cent of money in the house," Brad replied.

"Then you're out of luck," the man said equably. "Because if there ain't you're due to leave these parts."

Brad lay still, with closed eyes. The man sat down beside the table; then rose and went into the kitchen and got the alarm clock ticking there. He set it on the table and sat down again.

"It's ten minutes past two," he said. "I'll give you till quarter past."

"You won't kill me," Brad told him calmly. "I ain't a mite afeard."

"You got five minutes."

"If I go to sleep," said Brad, "you wake me up, will you?" And he moved a little as though relaxing for slumber.

The other leaned forward.

"Is it hid in the attic?" he asked. "In the cellar? I'm going down and look." Brad did not move. "In the house somewhere?"

His eyes roamed around the room. He rose. A sewing machine—Brad's wife had used it—stood by the window. He lifted the cover and replaced it; rummaged in the table drawers; pulled out the round plate that stopped the flue, where in winter a stove stood to heat the house, and looked into the black hole, thrusting in his fumbling hand; went restlessly into the kitchen and tumbled pans and pots about; groped along the shelves. A sudden fury of greed seized him; he stormed to-and-fro with destructive hands; went into the woodshed and returned with the ax to split away the wainscoting about the room. Through the tumult Brad lay still, sure of his own ultimate victory. The man would in the end give up the search; he would go away. Brad had no fears.

"It's quarter past," the man announced.

"You woke me up," said Brad; and the man struck him in the face, pounded him with furious blows. Brad, calm and unmoved, heard the other's gasping breath, sensed the madness that possessed him.

"Now will you come across?" the man asked at last, looking down at Brad's bloody countenance.

"You've got all there is," said Brad.

The man became abruptly still. He stepped back, and there was such an ominous threat in this silent withdrawal that Brad opened his eyes and spoke without his own volition: "What?"

"Why, sure! That's it!"

"What's what?"

"It's in the piano," the man cried. "That's what you got the piano for. It's in there." He snatched the lamp and started toward the other room. And Brad, passively confident till now, abruptly wrenched at his bonds.

The man saw the movement; he cried exultantly, "I knew it!" And was gone, back in a moment. "Where's the key?" he asked hotly.

"You let that piano alone!" Brad cried.

The man struck him.

"Damn it, where's that key?"

"There ain't a thing in there."

"You old fool!"

"I got that piano 'cause my wife always wanted one. Don't you go monkeying with it!"

"I'll monkey with it! I'll monkey with you!" He saw the ax against the wall and caught it up. "I'll bust the thing wide open!"

"Please, don't you——"

The man laughed and leaped through the door. After an instant Brad heard the crash of an ax; and he groaned aloud and surged against his bonds so that they tore the skin of wrists and ankles. But they did not yield. He shouted something, got no reply save the repeated blows of the ax, and abruptly he relaxed, lay still, eyes closed. Tears flowed from between his closed lids; the blows were as though they fell upon his heart.

By and by the man came back, more furious than ever.

"You old hound, it wasn't there!" he cried.

"I told you to leave it alone," Brad answered implacably.

The man looked around him, enraged by his own futility; caught up the lamp from the table, and knelt and held it below where Brad's hand was fast to the side of the cot.

"Where is it?" he cried. "Damn it, where's that money?"

"I'll tell! I'll tell!" Brad exclaimed. "Oh, Lord, take it away!"

The man withdrew the lamp. He laughed. "That got you! Well, spill it quick!"

"In the henhouse."

"Where?"

"Go through the shed and out. You'll see a window."

"Quick, damn it!"

"Push the window open and reach down inside. There's a nest there. Lift it off. It's in a tin box underneath."

The man drew back.

"If it ain't you'll wish you was dead."

Brad said slowly, "It's there!"

The man departed swiftly. Brad, left alone, wondered whether the piano were utterly destroyed.

"I can get another," he reminded himself. "She always wanted one." Considered his own situation. "Someone'll drop in tomorrow morning," he decided.

Then he heard the roar of a big-gauge gun, heavily loaded.

There was no other sound; not even a cry.

THE PROGRESSIVES

(Continued from Page 27

able to work out some general plan for more united and effective coöperation.

"'It is my view that this conference, both in its first and subsequent meetings, should preserve its character as a conference and should in no sense become a caucus. It cannot be expected that all Progressives should be in agreement on all the details of any legislative program.'

"Every member of the conference, therefore, understood clearly what it was to do and what it was not to do. This is evidenced by the fact that all its actions were unanimous, and that it concluded its business within a very few hours. Meeting at 10:30, the conference adjourned before three o'clock, and brought forth the following resolution, which seems to me to state very clearly what it was and what it proposed to do:

"'Resolved that the progressive-minded senators and representatives of all parties agree to meet from time to time and coöperate whole-heartedly in order to accomplish the fundamental purpose upon which we are all united; namely, to drive special privilege out of control of government and restore it to the people.

"'To this end we will oppose unceasingly special-interest legislation, and in order to prepare scientifically to meet the critical situation that confronts the nation, we propose to create special committees, composed of members of the Senate and House, coöperating with men of affairs and experts, to prepare and submit to this group for consideration from time to time during this and the next Congress practical and constructive plans for dealing with the following great subjects: Agriculture, labor, railroads, shipping, natural resources, credits, taxation, amendments to the Constitution looking to the abolishment of the electoral college, and the earlier meeting of newly elected Congresses.

(Continued on Page 165

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Complete economy! Your fuel is ordinary kerosene, but what you burn is *gas*—*Kero*-gas, if you please—no smoke, no soot, no odor, no waste. To one part kerosene oil the Patented Kerogas Burner automatically adds *100 parts of air*—which you get for nothing. Apply the match, and a double flame directs an even, steady heat against the cooking dish.

Perfect control! Just the turning of a little wheel gives you whatever heat you want—*when* you want it—*where* you want it—in just the *way* you want it. Saves time, three times a day—enables you to plan your work to suit your own convenience.

The heart of the oil stove is the burner. And your best assurance that the *heart* is right your certainty of quicker, better cooking, at less expense—is the trademark KEROGAS.

When you choose an oil stove—*Look for the word KEROGAS on the burner. It is an evidence of quality in the stove that carries it.*

The Giant Kerogas Burner

Every "Giant Kerogas Oil Stove" equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the new Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. The "Giant" is for use when you want an intense flame quickly. It can be turned down for ordinary use, but is capable of producing the most intense heat. Stoves with "regular" Kerogas Burners only, also to be had.

Look for the name "Kerogas" on the oil stove burner

Manufactured by A. J. LINDEMANN & HOVERSON CO., 1238 First Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Manufacturers of Burners, Ovens, Cooking and Heating Stoves and Ranges

DEALER'S NOTE: The best jobbers are prepared to supply oil stoves equipped with the *KEROGAS* Burners

(Continued from Page 162)

"'In order to restore and perpetuate the control of the people over their government, we propose the institution of a nation-wide campaign in the various states for direct, open primaries for all elective offices, including the presidency, and for effective Federal and state corrupt-practices acts.'

"The question of what progressivism is has frequently been raised. Suppose we try this as a definition: Progressivism is moving forward one step at a time and dealing with specific problems as they present themselves, rather than trying to formulate a panacea or cure-all for the troubles of the world.

"This method of approaching great problems of government clearly distinguishes the Progressives from both the revolutionists and the reactionaries. The revolutionists are ready to tear down everything in order to apply certain formulas which they have concocted. The reactionaries, whether they call themselves Republicans or Democrats, are determined either to stand still or move backward. The idea of progress shocks and terrifies them.

"The Progressives, on the other hand, regardless of party, hold that in the great contest between the people and the special interests it is impossible to stand still and suicidal to move backward. We must either go forward or be driven back to a condition as black and as stagnant as that of the Middle Ages. They abhor a dictatorship of the plutocracy as much as a dictatorship of the proletariat.

"Sixty-five years ago the Government of the United States, in all its branches—executive, legislative and judicial—was under the control of one dominant special interest—the slave owners. Without formal organization, but merely through community of interest, they acted as a unit and used their political power and prestige to protect and extend their vested rights. Although the actual slaveholders were relatively few in numbers, they held the whip hand in Congress, dominated the weak-kneed and subservient Buchanan; and above all, guiding the hand of Chief Justice Taney, they shaped the laws and the Constitution to suit themselves.

"To my mind, the situation today bears a striking similarity to that period of American history. The scene has enlarged, the actors have changed; but the great *motif* of the national drama, the struggle between special interests and the masses of the people, is essentially the same."

Lobbyists at Work

"A financial oligarchy has succeeded the slave power as the great special interest in control of government. The special privileges sought and obtained from a subservient Government by the interests which combine to form this financial oligarchy are multiform, and valuable beyond computation.

"I will mention only a few instances. Three years ago, the Esch-Cummins Law, written by the railroads and for the railroads, abrogated the fundamental principles of public-utility regulation which had previously been recognized, and conferred upon the carriers special privileges as to rate making, freedom from state control, permission to combine and consolidate, such as no American corporation had ever before enjoyed or even dreamed of asking.

"For more than a year, beginning in 1921, Washington was crowded with lobbyists, busily engaged in writing into the tariff law exorbitant rates and special privileges for steel, cotton, wool, sugar and the thousand and one other industries which they represented. They were not required to produce their books and show their costs, nor was any attempt made to ascertain scientifically what tariff duties were necessary to promote the general welfare of the nation. The party majorities of the Ways and Means and Finance committees, sitting behind closed doors, simply asked them what they wanted and then gave them that, and sometimes a little bit more. It was during this time also that we beheld the extraordinary spectacle of the chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate secretly using the enormous leverage of his tariff-fixing power for the benefit of the beet-sugar industry in an attempt to compel the Cuban sugar producers to reduce their sugar acreage and thus produce a sugar shortage and consequent famine prices in the American market and on the American breakfast table.

"Now and for a long time past all the great powers possessed by the Administration of persuasion, patronage and party prestige have been concentrated upon forcing through Congress a ship-subsidy bill, which will not create or preserve an American merchant marine; but will shower upon a favored few huge emoluments from the Federal Treasury, and special privileges of tax exemption which may dry up important sources of Federal revenue, and in any event will promote graft and tax evasion.

"So much for the control of special interests over the legislative branch, which has been shaken, if not shattered, by the action of the people at the recent elections. Let us turn now to the executive branch, which is immune from popular control for two years, and to the judicial branch, which, protected by life tenure, cannot under present constitutional provisions be directly reached by the will of the people."

Special Interests

"I assert that never in the history of our Government have there been more glaring instances of the control of executive power by special interests than have been manifested in the surrender of the naval-oil reserves to private corporations under scandalous conditions of secrecy and collusion, and the conduct of our foreign relations for the benefit of Standard Oil and its affiliated interests. The foreign policy of the Administration literally reeks with oil, beginning with the Colombian treaty, as frankly proclaimed by Senator Lodge, and ending with the undiplomatic maneuvers of our observer extraordinary at the Lausanne Conference. Oil has determined our relations with Mexico and apparently it is oil that will determine our relations with Russia.

"In the judicial branch of the Government the control of the special interests is complete, and has been double-riveted by recent appointments. The stock-dividend decision, the child-labor decisions and a dozen others are but evidences of the fact that a majority of the Supreme Court are now prepared to nullify any statute which seeks to impose effective control over corporate wealth. Combining this attitude of the courts with the maladministration of the Department of Justice during recent years, we have now reached a point where apparently we might as well write into all our laws the following proviso: 'This act shall not apply to any individual or corporation worth one hundred million dollars or more.'

"Some question has recently been raised whether the clauses in the antitrust acts apparently exempting organizations of farmers and workingmen are not special privileges which should come under the ban of the general declaration of the Progressives. If those who have raised this question had ever read the antitrust laws they would have seen that the sections referred to are not in any sense an exemption from the general terms of the laws. They would have seen that an organization of farmers or workingmen to claim protection under Section 5 of the Clayton Act, for example, must be 'instituted for purposes of mutual help,' 'not having capital stock,' and 'not conducted for profit.' Furthermore, Section 5 of the Clayton Act exempts such organizations only when 'lawfully carrying out the legitimate objects thereof.' It is obvious that any organization, whether of farmers, workers or business men, which conducted its activities under the rigid limitations of this section would not be subject to prosecution under the Clayton Act or any other law now on the statute books.

"As a matter of fact, of course, it was unnecessary to read the law in order to discover that in actual practice labor organizations have absolutely no legal privileges or immunities under these acts, but that in fact these acts, which were intended to restrain corporate wealth, have been directed by prosecuting attorneys and judges with greatest rigor against labor unions.

"The question has also been asked whether the Seamen's Act is not special-interest legislation. That question also would not have been raised if the act had been read. If it is special-interest legislation to provide that Americans shall not be serfs or treated like dogs or drowned like rats, then the Seamen's Act is special-interest legislation. That act had three main objects: First, to annul some of the special-interest legislation which in the past had been written on the statute books by shipowners, under which the sailor was given substantially the status of a serf and a chattel of the shipmaster; second, to create conditions on shipboard better than the horrors to which sailors were then condemned, so that Americans might once more go to sea and create a real American merchant marine; and third, to provide adequate life-saving equipment for passengers and crew.

"The Progressives believe, in brief, that the greatest and most permanent progress can be achieved by dealing with our great social, economic and political problems, one by one, in the light of the best available knowledge on the subject.

"It is for this reason that they have provided for the creation of special committees on a number of the most pressing problems, and have authorized these committees to coöperate with men of affairs and experts in order to have the fruits of their special knowledge and experience. Six of these committees have already been organized, and will prosecute their work as rapidly as the pressure of public business will permit. These committees cover the following subjects: Agriculture, credit, labor, natural resources, railways and shipping, and taxation. Senator Norris is chairman of the Agriculture Committee, Representative Beck of the Labor Committee, Senator La Follette of the Railways and Shipping Committee, Representative McSwain of the Natural Resources Committee, Senator Owen of the Credit Committee, and Representative Collins of the Taxation Committee. During the present session of Congress the other members of these committees are Senators Capper, Sheppard, Borah, France, Ashurst, Brookhart, Ladd and McNary; and Representatives Johnson, King, Voigt, Ward, Burke, Hoch, Keller, Mead, Cooper, Huddleston, Logan, James, Nelson, Knight, Mansfield, Schall, Frear, Lampert, Sinclair and Woodruff. As soon as the newly elected senators and representatives are entitled to take their seats these committees will be revised and enlarged to include all the Progressives who have expressed their willingness to participate in the group. In the next Congress the Progressive group will consist of at least fifteen senators and thirty-four representatives."

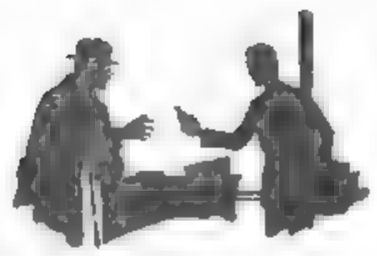
Machinery of Election

"During the next few months these six committees will study the particular problems that have been committed to them, and will then from time to time propose to the group as a whole specific recommendations. Arrangements are now being made to provide for the coöperation of experts and others who have given these questions special study and attention. The proposals of each committee will be accompanied by a brief report stating the underlying reasons for its recommendations. When these reports have been made, the Progressive group will then decide whether or not they will use their collective efforts to press forward the proposed legislation. But, as I have said before, any individual member of the group will still be free to take whatever action with regard to the proposed measure he may see fit. He may actively oppose it if he chooses, without in any way sacrificing his standing as a member of the group. We can see no reason why a senator or representative who is ready to work with us on nine-tenths of the measures which we are likely to favor should not be permitted to go his own way on the other tenth. We believe in freedom of ideas as well as in freedom of speech.

"The difference between this procedure and that of going into a closed room and drawing up a platform, which everybody present shall be bound to follow, is of the greatest importance.

"The Progressive group is committed to only one definite proposition at the present time, and that is, making the election machinery responsive to the popular will. This was agreed to by unanimous vote. The primary system is the most effective method that has yet been devised to enable the people to select their candidates; consequently the Progressives are for this system. They believe that it should cover all elective offices, including the presidency. It is believed that substantial progress can be made in extending and perfecting the primaries during the next two years.

"The Progressive group, as such, has never acted upon the Norris Bill for the relief of agriculture, although substantially all the members of the group showed that



Tasty~

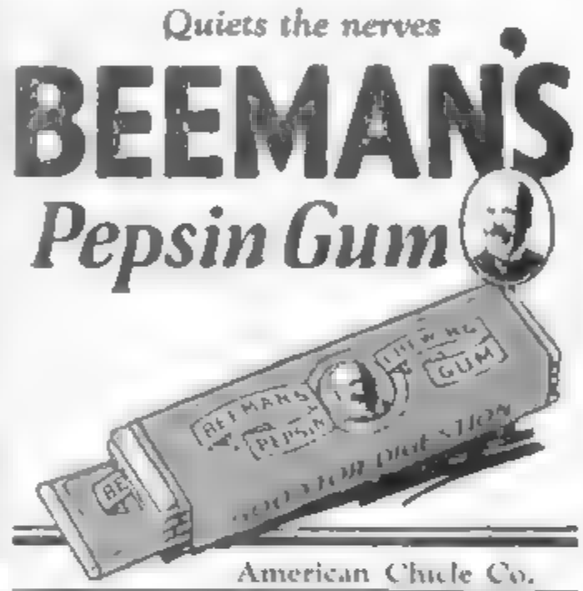
Wintergreen—that appealing enticing flavor—a taste that lingers on and on—its use is

"a sensible habit"

Quiets the nerves

BEEMAN'S

Pepsin Gum



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APEX Inserings

fit in ring groove between piston and ring. Re new automobile truck, tractor, light plant motors and stationary engines by absolutely

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Robinson Reminder

Get it down, tear it out, saving five notes only

If your dealer can not write for price

Robinson Mfg. Co. Westfield, Mass.

Safe Milk *and* **Malt Grain Ext.** in powder, makes *The* **Food-Drink** *for* **All Ages**

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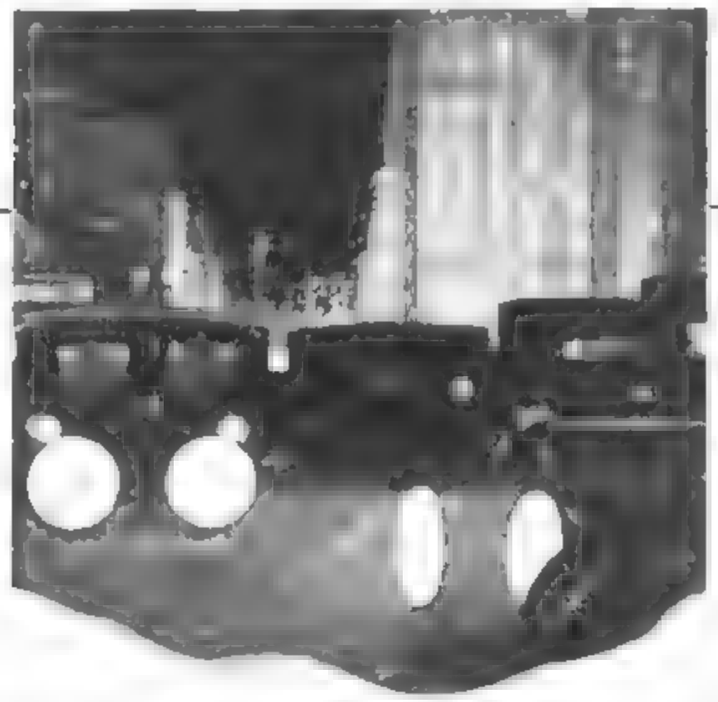
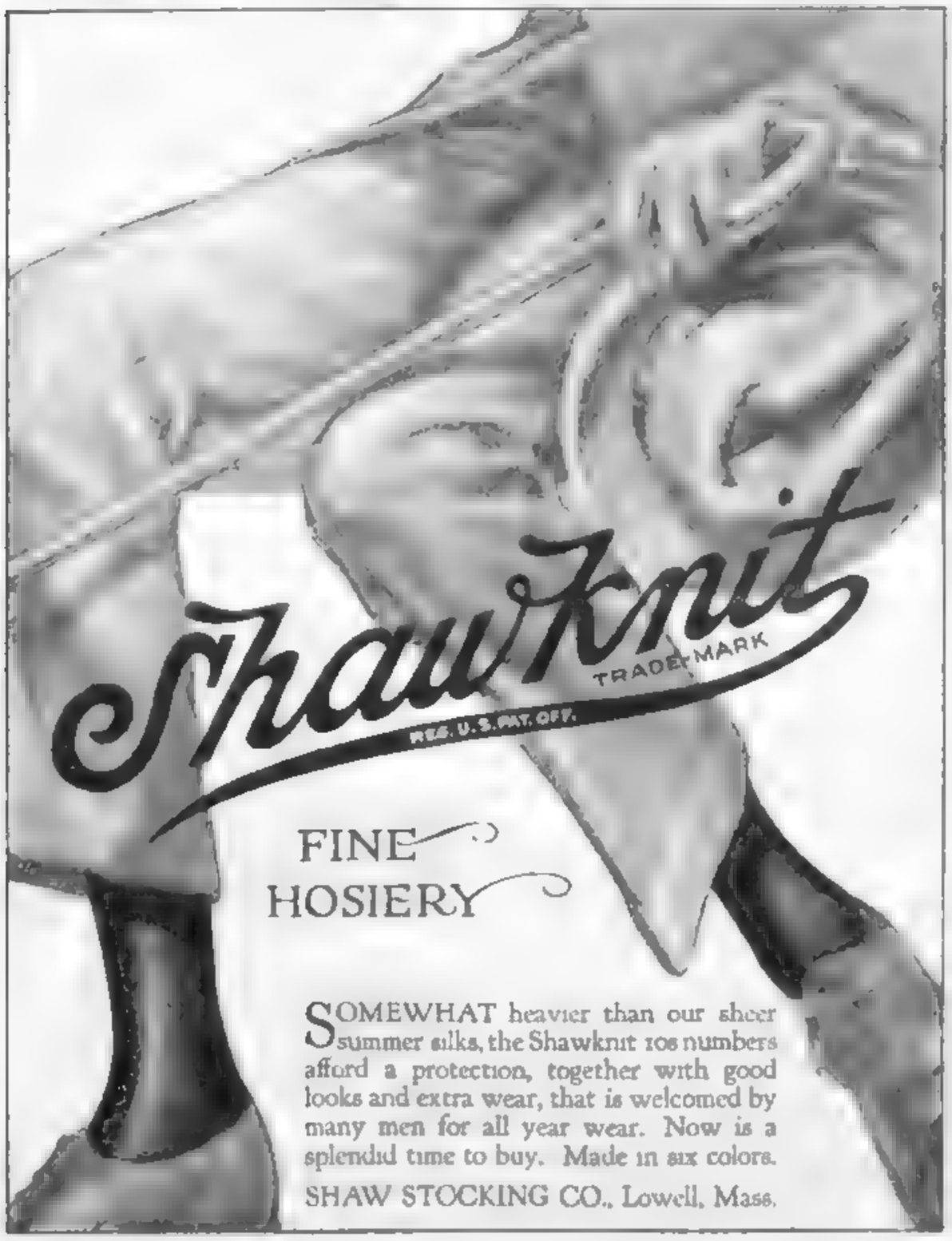


As a low-priced battery for the lighter-weight cars, consider the WUBCO SPECIAL. Westinghouse believes it to be the very best battery a man can get for the money. Same high quality as the Westinghouse Standard, but different in design. Rubber case; built-in compartments.

WESTINGHOUSE UNION BATTERY CO.
Swissvale, Pa.

The oversize-capacity Westinghouse Standard is the finest battery Westinghouse can build. Long-lived, rugged, dependable. Service everywhere and a battery for every car.



SOMEWHAT heavier than our sheer summer silks, the Shawknit 108 numbers afford a protection, together with good looks and extra wear, that is welcomed by many men for all year wear. Now is a splendid time to buy. Made in six colors.

SHAW STOCKING CO., Lowell, Mass.

they favored it when the question of bringing it before the Senate was recently up for consideration. This bill has been attacked in many quarters as being a socialistic measure. It is certainly no more socialistic than the Ship Subsidy Bill or government operation of the postal system.

"The Progressive group was brought together primarily in order that the Progressives in both parties may do systematically what might otherwise be done unsystematically. Its organization is highly flexible, its procedure is somewhat informal and its program is still in the making. Nevertheless, I feel confident that out of it will come practical and constructive results that will be far-reaching in their consequences."

Senator Edwin F. Ladd, of North Dakota, is a member of the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, and a member of the Progressive group. In spite of his North Dakota label, Senator Ladd was born in Starks, Maine, and educated at the University of Maine. He became professor of chemistry at North Dakota Agricultural College in 1890, and for five years was president of the college. He was food commissioner for North Dakota and head of the regulatory department for twenty years. During the war he was Federal food administrator. He has also edited and published farm journals and written a wide assortment of reports, bulletins and scientific papers. He is listed in the Congressional Directory as a Nonpartisan Republican. He made the following statement:

"I am primarily interested in securing legislation that will put agriculture back on a profitable basis. So long as the farmers are forced to sell their goods below the cost of production, just so long will they fail to be on the market for manufactured products or to employ labor.

"In order to insure the farmers a price for their products we must furnish them with money at a rate commensurate with the rates at which other industries get money. Since banking is adapted to commercial uses, but not to the uses of the farmers, a proper rural-credits bill must be passed, and they must be furnished with money at a reasonable rate so that they may market their produce in an orderly fashion.

"There is also urgent necessity of opening up foreign markets for the farmers' surplus supplies."

Proposed Legislation

"None of these things, unfortunately, will benefit the farmers so long as they are forced to pay exorbitant freight rates, and so long as freight rates are in excess of the price for which their goods can be sold.

"I therefore advocate the repeal of the Esch-Cummins Law, or an amendment to that law whereby agricultural products can be given a lower rate. I am informed by farmers in my state that the price which they receive for beets is one dollar a ton less than the cost of shipping the beets to the factory.

"I am opposed to the ship subsidy as being a measure unworthy of support, yet I am as anxious for a merchant marine as any loyal American.

"The time must come when public utilities must be operated by the Government in the interests of all the people, or under government supervision, to insure justice to all men. The same thing is true of mines, railroads and water power. It must come gradually, however, and cannot be accomplished in a single day, or even in a year."

George Huddleston, Democrat, a member of the House of Representatives from the 9th Alabama District, has been a Representative for eight years. He is one of the most sincere and outspoken members of the Progressive group, and evidently stands high in La Follette's estimation, since he is vice-chairman of the People's Legislative Service, which is the official name of the so-called La Follette Progressives in both houses of Congress. La Follette himself is the chairman of the People's Legislative Service. Mr. Huddleston made the following statement:

"The most important domestic subjects before our people today are transportation, marketing and credits. We must have the lower railroad rates and fares which would result from stricter and more comprehensive government control, unification of lines, squeezing the water from capitalization and eliminating waste and extravagance. There are too many middlemen and parasites between consumers and producers, also too much monopolization both in credits and in marketing. Credit must be made more readily available to farmers. Experience has demonstrated that monopolies cannot successfully be prohibited, so that we must turn to price and other control as an alternative to public ownership."

Two Schools of Thought

"All tariff laws which enhance the cost of living should be repealed. All sales taxes should be abolished. We must rely for government revenues upon income, inheritance and profits taxes. Incomes should be taxed without discrimination, based upon the source from which derived, and exemptions in conflict with this principle should be repealed.

"We should hold to and develop such natural resources as remain undisposed of. Ford's offer for Muscle Shoals should be accepted unless the great business and financial interests disclose an honest purpose to allow government development and operation.

"Progressivism does not consist of a political formula or a program of measures. It consists rather in an attitude or frame of mind. The so-called Progressive group in Congress has as yet adopted no program. Complete independence is reserved to every member of the group. No member of the group is authorized to speak for anyone other than himself.

"The effort has been made to misrepresent the Progressives to the country. First, we are charged with trying to organize a third party; second, we are damned as radicals; third, it is insinuated that we are seeking to promote the political fortunes of certain members of the group. All such insinuations are false. They are mere sideswipes at our efforts, born out of the fear of the special interests that we will really do something to break their strangle hold on government. What we are really trying to do is to promote coöperation and teamwork among those who are sincerely trying to represent the great masses.

"I have no objection to being called a radical by anyone who knows what the word means, and who means what he says. The idea is Jefferson's that there are two schools of political thought; one, the radicals, who trust the people, are concerned about the affairs of common men and are willing that the people should rule; the other, the conservatives, who feel that those of wealth, education and large business experience should be intrusted with governmental domination. Sad to relate, the aisle which divides the two parties in Congress is chiefly useful for entrance and exit from the hall. There are good Democrats on both sides of the aisle, and good Republicans also."

Cinder Cone, a Volcano in Lassen National Park, California, 6907 Feet Above Sea Level

ELMER CLIFTON'S

"DOWN to the SEA in SHIPS"

From actual photograph

"One of the Most Marvelously Amazing Attractions Ever Offered to Owners of Motion Picture Theatres."

—*Motion Picture World*

A FRAIL boat and its six occupants towed at express-train speed toward three thousand miles of open water, through a sea lashed into foam by a maddened whale

A sudden turn; a shout, "Look out, he's heading for us!" The oars are splintered along one side of the whaleboat; before the startled crew can back-water, the monster of the deep is upon them!

A flip of its death-dealing "flukes," and both craft and its occupants are tossed high in the air. The boat falls back into the sea a battered wreck, its crew floundering about in shark-infested waters

Such is the climax of the most astounding piece of realism ever photographed—a motion picture made in the broad reaches of mid-Atlantic, with a 90-ton sperm whale as the principal actor, and the hand of chance directing as fierce a battle between man and mammal as the long history of whaling has ever known

It required eighteen months to make "Down to the Sea in Ships." It is utterly unlike any other production ever filmed, because it is nature at her most thrilling moments

Yet back of this vivid picturization of daring runs one of the sweetest love-stories ever unfolded on the screen, a romance breathing all of the quaint customs of the most famous whaling city in the world

The leading motion picture houses of the country are showing "Down to the Sea in Ships." If it has not yet been shown in your community ask the manager of your motion picture theatre when he expects to play it. He will be glad to give you the date. Better still, fill in, tear off and mail the coupon below, upon receipt of which we will mail you without charge an illustrated souvenir booklet fully describing "Down to the Sea in Ships," together with a plan for encouraging its exhibition in your town.

What the Press Thinks:

"One of the most interesting pictures ever produced. . . . It combines pretty nearly the best in everything, acting, photography, direction and cast."

—*Philadelphia North American*

"Probably one of the most beautiful photoplays ever made. . . . The enthusiasm grew by leaps and bounds"

—*Boston Globe*

"One of the real surprises of the screen season . . . one worthy of a place among the finest of the year . . . there have been no more thrilling escapades ever caught by the camera . . . a film that will blaze the trail for the new type of pictures that are bound to come.

—*Detroit News.*

"In this picture the screen has gained one of its few veritable classics. It is visual literature, hauntingly beautiful. A truly great film."

—*Boston Advertiser.*

HODKINSON PICTURES

From actual photograph

W. W. Hodkinson Corporation,
469 Fifth Avenue, New York

I would like to see "Down to the Sea in Ships." Please send me a free souvenir booklet and tell me how I can insure its being shown at my local theatre

Name

Address

City

QUESTIONNAIRE

I want two million shavers to tell me why they prefer Mennen's

In ten years, Mennen's has won leading rank among shaving creams. The only possible explanation for this leadership is because you two million or more men who use Mennen's regularly like it better than any other shaving cream.

Mennen's has given you a great shave every morning since the day you built up your first snow drift of incomparable Mennen lather and for the first time enjoyed the comfort of a thoroughly softened beard. Don't you feel in a mood to do us a slight favor in return?

I want to know *why* you prefer Mennen's. What particular virtue has most impressed you? What quality in Mennen's have you failed to find in any other shaving cream? I want Mennen advertising to reflect the convictions of two million users—so I can convince another two million.

I ask you, as a friend, to check which of these qualities have most influenced you.

[1] Is it Mennen's great beard softening value—because a Mennen softened beard comes off so smoothly, gently and quickly—

[2] Or is it because the healing emollient, Boro-glycerine, softens and relaxes skin tissues, allowing a close shave without discomfort and providing a mild antiseptic protection which keeps your skin in perfect health and prevents infection

[3] Or is it because Mennen's works equally well with any kind of water—cold or hot—hard or soft—

[4] Or is it the way the cream whips up almost instantly into a firm, creamy, moist mass of beard softening lather—which never dries on the face—which is cooling—and which results in a speedy, comfortable shave—

[5] Or is it because Mennen's contains no free caustic and cannot draw or irritate the most sensitive skin—

[6] Or is it because of the glowing, healthy feel of your skin afterwards—

[7] Or is it because Mennen lather does not have to be rubbed in with fingers—

[8] Or is it because your skin never smarts or itches after using Mennen's—

[9] Or is it because you need no hot towels—which open up the pores and cause your face to chap in cold weather—

[10] Or is it because your blades last longer and because Mennen's works equally well with safety or straight razor—

[11] Or is it Mennen economy? Have you figured that because you use so little cream and so much water you can get from 250 to 450 shaves out of a tube—less than a quarter of a cent a shave?

Please tell me. It will cost you only a two-cent stamp. The information will be invaluable to me. I look forward eagerly to hearing from every man who likes Mennen Shaving Cream so I can know which Mennen quality really makes the strongest appeal.

Likewise, let's have any suggestions or kicks you have on your mind. We'll pay a lot of attention to them.

NOTE:—

"I've been scientifically questionnaired on everything from prohibition to farm tractors. It's only fair that I should get out a little questionnaire of my own."

J. H.

Just a word to those who haven't yet tried Mennen's

If Mennen's is anywhere near as good as our two million users think it is, you of course want to try it. Every man wants the best.

Here is my proposition. Buy a full size tube at any drug store. Shave with it on several consecutive mornings. If you are not enthusiastically convinced that they were the finest shaves you ever enjoyed, send the tube to me and I will refund purchase price.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

The Mennen Company Limited,
Montreal, Quebec

FISTS

(Continued from Page 13)

"I don't want him," cried the third man. "You can have him."

He pushed Dan toward Jake, who had jumped down from the car. It was a game they could understand and enjoy. They shoved Dan from one to the other as if he were some grotesque medicine ball. They warmed to the game and the pushes became rougher; he was dizzy; he was about to fall when suddenly the game stopped. It stopped because another man had come up and had broken the circle by knocking the big-handed young lumberman against the car. It was the new man who caught hold of Dan and held him up.

"You're a fine bunch of bullies," the new man shot out. His voice was crisp and angry. "Can't you see the old fellow's all in? Here, you, Jake; fetch the coffee can!" The tone was one of curt command. Sullen rebellion wrinkled Jake's dark face, but, nevertheless, he brought the can from the truck. The new man held it to Dan's lips. "Here, old-timer," he said. "Drink deep!"

It was black and strong and bitter, that coffee, but it was hot, and Dan gulped it gratefully. It steadied him.

"Well, pop, what's your trouble?"

The new man was addressing Dan, and Dan winced. The man was calling him "pop"—the name they gave to old men. Then Dan remembered that his hair was grizzled gray where abrasions from gloves had not worn it off entirely. He looked up at the new man and saw that he was straight, square jawed, competent looking; probably just past thirty.

"Gone to seed," muttered Dan. "Been hittin' the booze. Nothin' to live for."

"Bunk!" ejaculated the man. He was studying Dan with keen eyes. "What you need is hard outdoor work, square meals and regular hours. Ever swing an ax?"

"Yes. Sure!" said Dan, all eagerness.

"Let's see your hands."

Dan held them out; the man surveyed them swiftly.

"Soft," was his verdict. "How did you break so many knuckles?"

"Fightin'."

"Where? Ring?"

"Naw, round the docks where I worked," Dan lied. He had no right to consider himself Dan Shannon any more, he had decided.

The man continued to examine Dan thoughtfully.

"Tell you what I'll do, pop," said the man. "I'll give you a chance to get straightened out. Do you want it?"

He clipped short Dan's words of gratitude.

"I'll give you a job helping round the mess shack. Forty a month and your keep to start. Later, when we sweat some of the booze out of you we'll see what you can do with an ax. The camp is two miles along that road. Report to Shea. Tell him to put you to work. Say that Jerry McAlister sent you. What's your name?"

"Dan," began Dan Shannon; then finished—"Dan Rorke."

"Well, Rorke, get this right. No booze on this job. Understand?"

"Yes, yes."

"If I catch you at it," Jerry McAlister promised, "I'll personally lam hell out of you."

He did not wait to listen to Dan's thanks; he turned sharply to the men loading the car.

"Hey, you, Jake Pease!" he shouted. "A little more pep there. We want to get this job done by Christmas."

Gang Six sat around its bunk house. Mutiny was in the air. Big-boned men, six weeks' bearded, sat surly and sulky in their built-in bunks ranged round the walls of a large room. A stove choked with wood glowed red in a corner; an oil lamp swung from a rafter. The men—huge Swedes, fierce-eyed French-Canadians, some Irish, and here and there a hatchet-visaged Yankee—were grumbling among themselves; they felt they had been driven hard that day. The youngest of them, the one with the banjo hands, essayed to squeeze Suwanee River from a mouth organ. Big Jake Pease, with an oath, plucked the mouth organ from the kid's lips and hurled it to the floor.

"Cut that cursed noise, you! This ain't no time for music." The others growled their agreement.

"Aye tink," spoke one of the Swedes, "Jerry is geddin' too tam hanty with his fists." The speaker had a black eye and a cut lip.

"He sure did hand you a coupla beauts, Swede," grinned the kid.

The Swede turned to him, outraged.

"An' for why? For hatfing a pint of hooch in my bunk! That's all I done."

"Yes, and another pint under your belt," put in Dan Shannon from his bunk.

Big Jake Pease shot an ugly look at Dan.

"You keep your chin outa this, old-timer," growled Jake. "You're getting mighty cocky because Jerry McAlister has let you swing an ax for two months. Well, old teacher's pet, us guys has been swingin' axes for years, see? This is our affair."

Dan, puffing his pipe, did not drop his eyes before big Jake's belligerent glare. Jake stood up, looked about cautiously, then addressed Gang Six.

"What I'd like to know," stated Jake, "is how long we're goin' to stand for this here Jerry McAlister?"

No one replied. Jake continued, bitter voiced: "Why should Jerry McAlister tell us to go and come and fetch and carry? I guess some of us has been lumberin' five years or more longer'n him. I have anyhow."

"Me too."

"So have I."

"He's a greenhorn compared to me."

"Then," demanded big Jake, "why don't we tell him where to get off at?"

"Swede tried that yesterday," said Dan Shannon, from his bunk.

Big Jake frowned blackly toward Dan.

"Yeah, mebbe Swede did," said Jake. "But Swede ain't no fighter." Then, expertly critical: "Swede's too slow and clumsy for a fast man like Jerry. Swede ain't got no more defense than a dish of scrambled eggs. He was pie for that straight left of Jerry's. But that ain't the point. The point is: Why is Jerry boss, and not one of us?"

Dan Shannon took his pipe-stem from between his lips.

"Perhaps I got no right to butt in," he said mildly, "but if you want an answer, here it is: Jerry's boss because he's square, sober and can get the work done. He's boss because you all know that if you lay down on the job he'll knock you for a row of mess shacks."

They were silent; sour looks were cast at Dan. Jake spoke.

"Yeah? Is that so? Well, old-timer, lemme tell you this: Just because your little tin god has knocked down a big clumsy Swede or two, and a few green kids that don't know no more about fightin' than you do about lumberin', he ain't no Dempsey." Jake turned to the others. "Now, listen, you guys. I'm goin' to slip you a little news."

They bent their long thick bodies toward him.

"Rorke's right; the guy that can lick Jerry can be boss. Well, get this: I ain't never tangled up with Jerry. He thinks he's got the Indian sign on me. Well, he never made a bigger mistake. Just you wait. Last spring when I was workin' over near Rawlings, there was a pug trainin' near our camp, Iron-man Norsk, the Fightin' Pole you've heard of him."

They nodded.

"Well," continued Jake, "he wanted huskies to spar with. Just for the devil of it I went over one day and put the gloves on with him. We stepped three rounds, him and me; and, say, I guess he knew he'd been in a scrap. He says to me, 'Say, you been in the ring, ain't you?' 'Not professional,' I says. He says, 'Well, all you need is a little experience.' An' his manager offered me all kinds of dough to go in the ring. But I says, 'Nothin' doin! Lumberin's my business, fightin's my pastime, see?' But every night for three weeks I went over and sparred with this Norsk; he learned me a lot; an' I guess I learned him a few things too."

Jake suddenly whipped off his undershirt and assumed a fighting stance; muscles big as baseballs leaped up in his hairy arms.

"Biceps half an inch bigger'n Dempsey's," he said.

A ripple of admiration went round the bunk house.

"I been keepin' this dark," Jake said. "I didn't want to make no break until I found out how you guys felt. I just been layin' low. Now, one of these bright days,

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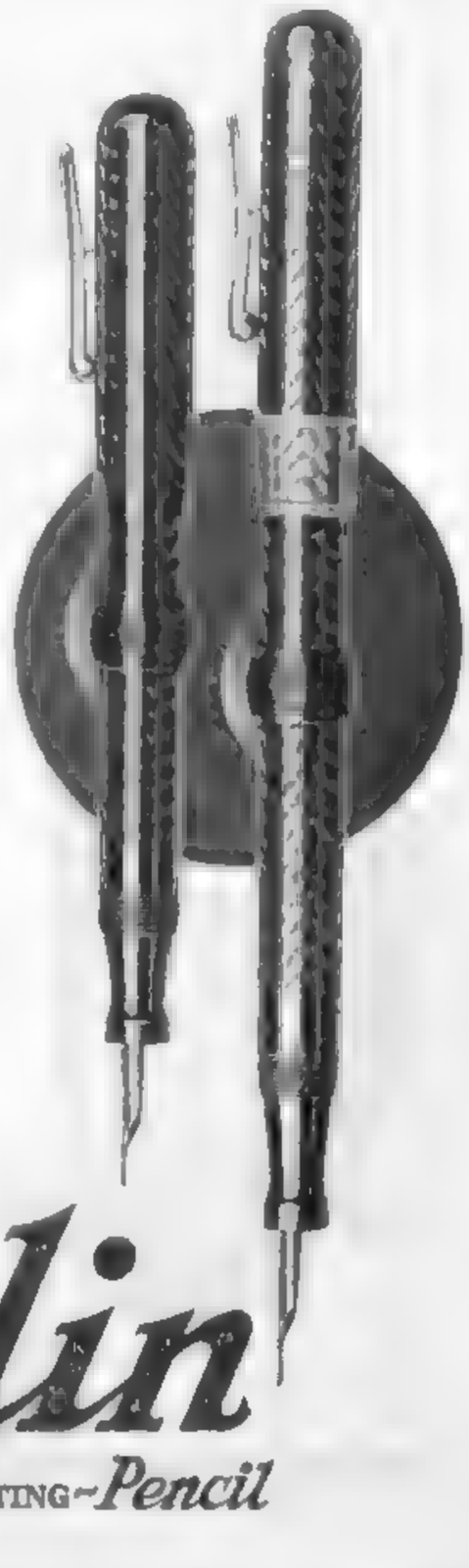

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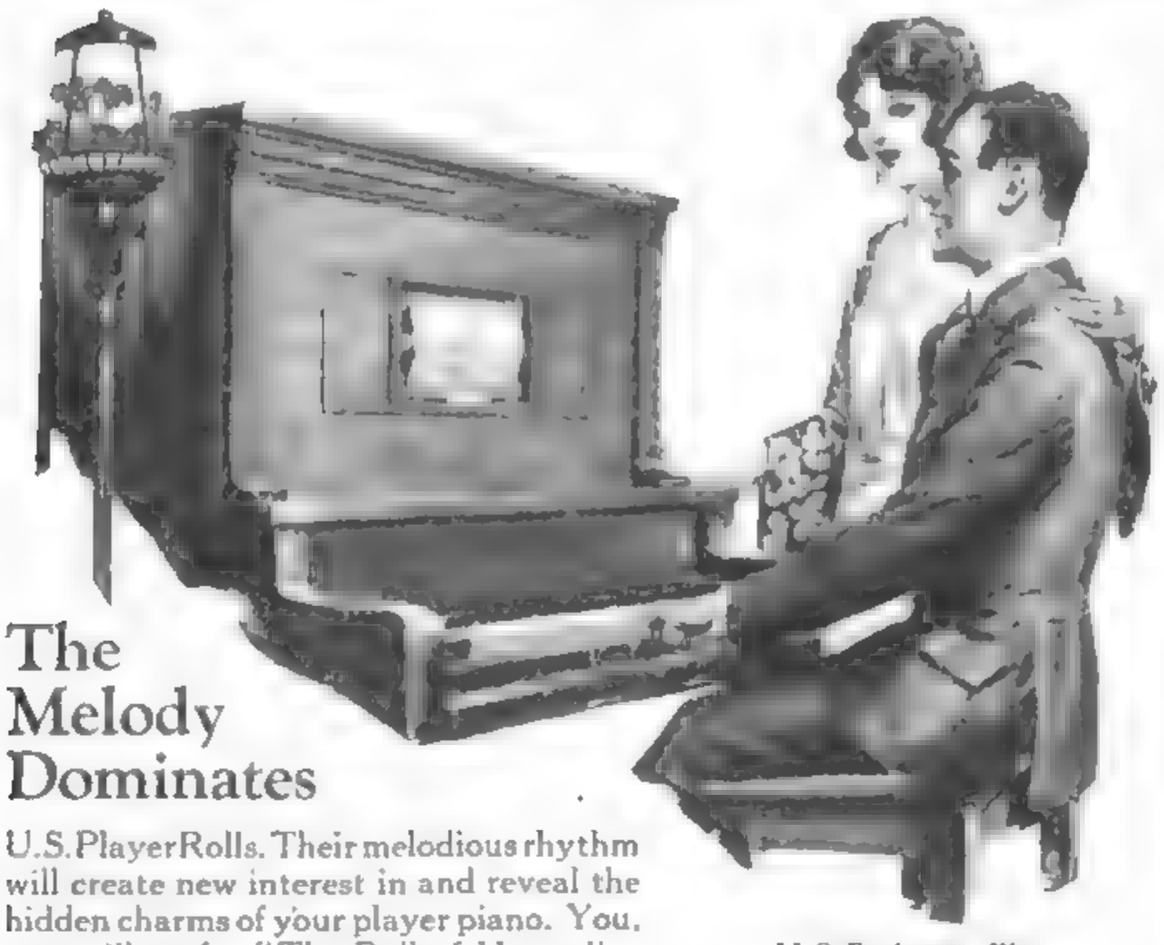

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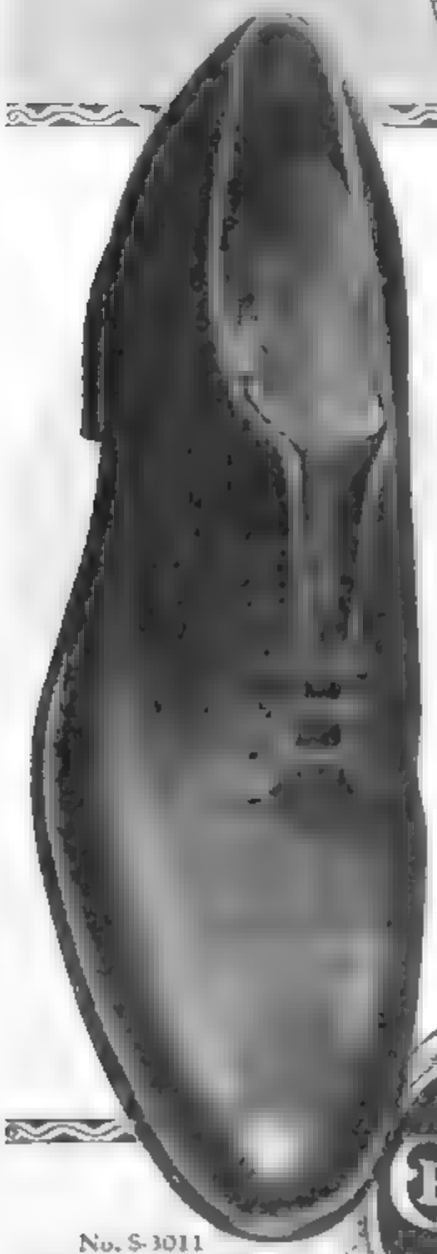

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They saw.

"Another thing," said Jake, inflating his chest, which was furry as a buffalo robe, "when I'm runnin' the works there's goin' to be a lot more hooch and a lot less lumberin'. I guess we'll sorta catch even with the company for the work Jerry has driven outa us, hey?"

From the bunks came grunts of approval.

Jake arched his shaggy chest till it seemed to fill the room; with fists as big as a dynamiter's sledge hammer, and as hard, he beat his chest till it boomed like a muffled tomtom. His voice was a challenge and a threat:

"If any of you guys think I ain't the man to lick McAlister and take his job, now is the time to step out and say so."

The occupants of the bunks were silent; then from one of them came a voice; it was level, unexcited.

"I don't think you'd make such a hell of a good boss, Jake Pease."

Big Jake whipped around, his lips drawn back, long teeth bared in a snarling sneer.

"I suppose you think you could stop me?" he said.

Without undue haste Dan Shannon got up from his bunk.

"I could try," he said.

"Come on, then!" rumbled Jake, his fists were knotted.

Dan Shannon pulled the thick gray undershirt up over his head. Under the oil lamp his body looked almost golden. It was as gnarled as a cedar stump. That was what five months of hard work had done. The men crouched tense in their bunks.

"Where do you want your body sent, Rorke?" the kid asked; his laugh was nervous

"Jake'll kill the old tramp," protested the Swede.

Dan smiled. Then Jake, like a hairy dart discharged from some monster crossbow, launched himself at Dan. In the bunks they held their breaths. There was the sharp noise of an impact. They expelled their breaths. Dan had not been shattered by that first rush; but something had. It was a pine plank in the wall at the spot where Dan's head had been. Big Jake's fist had split it; Dan's head had bobbed aside. Jake spun around, cursing; blood dripped from his knuckles.

Again Jake plunged toward Dan; in the fury of his attack the straight left that squashed the oath on Jake's lips did not stop him; Dan was penned in a corner by the bigger, stronger man. Like a maniac Jake flailed at Dan's head with his big fists; but somehow they never quite landed squarely; but even Dan's marvelous defense could not long weather that gale of blows; a right fist caught him high up on the head, near the temple, and he dropped to the floor.

"Stand back, Jake. I'll count him out," cried the kid "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight "

Dan Shannon pushed himself to his feet; his eyes were dull; his head was rolling; his knees seemed to be made of custard. With a leer, big Jake, taking his time, stepped in to land one final, finishing punch. They hardly saw what happened then; they were only aware of the result. From nowhere came Dan's left fist, straight it drove into the buffalo-robe body, just above the belt. They heard the uhhhhhsssssh of Jake's breath as it was knocked from him, and they saw his tanned face go gray-green. They saw Jake's hands drop instinctively to protect his body from another driving blow. Dan Shannon's eyes were not dull now; his head was not rolling; his knees were not like custard, but like steel springs. They saw a golden streak under the oil lamp; it was Dan's right arm as he brought his fist in a flashing arc; it landed flush on Jake's unprotected chin. Big Jake went down like a circus tent when the main pole snaps.

Solemnly the banjo-handed kid tolled off the seconds: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Out!" He could have counted to a hundred.

Dan Shannon picked up his shirt.

"Why," exclaimed the kid, "you weren't groggy at all! You were faking!"

"Old stuff," said Dan with a grin.

Up till then Gang Six had just barely tolerated Dan Shannon. If it had not been for Jerry McAlister's intervention they might not have tolerated him at all. It had been:

"Here, you old bum. Gangway. Let a man wash first."

"One side, bo, before I wrap this saw around your neck."

"Here you, Rorke; pass them biscuits; you ain't at no free-lunch counter now."

"Keep your mug outa this argument, Rorke."

Now it was:

"After you, Dan."

"Have a chew, Rorke?"

"How you feelin' this mornin', Dan?"

"Say, Rorke, show me how you start that overhand right, will you?"

They made room for him in the circle around the stove as he came into the bunk house two nights after his fight with big Jake. He could tell by the way they went silent that they had been talking about him.

Duke Dutemont, the oldest of them, turned to Dan.

"You're elected, Rorke," he said.

"Elected? I don't get you, Duke."

"We been talkin' it over," explained Dutemont. "We decided that since you licked Jake, you're the man for the job."

"What job?"

"The job of trimmin' Jerry McAlister," replied Dutemont.

Dan stared at them; their eyes were on his face.

"I don't follow that," he said.

"He's got to be licked, and licked proper," explained Dutemont.

"Well, there's ten of you right here. That ought to be almost enough," observed Dan.

"Aw, you don't get the idea. Of course we could gang him. But that wouldn't do no good. He'd still be boss and we'd be thrown outa the camp by the others. No. One man has got to do the trick. Jerry's got a grip on the whole camp because of his rep as a fighter. He ain't never been licked in fair fight, see?"

"He ain't never been licked in fair fight?" Dan Shannon repeated the words slowly, almost to himself.

"No. So, if you lick him, he'll lose his rep, and he'll lose his grip, and you can step into his job."

Dan laughed.

"Me in Jerry's job? You're cuckoo."

"It's worth seven or eight thousand if it's worth a cent," said Dutemont.

"But I couldn't handle it," Dan protested. "I don't know the lumberin' game. Jerry knows ten times more'n I'll ever know."

"Yeah, that's the trouble with him. It's a sight better to have a boss that knows too little than one that knows too much Ain't that the truth?"

Gang Six said emphatically that that was the truth.

"You said sumpin', Duke."

"Jerry works us too hard."

"Beat him up, Dan; we're with you."

Dan Shannon shook his head.

"Can't do it," he said briefly.

They stared at him, incredulous

"What do you mean? Of course you can, Dan," Dutemont was positive. "You stopped big Jake, didn't you? Well, Jerry weighs twenty pounds less than Jake. You could do it easy."

"I can't lick Jerry, I tell you."

"Aw, the hell you can't."

"Well, I won't fight him."

"Afraid of his rep, hey?"

Dutemont moved his chair out of hitting distance when he saw Dan's eyes.

"Duke, you've got no call to say I'm afraid of Jerry or any other man."

"I ain't saying you're yella, Dan," said Dutemont placatingly. "But I wonder what this gang and all the other gangs'll think when they hear you're afraid to go up against Jerry."

"I don't care what they think. I won't fight him."

"But why, Dan?"

"He's my friend."

"He's your boss."

"He gave me a chance when I was down and out."

"Aw, he needed somebody."

"He didn't need a booze-soaked bum."

"Well, he's worked you hard enough."

"Yes, and that's what I needed. I tell you Jerry just about saved my bacon. You guys don't know what it means to be as far down as I was. Jerry treated me white. I won't fight him."

"You won't?"

(Continued on Page 173)

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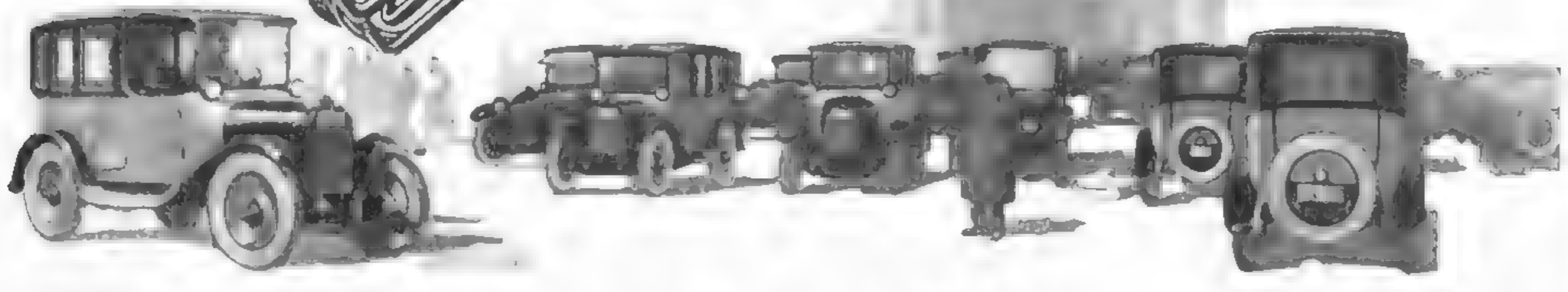

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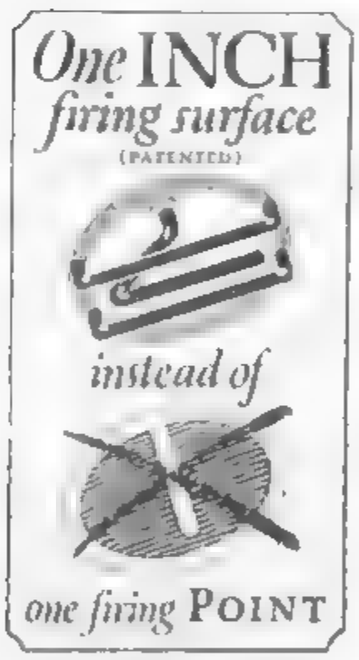

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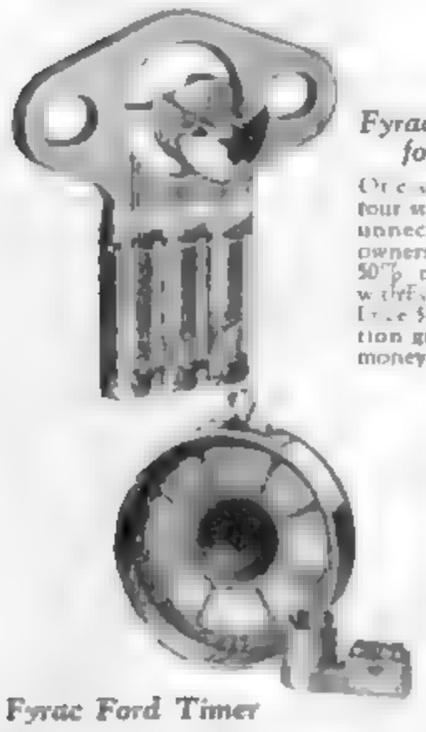

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(Continued from Page 170)

"I won't. That's final."

Duke Dutemont spat disgustedly against the hot stove.

"Well," he said, "all I gotta say is that some guys are regular, and some ain't, that's all."

"Meanin' me, Duke?" There was a note of warning in Dan's voice.

"Oh, no. I didn't name no names, did I?" Duke began to unlace his high boots. "Well, guess I'll turn in. Looks as if we gotta go back to Jerry McAlister's treadmill another day."

There were mutterings and murmurings among the men of Gang Six as they made ready for bed.

As Dan Shannon shouldered into the bunk house the following night he sensed an air of expectancy. The men were unusually cordial to him. He sat on his bunk and tamped tar-black tobacco into his stub of pipe. He was puzzled. Something was in the air. Then the talk of the men about the stove was pinched off abruptly. The door had opened and Jerry McAlister was standing there, his face grim, his eyes danger signals.

"There's liquor in this bunk house," he said. His voice was sharp and angry. "Pete Lucas is drunk as a fool, and I've got a straight tip that the hooch came from Gang Six. Now I've given you all fair warning: No drinking on this job. You all gave me your words you'd stay off the stuff till we finished this work. When pay day comes you can drink all the hooch you can hold. But out here I'm responsible for your being fit to do your work. When I find the man who's got the liquor, by the Lord, I'm going to teach him a lesson! I'm going to search this shack. Any objections?"

"'Tain't me, boss," put in the Swede.

"Go as far as you like," said Duke Dutemont, shrugging.

"I ain't had a drink in so long I couldn't tell booze from buttermilk," declared big Jake.

Jerry McAlister went down the line of bunks, examining each one swiftly and expertly. He came, at last, to Dan Shannon's, at the end of the room. Dan was sitting there, smoking placidly.

"Evening, Dan," Jerry greeted him. "Stand up, will you, till I go through the motions?"

The boss bent over and perfunctorily patted the blankets on Dan's bed. Then Dan heard his teeth click, and saw his hands plunge beneath the blankets. When the hand came out it held a quart whisky bottle, half full.

All Jerry said was, "You?"

Dan Shannon stared from the bottle to the set face of Jerry McAlister, then back to the bottle again.

"It ain't mine, Jerry," Dan got out.

"Just keeping it for a friend, eh?" said Jerry; his voice was not pleasant. A stride took him to the stove; he smashed the bottle against the iron side. Then: "Dan Rorke, step out here."

Dan did not move.

"Jerry, that ain't my bottle. I never saw it before. I been framed."

Jerry McAlister had begun to unbutton his red mackinaw.

"Dan," he said, "I wish I could believe that. But it sounds like the bunk to me. Take off your coat."

"For God's sake, Jerry, don't make me fight you."

Jerry had removed the mackinaw and was peeling the shirt from his powerful shoulders.

"You had your warning, Dan," he said curtly. "You broke the rules. Now you've got to pay."

"I'll go. I'll quit. I'll leave the camp—right now." Desperately Dan had started for the door, but big Jake and Duke Dutemont were barring the way. Jerry spoke.

"No, you won't, Dan. You'll take your medicine like a man or I'll take you across my knee and paddle you like a kid."

"I don't want to fight you, Jerry. I got reasons. It ain't my bottle. I been framed. I don't want to fight you." Dan was pouring out protests, appeals.

All Jerry said was, "Take off your coat."

For the better part of a minute Dan Shannon stood staring, not at Jerry, but at the lamp over his head; his brow was knit as if he were thinking, and as if thoughts were pains. Then he began to fumble with the big buttons of his mackinaw.

"I'll fight," he said.

He became aware that mysteriously the news of impending battle had spread and that men from the other gangs were filtering into the bunk house, and were ranging themselves around the walls.

"Come on, Dan," urged a voice from the crowd. "Knock hell outa him."

"Kill 'im, Dan," urged another voice.

"Bong!" cried the kid, in imitation of the clang of a ringside bell.

They fought, Dan and Jerry. They still tell of that fight in the lumber country. Jerry came rushing in, like a man intent on finishing an unpleasant task; his left hand flicked out in front of him like a snake's tongue. Dan's crooked arms went up before his face and the blow was blocked. They clinched, Dan hugging Jerry's body to him, so that Jerry's short-arm jolts were abbreviated, smothered.

"Break!" cried the kid.

Jerry wrenched himself loose and rushed again, hitting with both fists. Dan, rolling his head like a brig in a typhoon, slid away from the rush and the blows dented space. As yet, Dan had not struck a blow.

"Use that left hook, Dan," begged Duke Dutemont. "That left hook."

Dan, his face cut by one of Jerry's stinging jabs, grinned, shifted to one side and brought his left fist swiftly upward. It caught Jerry high on the head and jarred him; had it hit two inches lower it must surely have felled him. Jerry countered with a vicious swing to Dan's face. Dan tried his left hook again and missed by half an inch. His eyes were going back on him. He was slow, too, and his feet seemed to get in his own way.

"Connect with that left hook," begged Duke. "He's wide open for it."

"I'm doin' the fightin'," said Dan Shannon from the corner of tightened lips.

But he did try the left hook again; it fell short; his judgment of distance was pitiful.

"In the belly, Dan!" pleaded Duke.

Dan tried to drive his right to Jerry's body: the blow, obviously intended to land on a vital spot just above the belt, was inaccurate; it landed well up on Jerry's muscle-ribbed chest. Jerry could have taken a hundred blows there. Jerry's left kept prodding into Dan's face. Dan seemed unable to protect himself from it. Again Dan swung his right for Jerry's body; he missed the solar plexus, but the blow carried enough force to send Jerry reeling back against the wall.

"You got him, Dan!" the men screamed. "Finish 'im!"

But Dan was woefully slow in following up his advantage; he hesitated a split second, and that was all Jerry needed to recover his balance and assume the aggressive again.

There are no rounds in bunk-house fighting. The men fight until one can fight no more. Up and down the big room the battle waged. Jerry, younger, stronger, kept attacking. Dan held him off as best he could, but his jabs seemed weak and his hooks and haymakers were wild.

"In the belly, Dan; in the belly!" the men shouted. "He's losin' his wind."

Breath was coming jerkily from Jerry's lips; his own exertions were tiring him. Dan seemed to gather himself. He rushed for the first time, but was short with his rights and lefts. Jerry took a step back. Dan pressed in. The men roared caution at Dan.

"Watch his right, Dan! Watch his right!"

But it was too late. Dan Shannon had committed the unpardonable pugilistic sin; he had left his guard open for a right swing, and Jerry McAlister had seen the opening. Jerry's right fist cut through the air and hit Dan squarely on the jaw point. Dan folded up as if a safe had fallen on him. The men groaned.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight ——" droned the kid.

Dan rolled over; he heard the counted seconds; instinct forced him to his knees, and at the count "nine" he was on his feet again. McAlister rushed in.

"He's faking; he ain't really groggy," the men whispered to one another.

"Your right, Dan! Swing that right!"

The kid's voice was a squeal of excitement. Dan did swing his right. It arched through the air; then the men groaned; it had missed, and missed so cleanly that Dan fell forward from his own momentum. Jerry McAlister, stepping in close, brought his right fist up under Dan's jaw and the old fighter crumpled down. This time he did not get up.

When Dan did open his eyes it was to see big Jake helping Jerry McAlister on with

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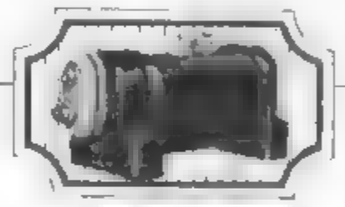

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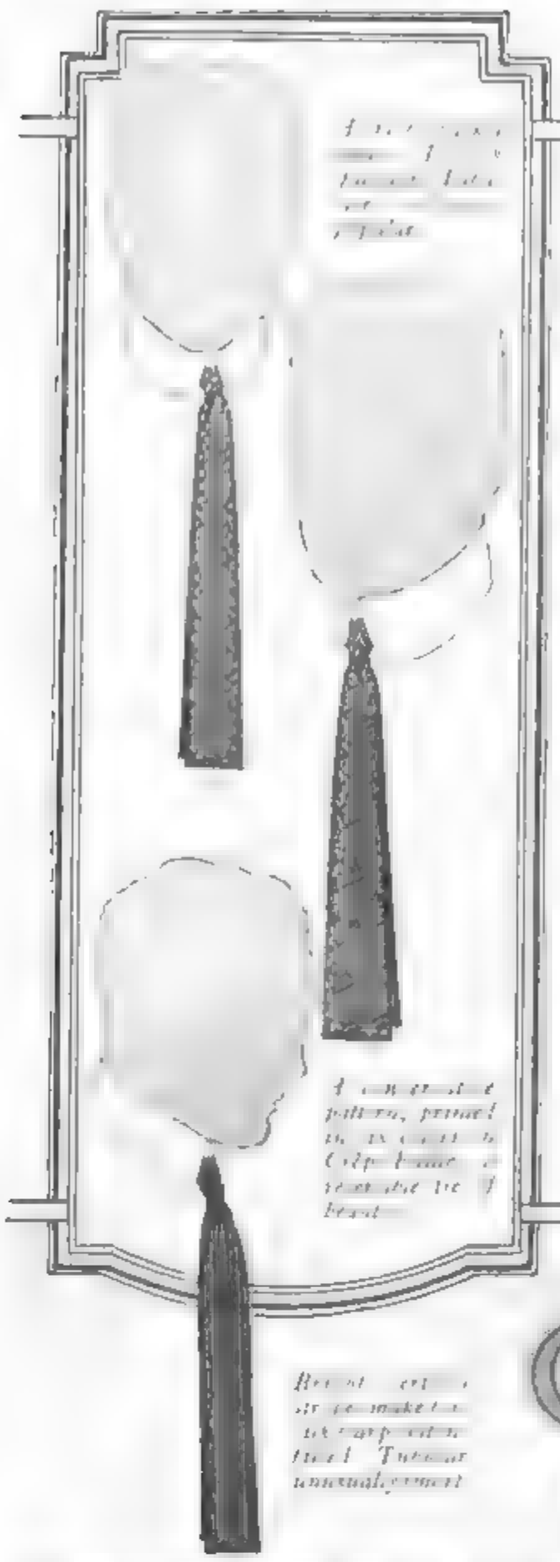

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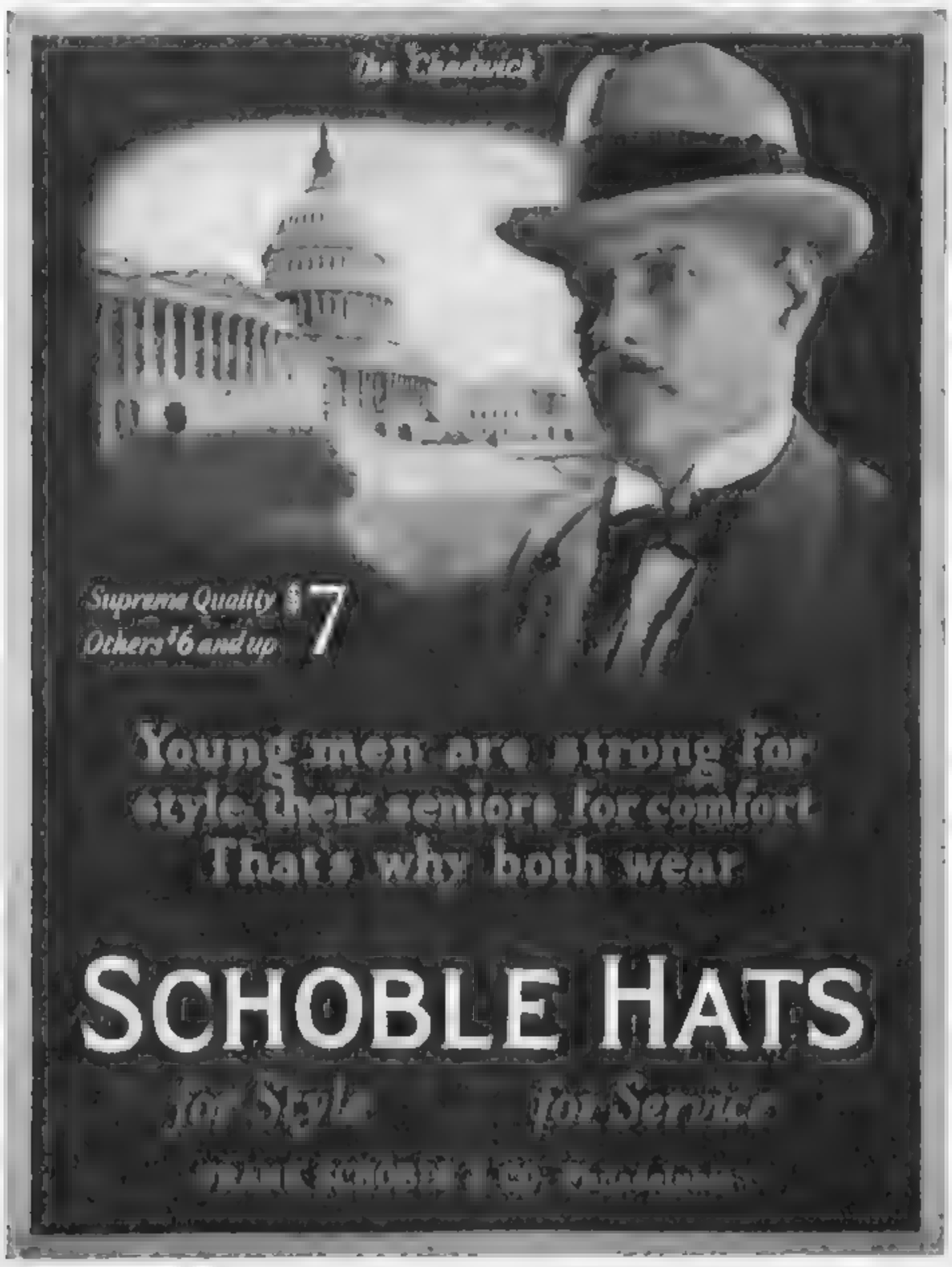
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his mackinaw, and to hear Duke Dutemont saying, "Boss, you certainly got a sweet right uppercut."

Jerry bent over Dan.

"All right now, Rorke?" he asked.

"I'll live," said Dan grimly.

He saw the ranks of men respectfully part to let Jerry go out. Painfully he got to his feet. No one volunteered to help him on with his clothes; in silence he went to bed, nursing his aching jaw.

"What's the matter with Dan Rorke?"

The banjo-handed kid asked the question to the bunk house. It was a full week after Dan had fought Jerry and been beaten.

"Aw, who cares?" growled big Jake.

"'S funny," mused the kid. "Ever since that night he ain't said a word to nobody. Just sat around, rubberin' at the floor. And where does he go every night after supper?"

"Aw, who cares? Prob'ly he's scared to come round here."

"'S funny, just the same," pursued the kid. "Night after night he beats it off into the woods somewhere."

"Perhaps he's got some more of that hooch cached out there," said Duke Dutemont. He winked broadly at big Jake, who returned the wink.

"Tonight," continued the kid, "I noticed that he had sumpin' lumpy under his mackinaw. When I ast him what it was he didn't answer. Just give me a funny look and beat it into the woods."

"Mebbe that thumpin' Jerry gave him has made him nuts," suggested one of the men.

"Jerry sure can thump," said Duke Dutemont.

"And that ain't no lie," agreed big Jake.

It was Sunday. The men were idle. The kid was torturing Suwanee River from a stubborn mouth organ. Some of Gang Six were playing checkers, others darning socks.

"Where you goin', Dan?"

"Out," said Dan, and closed the door decisively behind him.

Dan went to the little cabin where Jerry McAlister had his office and cot. He found the boss in the midst of a shave.

"Jerry," said Dan, "you said you been lookin' for some small straight spruces."

"Yes, I have."

"I found some."

"Good. Where?"

"About two miles due east."

"Could you find 'em again?"

"Sure. I blazed a trail."

"Show 'em to me, will you, Dan?"

"That's what I came here for."

"Good. Wait till I've washed the soap out of my ears and we'll start along."

Together they marched through the woods. After a few words about the spruces neither spoke. Dan from time to time consulted hatchet blazes on the sides of trees. They had covered a good two miles when Dan spoke:

"Jerry, I lied to you."

"Lied to me? What about? The liquor?"

"No; not about the liquor. I told you the truth about that. It wasn't mine. Somebody put it in my bunk. Wanted to get me in wrong, see? I lied about the spruces."

"What do you mean?"

"There ain't no spruces. This is why I brought you out here. Look!" Dan pointed.

They had pushed through some tangled undergrowth and had come upon a cleared space, concealed by tall trees. Jerry McAlister gave a whistle of surprise. There in the center of the clearing a platform had been built. It was crudely built of rough timbers. It was sixteen feet square and at each corner a post stood. Around the posts, inclosing the platform, ran three ropes. The platform had been covered with white tent canvas. In two diagonally opposite corners lay plump red leather objects.

"Why, it's a ring!" exclaimed Jerry.

"Yep. It's a ring," said Dan Shannon solemnly.

"But—what the devil?"

"Jerry," said Dan, very grave, "back in the bunk house you licked me. No man ever did that before. I think it's only fair that you give me another chance, out here where no one can see us."

"But—isn't one licking enough for you Dan?"

"It's too much," said Dan.

He had taken off his mackinaw, then his boots, then his corduroy pants; Jerry saw that he was in the satin trunks and light shoes of the prize ring.

"But we settled this once, old-timer," protested Jerry. "I don't want to have to beat you up again."

"Don't worry about that," said Dan. "Which pair of gloves do you want?"

They fought. Coolly, confidently, Jerry McAlister rushed Dan. The boss felt he knew his man's weaknesses, and that he could finish him quickly. A straight left like a lance stopped the boss' rush and snapped his head back on his shoulders. He saw Dan shift to deliver a left hook, and he grinned. He had sampled those left hooks to the body and he was not alarmed; they were always too high. Then the blow landed. It did not land high up on the muscle-protected chest; it landed a quarter of an inch above Jerry's belt line, and it hurt. Jerry stepped back.

Well, that was a fluke; he'd nail Dan with his left; Dan had shown no defense against it in the bunk-house battle. Jerry's left shot out; Dan twitched his head aside and the blow missed by an inch. Jerry looked puzzled. Dan jabbed him into a corner. Jerry grinned; anyhow, he could nail slow old Dan with his right. He tried it; it hit nothing. Dan's counter to the body shook Jerry, and the boss began to fight wildly. This was absurd—to be made a fool of by the slow old tramp who had been so easy to lick before. Jerry cut loose with a shower of blows; an odd feeling came to him; he felt that he must be fighting a ghost; certainly Dan slipped away and ducked under the blows as if he were a wraith.

Jerry rushed him; again a jab canted Jerry's head back and he saw Dan dance away, smiling, cool, uncannily swift. He tried to pin Dan in a corner. Dan rattled his teeth with a jab and slipped away. He tried to rush Dan to the ropes. Dan sent him staggering back with a left hook, this time the hook hit where good hooks should hit. It made Jerry dizzy, but he tore in again. Once more that left hook swished toward him and he was knocked back against the ropes. Well, he'd cover up. Dan had shown in the bunk house that he hadn't the speed or aggressiveness to follow up an advantage. But Jerry had no time to cover up. Dan had followed up his advantage and was shooting straight, hard, accurate blows into Jerry's face and body. Jerry drew back his right—the blow that had felled Dan before; he put all his strength behind it, all his marksmanship; it missed Dan's chin by the distance between a wasp's eyes. Then Jerry McAlister saw a flash of red glove that moved quicker than his eyes could; then he felt a sharp jar; then the sky went black. When he opened his eyes he found himself looking straight up at the blue heavens.

Dan helped him to his feet. He held out his hand to Jerry.

"You were out forty seconds," said Dan. "Now we're quits."

Jerry's brain was clear, and yet it was not clear.

"But—why ——" he began. "That night—in the bunk house—I don't understand; here—today—just now——"

"Forget it," said Dan Shannon. "You and me, we're the only ones that know what happened just now. Just you and me. See?"

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NEW CHANDLER SIX

STOCK-MARKET MANIPULATION

(Continued from Page 23)

became apparent. The public did not buy any more of the new stock, because the entire market developed reactionary tendencies. The insiders got cold feet and did not support Consolidated Stove; and if insiders don't buy their own stock on recessions, who should? The absence of inside support is generally accepted as a pretty good bear tip.

"There is no need to go into statistical details. The price of Consolidated Stove fluctuated with the rest of the market, but it never went above the initial market quotations, which were only a fraction above 50. Barnes and his friends in the end had to come in as buyers in order to keep it above 40. Not to have supported that stock at the outset of its market career was regrettable. But not to have sold all the stock the public subscribed for was much worse.

"At all events, the stock was duly listed on the New York Stock Exchange and the price of it duly kept sagging until it nominally stood at 37. And it stood there because Jim Barnes and his associates had to keep it there because their bank had loaned them thirty-five dollars a share on one hundred thousand shares. If the bank ever tried to liquidate that loan there was no telling what the price would break to. The public that had been eager to buy it at 50, now didn't want it at 37, and probably wouldn't want it at 27."

An Uphill Job

"As time went on the banks' excesses in the matter of extensions of credits made people think. The day of the boy banker was over. The banking business appeared to be on the ragged edge of suddenly relapsing into conservatism. Intimate friends were now asked to pay off loans, for all the world as though they had never played golf with the president.

"There was no need to threaten on the lender's part or to plead for more time on the borrower's. The situation was highly uncomfortable for both. The bank, for example, with which my friend Jim Barnes did business, was still kindly disposed. But it was a case of: 'For heaven's sake take up that loan or we'll all be in a dickens of a mess!'

"The character of the mess and its explosive possibilities were enough to make Jim Barnes come to me to ask me to sell the one hundred thousand shares for enough to pay off the bank's three-million-five-hundred-thousand-dollar loan. Jim did not now expect to make a profit on that stock. If the syndicate only made a small loss on it they would be more than grateful.

"It seemed a hopeless task. The general market was neither active nor strong, though at times there were rallies, when everybody perked up and tried to believe the bull swing was about to resume.

"The answer I gave Barnes was that I'd look into the matter and let him know under what conditions I'd undertake the work. Well, I did look into it. I didn't analyze the company's last annual report. My studies were confined to the stock-market phases of the problem. I was not going to tout the stock for a rise on its earnings or its prospects, but to dispose of that block in the open market. All I considered was what should, could or might help or hinder me in that task.

"I discovered for one thing that there was too much stock held by too few people—that is, too much for safety and far too much for comfort. Clifton P. Kane & Co., bankers and brokers, members of the New York Stock Exchange, were carrying seventy thousand shares. They were intimate friends of Barnes and had been influential in effecting the consolidation, as they had made a specialty of stove stocks for years. Their customers had been let into the good thing. Ex-Senator Samuel Gordon, who was the special partner in his nephews' firm, was the owner of a second block of seventy thousand shares; and the famous Joshua Wolff had sixty thousand shares. This made a total of two hundred thousand shares of Consolidated Stove held by this handful of veteran Wall Street professionals. They did not need any kind person to tell them when to sell their stock. If I did anything in the manipulating line calculated to bring in public buying—that is to say, if I made the stock strong and active—I could see Kane and Gordon and Wolff unloading, and not in homeopathic doses either. The vision of their two hundred thousand shares Niagaraing into the market was not exactly entrancing. Don't forget that the cream was off the bull movement and that no overwhelming demand was going to be manufactured by my operations, however skillfully conducted they might be. Jim Barnes had no illusions about the job he was modestly sidestepping in my favor. He had given me a water-logged stock to sell on a bull market that was about to breathe its last. Of course there was no talk in the newspapers about the ending of the bull market, but I knew it, and Jim Barnes knew it, and you bet the bank knew it.

"Still, I had given Jim my word, so I sent for Kane, Gordon and Wolff. Their two hundred thousand shares was the sword of Damocles. I thought I'd like to substitute a steel chain for the hair. The easiest way, it seemed to me, was by some sort of reciprocity agreement. If they helped me passively by holding off while I sold the bank's one hundred thousand shares, I would help them actively by trying to make a market for all of us to unload on. As things were, they couldn't sell one-tenth of their holdings without having Consolidated Stove break wide open, and they knew it so well that they had never dreamed of trying. All I asked of them was judgment in timing the selling and an intelligent unselfishness in order not to be unintelligently selfish. It never pays to be a dog in the manger in Wall Street or anywhere else. I desired to convince them that premature or ill-considered unloading would prevent complete unloading. Time urged.

"I hoped my proposition would appeal to them because they were experienced Wall Street men and had no illusions about the actual demand for Consolidated Stove. Clifton P. Kane was the head of a prosperous commission house with branches in eleven cities and customers by the hundreds. His firm had acted as managers for more than one pool in the past.

"Senator Gordon, who held seventy thousand shares, was an exceedingly wealthy man. His name was as familiar to the readers of the metropolitan press as though he had been sued for breach of promise by a sixteen-year-old manicurist possessing a five-thousand-dollar mink coat and one hundred and thirty-two letters from the defendant. He had started his nephews in business as brokers and he was a special partner in their firm. He had been in dozens of pools. He had inherited a large interest in the Midland Stove Company and he got one hundred thousand shares of Consolidated Stove for it. He had been carrying enough to disregard Jim Barnes' wild bull tips and had cashed in on thirty thousand shares before the market petered out on him. He told a friend later that he would have sold more only the other big holders, who were old and intimate friends, pleaded with him not to sell any more, and out of regard for them he stopped. Besides which, as I said, he had no market to unload on."

Wolff's Great Moment

"The third man was Joshua Wolff. He was probably the best known of all the traders. For twenty years everybody had known him as one of the plungers on the floor. In bidding up stocks or offering them down he had few equals, for ten or twenty thousand shares meant no more to him than two or three hundred. Before I came to New York I had heard of him as a plunger. He was then trailing with a sporting coterie that played a no-limit game, whether on the race track or in the stock market.

"He was really a mighty wise little chap, familiar with all the tricks of the trade and the hero of no end of board-room stories. At the time of the notorious Leather Common coup there was an aggressive-voiced broker by the name of Edwards. He was the head of a prosperous commission house, but was greatly given to bragging about the business he was doing. Leather had advanced sensationally on Keene's enormous purchases and the traders, who were the only people who might have been willing to sell, were afraid to go short of it on account of the wild rumors that were floating around about its going to 50 or higher without a stop.

"The stock was 33 bid, offered at 35. Well, Edwards, who had executed some orders for Keene in the earlier stages and wanted it thought that he was one of the prime movers in the amazing advance, swaggered into the crowd, heard the bid and asked, and then yelled at the top of his voice: 'Thirty-two for the capital stock!'

"The capital stock happened to be about sixty million dollars of common and sixty million dollars of preferred. Nobody answered the Napoleonic defi. They were dumfounded. Normally they would have laughed; but as a matter of fact, the stock, after an inactivity of years, for no other reason than Keene's manipulation, had risen twenty-five points in a few days. There was no telling what the old man might do. Great was Keene, and Edwards was his self-appointed Mohammed!

"'Thirty-two for the capital stock!' shouted Edwards, glaring at the dazed brokers around the Leather post.

"They didn't peep. They assumed that Keene must be pretty sure of his position and knew to a share where the stock was.

"Little Joshua Wolff, attracted by Edwards' stentorian challenge to the bears, hurried over to the Leather crowd.

"'Thirty-two for the entire capital stock!' again yelled Edwards.

"'Sold, 34,500 shares!' cried Joshua like a flash, if a flash has a larynx.

"They used to accuse Joshua Wolff of being nothing but a gambler, but he had real ability and a strongly developed aptitude for the speculative game. At the same time his reputed indifference to highbrow pursuits made him the hero of numberless anecdotes. One of the most widely circulated of the yarns was that Joshua was a guest at what he called a swell dinner and by some oversight of the hostess several of the other guests began to discuss literature before they could be stopped."

No Bull on Balzac

"A girl who sat next to Josh and had not heard him use his mouth except for masticating purposes, turned to him and looking anxious to hear the great financier's opinion asked him, 'Oh, Mr. Wolff, what do you think of Balzac?'

"Josh politely ceased to masticate, swallowed and answered, 'I never trade in them Curb stocks!'

"Such were the three largest individual holders of Consolidated Stove. When they came over to see me I told them that if they formed a syndicate to put up some cash and gave me a call on their stock at a little above the market I would do what I could to make a market. They promptly asked me how much money would be required.

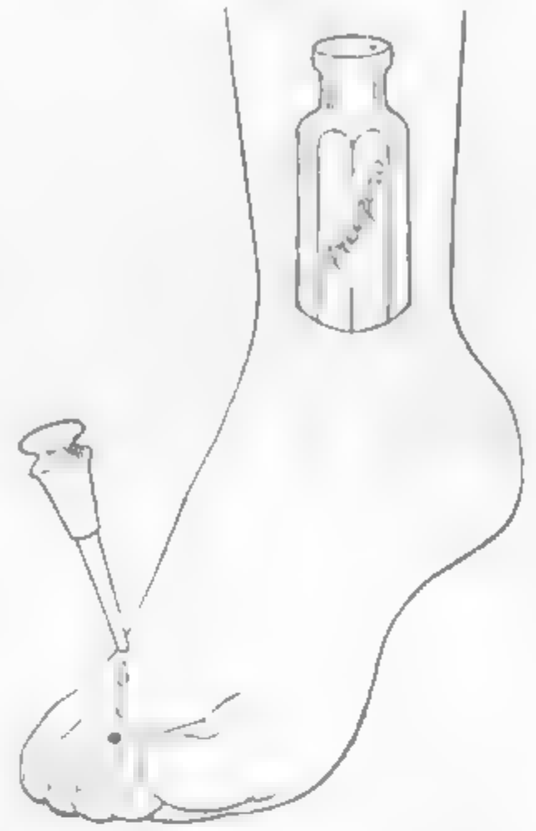
"I answered, 'You've had that stock a long time and you can't do a thing with it. Between the three of you you've got two hundred thousand shares, and you know very well that you haven't the slightest chance of getting rid of it unless you make a market for it. It's got to be some market to absorb what you've got to give it, and it will be wise to have enough cash to pay for whatever stock it may be necessary to buy at first. It's no use to begin and then have to stop because there isn't enough money. I suggest that you form a syndicate and raise six millions in cash. Then give the syndicate a call on your two hundred thousand shares at 40 and put all your stock in escrow. If everything goes well you chaps will get rid of your dead pet and the syndicate will make some money.'

"As I told you before, there had been all sorts of rumors about my stock-market winnings. I suppose that helped, for nothing succeeds like success. At all events, I didn't have to do much explaining to these chaps. They knew exactly how far they'd get if they tried to play a lone hand. They thought mine was a good plan. When they went away they said they would form the syndicate at once.

"They didn't have much trouble in inducing a lot of their friends to join them. I suppose they spoke with more assurance than I had of the syndicate's profits. From all I heard they really believed it, so theirs were no conscienceless tips. At all events the syndicate was formed in a couple of days. Kane, Gordon and Wolff gave calls on the two hundred thousand shares at 40 and I saw to it that the stock itself was put in escrow, so that none of it would

Corns

Lift Right Off



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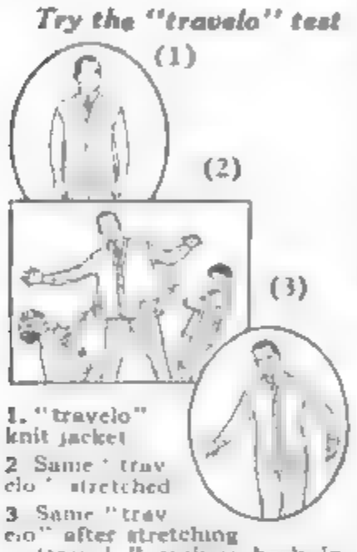

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come out on the market if I should put up the price. I had to protect myself. More than one promising deal has failed to pan out as expected because the members of the pool or clique failed to keep faith with one another. Dog has no foolish prejudices against eating dog in Wall Street. At the time the second American Steel and Wire Company was brought out the insiders accused one another of breach of faith and trying to unload. There had been a gentlemen's agreement between John W. Gates and his pals and the Seligmans and their banking associates. Well, I heard somebody in a broker's office reciting this quatrain, which was said to have been composed by John W. Gates

"The tarantula jumped on the centipede's back
And chortled in ghoulish glee:
'I'll poison this murderous son of a gun.
If I don't, he'll poison me!'

"Do you remember how in the old Whisky pool each member, believing that the others would keep faith, tried to do a little selling just to be on the safe side? 'My few thousands will never be noticed,' each said. The result was that the aggregate was big enough to convince Keene that there was treachery in camp, so he dumped the entire Whisky holdings of the pool on the market and smashed the price to smithereens.

"Mind you, I do not mean for one moment to imply that any of my friends in Wall Street would even dream of double-crossing me in a stock deal. But on general principles it is just as well to provide for any and all contingencies. It's plain sense.

"After Wolff and Kane and Gordon told me that they had formed their syndicate to put up six millions in cash there was nothing for me to do but wait for the money to come in. I had urged the vital need of haste. Nevertheless the money came in driblets. I think it took four or five installments. I don't know what the reason was, but I remember that I had to send out an S O S call to Wolff and Kane and Gordon.

"That afternoon I got some big checks that brought the cash in my possession to about four million dollars and the promise of the rest in a day or two. It began at last to look as though the syndicate might do something before the bull market passed away. At best it would be no cinch, and the sooner I began work the better. The public had not been particularly keen about new market movements in inactive stocks. But a man could do a great deal to arouse interest in any stock with four millions in cash. It was enough to absorb all the probable offerings. If time urged, as I had said, there was no sense in waiting for the other two millions. The sooner the stock got up to 50 the better for the syndicate. That was obvious."

A Surprise at the Opening

"The next morning at the opening I was surprised to see that there were unusually heavy dealings in Consolidated Stove. As I told you before, the stock had been water-logged for months. The price had been pegged at 37, Jim Barnes taking good care not to let it go any lower on account of the big bank loan at 35. But as for going any higher, he'd as soon expect to see the Rock of Gibraltar shimmying across the strait as to see Consolidated Stove do any climbing on the tape.

"Well, sir, this morning there was quite a demand for the stock, and the price went up to 39. In the first hour of the trading the transactions were heavier than for the whole previous half year. It was the sensation of the day and affected bullishly the entire market. I heard afterwards that nothing else was talked about in the customers' rooms of the commission houses.

"I didn't know what it meant, but it didn't hurt my feelings any to see Consolidated Stove perk up. It is one of my rules never to argue with the tape and, as I say, I was not quarreling with it over the mysterious rise in that one stock.

"As a rule I do not have to ask about any unusual movement in any stock because my friends on the floor—brokers who do business for me, as well as personal friends among the room traders—keep me posted. They assume I'd like to know and they telephone me any news or gossip they pick up. On this day all I heard was that there was unmistakable inside buying in Consolidated Stove. There wasn't any washing. It was all genuine. The purchasers took all the offerings from 37 to 39 and when importuned for reasons or begged for a tip, flatly refused to give any. This made the wily and watchful traders conclude that there was something doing; something big. When a stock goes up on buying by insiders who refuse to encourage the world at large to follow suit the ticker hounds begin to wonder aloud when the official notice will be given out.

"I didn't do anything myself. I watched and wondered and kept track of the transactions. But on the next day the buying was not only greater in volume but more aggressive in character. The selling orders that had been on the specialists' books for months at above the pegged price of 37 were absorbed without any trouble, and not enough new selling orders came in to check the rise. Naturally, up went the price. It crossed 40. Presently it touched 42.

"The moment it touched that figure I felt that I was justified in starting to sell the stock the bank held as collateral. Of course I figured that the price would go down on my selling, but if my average on the entire line was 37 I'd have no fault to find. I knew what the stock was worth and I had gathered some idea of the vendibility from the months of inactivity. Well, sir, I let them have stock carefully until I had got rid of thirty thousand shares. And the advance was not checked!"

The Tipster's Identity

"That afternoon I was told the reason for that opportune but mystifying rise. It seems that the floor traders had been tipped off after the close the night before and also the next morning before the opening, that I was bullish as blazes on Consolidated Stove and was going to rush the price right up fifteen or twenty points without a reaction, as was my custom—that is, my custom according to people who never kept my books. The tipster in chief was no less a personage than Joshua Wolff. It was his own inside buying that started the rise of the day before. His cronies among the floor traders were only too willing to follow his tip, for he knew too much to give wrong steers to his fellows.

"As a matter of fact, there was not so much stock pressing on the market as had been feared. Consider that I had tied up three hundred thousand shares and you will realize that the old fears had been well founded. It now proved less of a job than I had anticipated to put up the stock. After all, Governor Flower was right. Whenever he was accused of manipulating his firm's specialties, like Chicago Gas, Federal Steel or B. R. T., he used to say: 'The only way I know of making a stock go up is to buy it.' That also was the floor traders' only way, and the price responded.

"On the next day, before breakfast, I read in the morning papers what was read by thousands and what undoubtedly was sent over the wires to hundreds of branches and out-of-town offices, and that was that Larry Livingston was about to begin active bull operations in Consolidated Stove. The additional details differed. One version had it that I had formed an insiders' pool and was going to punish the overextended short interest. Another hinted at dividend announcements in the near future. Another reminded the world that what I usually did to a stock I was bullish on was something to remember. Still another accused the company of concealing its assets in order to permit accumulation by insiders. And all of them agreed that the rise hadn't fairly started.

"By the time I reached my office and read my mail before the market opened I was made aware that the Street was flooded with red-hot tips to buy Consolidated Stove at once. My telephone bell kept ringing and the clerk who answered the calls heard the same question asked in one form or another a hundred times that morning: 'Was it true that Consolidated Stove was going up?' I must say that Joshua Wolff and Kane and Gordon—and possibly Jim Barnes—handled that little tipping job mighty well.

"I had no idea that I had such a following. Why, that morning the buying orders came in from all over the country—orders to buy thousands of shares of a stock that nobody wanted at any price three days before. And don't forget that, as a matter of fact, all that the public had to go by was my newspaper reputation as a successful plunger; something for which I had to thank an imaginative reporter or two.

(Continued on Page 181)

When the accident happens— is your home prepared?

THERE is an accident—a slight cut, an open wound.

The protecting skin is broken and the door is open wide for infection.

If your physician were at your elbow he would use a *sterile* bandage, *sterile* cotton, and fasten the bandage securely with adhesive plaster.

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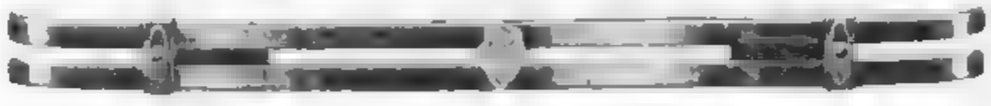

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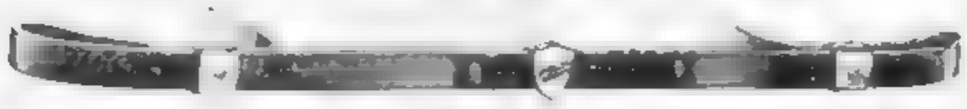

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(Continued from Page 178)

"Well, sir, on that, the third day of the rise, I sold Consolidated Stove; and on the fourth day and the fifth; and the first thing I knew I had sold for Jim Barnes the one hundred thousand shares of stock which the Marshall National Bank held as collateral on the three-million-five-hundred-thousand-dollar loan that needed paying off. If the most successful manipulation consists of that in which the desired end is gained at the least possible cost to the manipulator, this Consolidated Stove deal is by all means the most successful of my Wall Street career. Why, at no time did I have to take any stock. I didn't have to buy first in order to sell the more easily later on. I did not put up the price to the highest possible point and then begin my real selling. I didn't even do my principal selling on the way down, but on the way up. It was like a dream of Paradise to find an adequate buying power created for you without your stirring a finger to bring it about, particularly when you were in a hurry. I once heard a friend of Governor Flower's say that in one of the great bull-leader's operations for the account of a pool in B. R. T. the pool sold fifty thousand shares of the stock at a profit, but Flower & Co. got commissions on more than two hundred and fifty thousand shares and W. P. Hamilton says that to distribute two hundred and twenty thousand shares of Amalgamated Copper, James R. Keene must have traded in at least seven hundred thousand shares of the stock during the necessary manipulation. Some commission bill! Think of that and then consider that the only commissions that I had to pay were the commissions on the one hundred thousand shares I actually sold for Jim Barnes. I call that some saving.

"Having sold what I had engaged to sell for my friend Jim, and all the money the syndicate had agreed to raise not having been sent in, and feeling no desire to buy back any of the stock I had sold, I rather think I went away somewhere for a short vacation. I do not remember exactly. But I do remember very well that I let the stock alone and that it was not long before the price began to sag. One day, when the entire market was weak, some disappointed bull wanted to get rid of his Consolidated Stove in a hurry, and on his offerings the stock broke below the call price, which was 40. Nobody seemed to want any of it. As I told you before, I wasn't bullish on the general situation and that made me more grateful than ever for the miracle that had enabled me to dispose of the one hundred thousand shares without having to put the price up twenty or thirty points in a week, as the kindly tipsters had prophesied."

An Indignant Caller

"Finding no support, the price developed a habit of declining regularly until one day it broke rather badly and touched 32. That was the lowest that had ever been recorded for it, for, as you will remember, Jim Barnes and the original syndicate had pegged it at 37 in order not to have their one hundred thousand shares dumped on the market by the bank.

"I was in my office that day peacefully studying the tape when Joshua Wolff was announced. I said I would see him. He rushed in. He is not a very large man, but he certainly seemed all swelled up—with anger, as I instantly discovered.

"He ran to where I stood by the ticker and yelled, 'Hey! What the devil's the matter?'

"'Have a chair, Mr. Wolff,' I said politely and sat down myself to encourage him to talk calmly.

"'I don't want any chair! I want to know what it means!' he cried.

"'What does what mean?'

"'What in hell are you doing to it?'

"'What am I doing to what?'

"'That stock! That stock!'

"'What stock?' I asked him.

"But that only made him see red, for he shouted, 'Consolidated Stove! What are you doing to it?'

"'Nothing! Absolutely nothing. What's wrong?' I said.

"He stared at me fully five seconds before he exploded: 'Look at the price! Look at it!'

"He certainly was angry. So I got up and looked at the tape.

"I said, 'The price of it is now 3.¼.'

"'Yeh! Thirty-one and a quarter, and I've got a raft of it.'

"'I know you have sixty thousand shares. You have had it a long time, because when you originally bought your Gray Stove ——'

"But he didn't let me finish. He said, 'But I bought a lot more. Some of it cost me as high as 40! And I've got it yet!'

He was glaring at me so hostilely that I said, 'I didn't tell you to buy it.'

"'You didn't what?'

"'I didn't tell you to load up with it.'

"'I didn't say you did. But you were going to put it up ——'

"'Why was I?' I interrupted.

"He looked at me, unable to speak for anger. When he found his voice again, he said, 'You were going to put it up. You had the money to buy it.'

"'Yes. But I didn't buy a share,' I told him.

"That was the last straw.

"'You didn't buy a share, and you had over four millions in cash to buy with? You didn't buy any?'

"'Not a share!' I repeated.

"He was so mad by now that he couldn't talk plainly. Finally he managed to say, 'What kind of a game do you call that?'

"He was inwardly accusing me of all sorts of unspeakable crimes. I sure could see a long list of them in his eyes. It made me say to him: 'What you really mean to ask me, Wolff, is why I didn't buy from you above 50 the stock you bought below 10. Isn't that it?'

"'No, it isn't. You had a call at 40 and four millions in cash to put up the price with.'

"'Yes, but I didn't touch the money and nobody has lost a cent by my operations.'

"'Look here, Livingston ——' he began.

"But I didn't let him say any more."

Straight From the Shoulder

"'You listen to me, Wolff. I'll tell you what happened, and don't interrupt me till I'm through. You knew that the two hundred thousand shares you and Gordon and Kane had were tied up, and that there wouldn't be an awful lot of floating stock to come on the market if I put up the price, as I'd have to do for two reasons: The first to make a market for the stock; and the second to make a profit out of the call at 40. But you weren't satisfied to get 40 for the sixty thousand shares you'd been lugging for months or with your share of the syndicate profits, if any; so you decided to take on a lot of stock under 40 to unload on me when I put the price up with the syndicate's money, as you were sure I meant to do. You'd buy before I did and you'd unload before I did; in all probability I'd be the one to unload on.

"'I suspect you figured on my having to put the price up to 60. It was such a cinch that you probably bought ten thousand shares strictly for unloading purposes, and to make sure somebody held the bag if I didn't, you tipped off everybody in the United States, Canada and Mexico without thinking of my added difficulties. All your friends knew what I was supposed to do. Between their buying and mine you were going to be all hunky. Well, your intimate friends to whom you gave the tip passed it on to their friends after they had bought their lines, and the third stratum of tip-takers planned to supply the fourth, fifth and possibly sixth strata of suckers, so that when I finally came to do some selling I'd find myself anticipated by a few thousands of wise speculators. It was a friendly thought, that notion of yours, Wolff. You can't imagine how surprised I was when Consolidated Stove began to go up before I even thought of buying a single share; or how grateful, either, when the underwriting syndicate sold one hundred thousand shares around 40 to the people who were going to sell those same shares to me at 50 or 60. I sure was a sucker not to use the four millions to make money for them, wasn't I? The cash was supplied to buy stock with, but only if I thought it necessary to do so. Well, I didn't.'

"Joshua had been in Wall Street long enough not to let anger interfere with business. He cooled off as he heard me, and when I was through talking he said in a friendly tone of voice, 'Look here, Larry, old chap, what shall we do?'

"'Do whatever you please.'

"'Aw, be a sport. What would you do if you were in our place?'

"'If I were in your place,' I said solemnly, 'do you know what I'd do?'

"'What?'

"'I'd sell out!' I told him.

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You can do every bit as well as he did. If that isn't enough, then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer and didn't know anything about selling. In his first month's spare time he earned $243. Inside of six months he was making between $600 and $1,200 a month.

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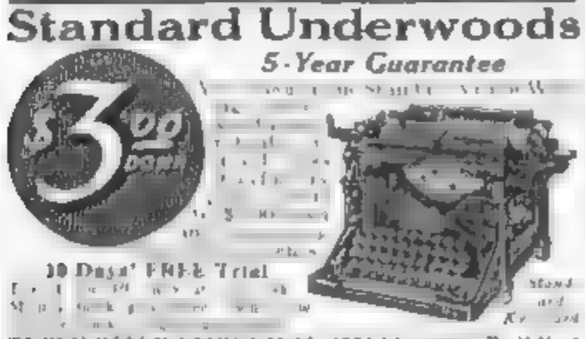

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SWEET LOVER

"He looked at me a moment, and without another word turned on his heel and walked out of my office. He's never been in it since.

"Not long after that, Senator Gordon also called. He, too, was quite peevish and blamed me for their troubles. Then Kane joined the anvil chorus. They forgot that their stock had been unsalable in bulk when they formed the syndicate. All they could remember was that I didn't sell their holdings when I had the syndicate's millions and the stock was active at 44, and that now it was 30 and dull as dishwater. To their way of thinking I should have sold out at a good fat profit.

"Of course they also cooled down in due time. The syndicate wasn't out a cent and the main problem remained unchanged: To sell their stock. A day or two later they came back and asked me to help them out. Gordon was particularly insistent, and in the end I made them put in their pooled stock at 25½. My fee for my services was to be one-half of whatever I got above that figure. The last sale had been at about 30.

"There I was with their stock to liquidate. Given general market conditions and specifically the behavior of Consolidated Stove, there was only one way to do it, and that was, of course, to sell on the way down and without first trying to put up the price, and I certainly would have got stock by the ream on the way up. But on the way down I could reach those buyers who always argue that a stock is cheap when it sells fifteen or twenty points below the top of the movement, particularly when that top is a matter of recent history. A rally is due, in their opinion. After seeing Consolidated Stove sell up to close to 44 it sure looked like a good thing below 30.

"It worked out as always. Bargain hunters bought it in sufficient volume to enable me to liquidate the pool's holdings. But do you think that Gordon or Wolff or Kane felt any gratitude? Not a bit of it. They are still sore at me, or so their friends tell me. They often tell people how I did them. They cannot forgive me for not putting up the price on myself, as they expected.

"As a matter of fact I never would have been able to sell the bank's hundred thousand shares if Wolff and the rest had not passed around those red-hot bull tips of theirs. If I had worked as I usually do—that is, in a logical natural way—I would have had to take whatever price I could get. I told you we ran into a declining market. The only way to sell on such a market is to sell not necessarily recklessly but really regardless of price. No other way was possible, but I suppose they do not believe this. They are still angry. I am not. Getting angry doesn't get a man anywhere. More than once it has been borne in on me that a speculator who loses his temper is a goner. In this case there was no aftermath to the grouches. But I'll tell you something curious. One day Mrs. Livingston went to a dressmaker who had been warmly recommended to her. The woman was competent and obliging and had a very pleasing personality.

"At the third or fourth visit, when the dressmaker felt less like a stranger, she said to Mrs. Livingston: 'I hope Mr. Livingston puts up Consolidated Stove soon. We have some that we bought because we were told he was going to put it up, and we'd always heard that he was very successful in all his deals.'

"I tell you it isn't pleasant to think that innocent people may have lost money following a tip of that sort. Perhaps you understand why I never give any myself. That dressmaker made me feel that in the matter of grievances I had a real one against Wolff. And I'll have one against you if you ask me to talk any more about manipulation."

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of three articles by Mr Lefèvre.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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AND SO THE WEST WAS WON

ACROSS the vast expanse of the American continent — dusty, toiling columns of covered wagons crawling toward the sunset.

Twenty-four hundred miles over the Oregon Trail! Twenty-four hundred miles of hardship, danger and death beneath a wilderness sky.

From 1843 onward, caravan after caravan of men, women and children moved westward — suffering, fighting, dying sometimes by scores, but turning back never.

Until, at last, by the valor and blood of a pioneer breed the West was won.

* * *

And now — the second winning of the West, the development of its vast resources, the harvest of its bounty.

The call from the Pacific Northwest is still for pioneers — not of the wilderness which has vanished. But for pioneers of commerce, agriculture and industry in a realm of large and beautiful cities, great ports, pleasant country-sides and humming activity. Its opportunities are the unparalleled opportunities of a vast domain that is young, still in its infancy — yet already rich and great beyond the dreams of its founders.

Its forests, proudest of the globe, annually yield billions of feet of lumber.

What was but two generations ago the wilderness of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming, today pours more than a hundred million bushels yearly into the world's granaries.

Its mines, its herds and flocks, its orchards, fisheries and industries add hundreds of millions annually to the wealth of its people.

And where Hudson's Bay Company traders once carried on crude commerce with the Russians, great ships now dock from the ports of the world.

* * *

Yet the development of the vast resources of the region has scarce begun.

With millions upon millions of fertile acres, unlimited water power, tremendous natural wealth, strategic trade position, and gloriously mild and healthful climate — who may calculate or even imagine the future!

For the man who gets his living from the soil; for the industrial worker, the manufacturer, the retail merchant; for the professional man and the man with capital to invest there is room unlimited in the Pacific Northwest — room and boundless opportunity on a new frontier of industry, agriculture and commerce.

Write for interesting booklet, "The Land of Opportunity—Now."
Address: Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., Chicago, Ill.; Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.; or Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn

The Burlington - Northern Pacific - Great Northern Railroads were created largely by the pioneer spirit and energy of the Pacific Northwest for its service and hold ever in mind this purpose of their founders

Burlington Route

NORTHERN PACIFIC

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

CHICAGO BURLINGTON & QUINCY R.R.
NORTHERN PACIFIC RY.
GREAT NORTHERN RY.

To the Pacific Northwest
THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

© By C. B. & Q. R. R., N. P. Ry., G. N. Ry., 1923

The luncheon she never gave

Felicia Holmes and Eleanor Duncan and the two Talbots and the Baxters—jolly girls all—and all so nice to her. If only she could have them at her home for a luncheon! But no, it couldn't be—not with eight at the table. There wasn't silverware enough. And *they* all entertained exquisitely—the lack of the right things would be too noticeable!

Have you enough silver to serve correctly?

PERHAPS you have been hindered many times in giving a luncheon, tea or dinner because you have not had enough silverware or the right kind of pieces. But such annoyance is unnecessary! You can add the pieces you lack, a few at a time and at reasonable cost.

In 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate you can supply most economically just the pieces you need to make your silver service all it should be for every occasion. A set of six ice cream forks, for instance, in the graceful Heraldic or the other 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns costs only $6.00. Other pieces—salad forks, bouillon spoons, orange spoons, serving pieces—are priced as moderately.

Remember that it is a satisfaction to own silverware like "1847 Rogers Bros." Its quality has been tested through three-quarters of a century. It leaves nothing to be desired in beauty of design, durability or guarantee. Your dealer will be glad to show you "1847 Rogers Bros." In the newer patterns you will find just the pieces to complete your silver service.

Send for "HOW MUCH SILVERWARE," booklet C-90, which outlines the table service families of different sizes should have for gracious, comfortable living—every day and for entertaining. We also furnish handsome illustrations of the Heraldic and other patterns. International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

Ice Cream Fork
Heraldic Pattern

HERALDIC COFFEE URN, SUGAR AND CREAM

These graceful pieces, matching the knives, forks and spoons of the Heraldic pattern, are the crowning glory of the well-set table. There are also platters, vegetable dishes, bread trays, gravy boats and many other pieces—all immensely practical and beautiful—made in the various 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

The greatest artists are Victor artists

From the very beginning of her American career, Galli-Curci established herself as one of the outstanding artists of our day. Capacity audiences everywhere greet her with that esteem which is reserved for the really great in musical art. Because the Victrola and Victor Records only are equal to the task of perfectly reproducing her exquisite interpretations, you find her name with those of the other great artists who have associated themselves with the Victor. Victrolas $25 to $1500.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

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Important: Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, New Jersey

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